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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

THE GREAT CRUSADE AND AFTER, 1914-1928.
By Preston William Slosson. The Macmillan Company
$5 8⅛ x 5⅛; 486 pp. *New York*

Dr. Slosson, who is associate professor of history at the University of Michigan, here attempts the formidable task of getting the whole of American history since the World War, political, social and economic, into a single volume. There is necessarily some damage to literary grace; the author's style, indeed, is anything but distinguished. On the factual side he does better. His first two chapters, dealing with the war years, accept the official American position without much effort at critical examination, but set forth the flow of events very competently. After them come chapters on the agonies of reconstruction, on Prohibition, on the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment, on the mounting troubles of the farmer, on the rise of the motor car and the spread of good roads, on the special troubles of the South, on the organization of sport as a business, on the changes appearing in education and journalism, on the growing utilization of scientific knowledge in industry (this chapter is by the author's late father, Dr. E. E. Slosson), and on the general character and recent vagaries of the American mind. At the end there is a useful chapter on the authorities consulted. The book is too closely packed with facts to make easy reading, but it constitutes a useful record. There are eighteen illustrations and a good index.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY.
By Marietta Minnigerode Andrews.
E. P. Dutton & Company
$3.75 8 x 5½; 318 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Andrews traverses the Washington country from the Northern Neck of Virginia, where Washington and his forefathers were born, to Fredericksburg, where Mary Ball, his mother, received Lafayette in her garden, to Williamsburg, where, at sixteen, he received his license as an engineer, and to Yorktown, Mount Vernon, Washington, Philadelphia, Valley Forge, Annapolis, New York, Newburgh, West Point and Boston. She pauses along the way to comment upon many charming spots and personages that have long escaped notice, and introduces letters, wills, inscriptions from monuments, old bills, and other documents. The book has value as social history. There are numerous illustrations, many by the author, but an index is missing.

HOMES OF THE CAVALIERS.
By Katherine Scarborough. The Macmillan Company
$5 8½ x 5¾; 392 pp. *New York*

In this chronicle of the manor houses of Maryland, notably in the Chesapeake and Potomac regions, Miss Scarborough has written a book of real fibre: she presents accurate and detailed pictures of the buildings and outlying lands, sketches the history in so far as it is available, and retails legends that have become associated with the houses and their owners through the centuries. The volume contains over a hundred reproductions from photographs; unfortunately, both an index and chapter headings are lacking.

SINS OF NEW YORK.
By Edward Van Every.
The Frederick A. Stokes Company
$5 11¼ x 8¼; 299 pp. *New York*

Mr. Van Every's source for the tales of wickedness that he here presents is the file of the *Police Gazette*. That great journal was founded in 1845 and during its early years it was a vigorous supporter of Christian decorum and practised the science later to be known as muck-raking. As a result its editors, George Wilkes and Enoch Camp, were frequently threatened by the primeval gunmen of those days, and more than once they were in actual danger. In 1876 its ownership passed to the celebrated Richard K. Fox, and he soon subordinated moral indignation to theatrical and sporting news. But there was still room for salient felonies and notable scandals, and until women began to invade the barber-shops and force it to pussyfoot, it was full of thrilling stuff. Mr. Van Every rehearses some notable chronicles of crime from its files, and illustrates them with reproductions of its once-famous woodcuts. The second half of his book, dealing with the Fox administration, is printed upon the *Police Gazette's* familiar pink paper. The volume is an oddity, and very amusing.

YE OLDE FIRE LADDIES.
By Herbert Asbury. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5¾; 213 pp. *New York*

Mr. Asbury's antiquarian researches have carried him over a wide range. First he investigated the rich stores of early Methodist history in America, then he studied the evolution of the gangs of New York, then he proceeded to the Middle West and looked

Continued on page x

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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into the early (and highly inflammatory) stages of the Prohibition movement, and now he is back in New York, unearthing the half-forgotten prodigies of the old-time fire-fighters. One of his most interesting chapters deals with the great fire of 1835, the largest in Manhattan's history. It burned 654 buildings and caused a loss of more than $20,000,000. There were serious political consequences, and for a time Tammany lost control of the city to the Whigs. There was another huge blaze in 1845, when 200 buildings were burned and four firemen were killed. In one of the houses destroyed saltpetre was stored: it blew up and the roof was hurled clear across Broad street, landing on another building. A fireman, Francis Hart, Jr., was on it at the time, but he was uninjured. Mr. Asbury's chronicles stop with the disbanding of the old volunteer fire corps, on August 31, 1865. The book is full of interesting and amusing stuff. There are many illustrations from old prints, and elaborate notes and an index.

THE EAGLE & THE SERPENT.
By Martín Luís Guzmán. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 360 pp. *New York*

Señor Guzmán, who is still a young man, had an active hand in the last series of revolutions in Mexico, and here presents his recollections of the salient leaders—Villa, Carranza, Obregon, and so on. His story is full of roaring melodrama, especially the part dealing with Villa. Pancho was not only brutal almost beyond belief, but a man of curious wiles. Once, standing in need of money, he seized five men in a captured town, and ordered them to bring in designated sums on penalty of death. Four were rich, but the fifth was poor. The latter protested bitterly that he could not raise the amount demanded, and Villa's staff ascertained that this was true. But Villa, to everyone's astonishment, ordered the man to be hanged first. When it was done the remaining four all hastened to pay their assessments. Another gruesome chapter describes a massacre of prisoners carried out in person by General Rudolfo Fierro. One by one they were let out of a corral, and one by one Fierro shot them down. The bodies lay in huge heaps, silent. But in the middle of the night one victim revived and began to cry for water. Fierro, enraged that his sleep should be disturbed, sent out his orderly to dispatch the poor fellow. Señor Guzmán's narrative is not all horror; there is also humor in it, and it presents searching portraits of many Mexican celebrities. Altogether, the book is most unusual.

THE ARTS

THE PAINTER OF VICTORIAN LIFE.
Edited by C. Geoffrey Holme. *William Edwin Rudge*
$15 11⅜ x 8⅝; 172 pp. *New York*

The painter of the title is Constantin Guys, for many years on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*. So long ago as 1863 Baudelaire hailed him in the *Figaro* as an important contributor to "the precious archives of civilization," but years before his death in 1892 he fell into obscurity, and it is only lately that his drawings have been collected. A hundred and fifty of them are here reproduced. They are of many kinds—drawings made at the front during the Crimean War, street scenes in Paris during the Second Empire, studies in Spain, social satires, etc. Guys was an indifferent draftsman, with no knowledge of even ordinary perspective (see the drawing on page 61), but he had a sharp eye for contemporary types, and so his work offers some support to Baudelaire's encomium, which is here reprinted in English translation. There is also a biographical sketch by P. G. Konody.

EARLY AMERICAN FURNITURE MAKERS.
By Thomas Hamilton Ormsbee.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3.50 9⅜ x 6; 183 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ormsbee does not attempt a critical treatise upon early American furniture, but confines himself to the lives and innovations of the men who made it. Thus one learns that the banjo clock was invented by Simon Willard of Roxbury, Mass., and that the probable inventor of the rocking-chair, that thoroughly American contribution to the cabinet-maker's art, was no less a dignitary than Benjamin Franklin. Naturally enough, Duncan Phyfe gets the leading place in the narrative, for he was not only the most skillful and original of all the early American furniture-makers, but also the most successful: when he died in 1854 he was worth $500,000. Many of the pieces that he made for his own home in New York are still in the hands of his descendants. When they come into the auction-room at last, they will no doubt bring dizzy prices. Mr. Ormsbee has brought together a great deal of interesting and unfamiliar material, and presents it acceptably. If, at times, his narrative shows serious gaps it is only because the facts are unknown and will probably remain so for all time. There are many illustrations and at the end there is an index. The end-papers consist of charts showing the years during which the principal early cabinet-makers flourished.

Continued on page xii

Dodd, Mead

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

THE SCIENCES

ANTS.
By Julian Huxley.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
$1.50 7½ x 4⅞; 115 pp. *New York*

Dr. Huxley describes the life of ants briefly, but out of an abundant knowledge and with notable common sense. On the one hand he avoids the error of those zoölogists who dismiss them as mere automata, and on the other hand he is careful not to treat them in the romantic manner of Fabre and Maeterlinck. His little book leans heavily upon the large work of the American, William Morton Wheeler, the greatest living authority upon the social insects. It is written competently and makes interesting reading. At the end there is a brief bibliography, but an index is lacking.

ALKOHOL UND LEBENSDAUER.
By Raymond Pearl.
Norddeutsches Druck- und Verlagshaus
Rm. 8 8½ x 5½; 263 pp. *Hannover*

The name of the German translator of this work is not given; he has done a competent job. The work itself has got rather less attention in the United States than it deserves. It is a complete and devastating answer to the optimistic statistics put out by Dr. Irving Fisher and other such advocates of Prohibition; it shows that the effects of alcohol upon the human organism, at all events in such doses as rational men usually ingest, is vastly less than the current world-savers allege—that the moderate drinker, in fact, tends to live longer than the teetotaler. Dr. Pearl's massive figures have been challenged but never refuted. They are backed up by an elaborate study of the autopsy records and case histories at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. The German edition is well turned out, but sadly lacks an index.

RELIGION

VENTURES IN BELIEF.
Edited by Henry P. Van Dusen.
Charles Scribner's Sons
$2 7⅞ x 4¼; 242 pp. *New York*

Most of the contributors to this symposium are ecclesiastics—active pastors, professors of theology, or Y.M.C.A. secretaries. They include Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Harry Emerson Fosdick and Reinhold Niebuhr. As usual, the more orthodox brethren state their beliefs with the greater plausibility. Perhaps the best of all the papers is that of Bishop McConnell, a Methodist. He argues for the existence of God on purely subjective grounds. Belief in it, he says, "is an achievement, and such achievements bring their own rewards with them—a feeling of being at home in a friendly universe is one such reward." But if this belief "can be proved to be out of line with human reason—that is, if it can be positively disproved by irrefutable logic, I stand ready to surrender it." Dr. Niebuhr admits that Christianity has been going downhill of late, but holds that its essentials may be saved. "It is better," he believes, "to remain on the basis of an historical faith and tradition . . . than to attempt a philosophical theology completely emancipated from any particular religion. For most of us Christianity is our religion. It is our fate." At the end the editor attempts a summary of the ideas set forth in the book. The main thing necessary to religion, he says, is trust in God, but that, unfortunately, "we have largely lost out of our modern life."

FORGERY IN CHRISTIANITY.
By Joseph Wheless. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 9¼ x 6; 428 pp. *New York*

Mr. Wheless, whose previous examination of Christian evidences, by title "Is It God's Word?", is well known, here undertakes to review the whole written record of Christianity, beginning with the earliest Gospels and Epistles and running down to the documents of the Reformation period. He shows that there are signs of sophistication at every hand, and that not infrequently they amount to proofs of downright and deliberate forgery. Since the very earliest days, indeed, the chief Christian theologians have been busily engaged in making the Bible fit their ideas and purposes. Even in the narrative ascribed to Mark, the first of the Gospels in point of time, there are many obvious interpolations and emendations; in the later Gospels it is often hard to differentiate the facts from the forgeries, so numerous are the latter. Mr. Wheless shows that these forgeries are not to be set down as accidents; they were concocted deliberately, and with the approval of most of the early Christian Fathers. Nor has the church in later years hesitated to take the same line. From the Donation of Constantine down to quite recent times its records are full of bold and callous deceptions of the faithful. The whole science of the Higher Criticism is an effort to detect and get rid of them. Thus theologians as a class are violently opposed to it, and do not shrink from ever fresh swindles and misrepresentations in their endeavor to discredit it. Mr.

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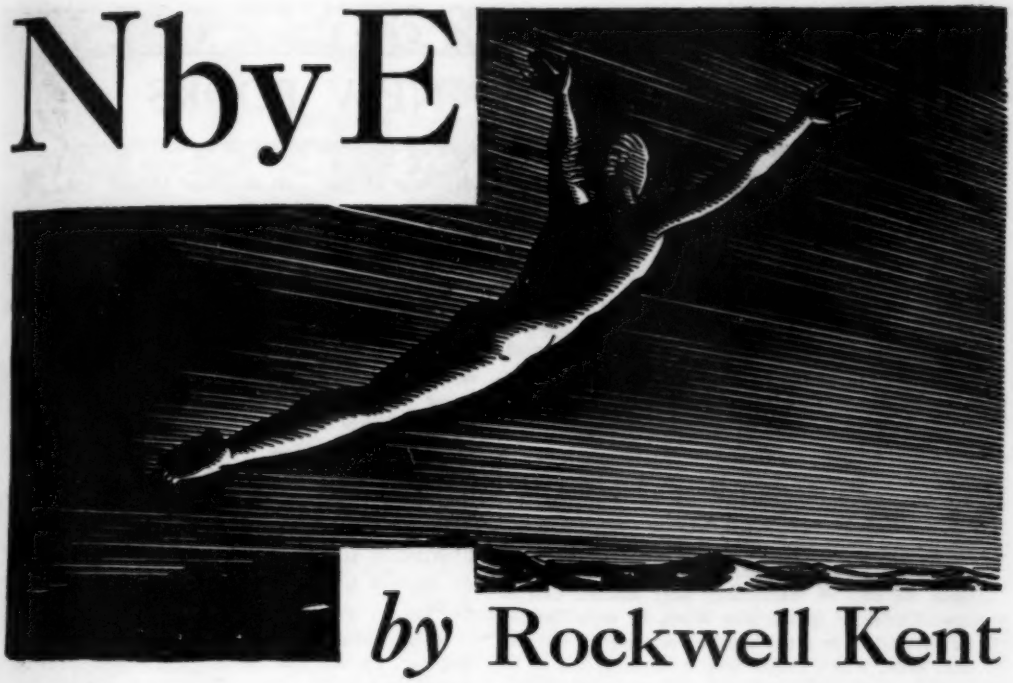
N by E



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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

Wheless, who is a lawyer, presents his facts patiently and with overwhelming effect. His book will be denounced violently by ecclesiastics, but readers who have emancipated themselves from theological influence will read it with profit. It has a good index.

THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY & WESTERN CIVILIZATION.
By Robert A. Falconer. The Harvard University Press
$1 7 x 4⅝; 61 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

Dr. Falconer, who is president of the University of Toronto, delivered the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard for 1930, and it is here reprinted. His reflections upon the idea of immortality offer nothing that is new. The belief in life after death, he says, "cannot be assumed to be a fundamental principle of the human mind which makes such a direct appeal as to need no proof. It is rather a conception which lies as a desire or hope in the heart of man, an intuitive apprehension which becomes clearer and gets new persuasiveness by the process of pondering upon it." In that pondering the individual is aided by the "accumulated and manifold testimony of thinkers and seers throughout the centuries." But immortality still remains unproved, and no one knows where eternity will be spent, though it is to be hoped that "a local habitation may be found for us in our future state." Altogether, Dr. Falconer is somewhat vague. He apparently believes that he will "continue to be conscious" himself, but he is not sure enough to be excited about it.

BIOGRAPHY

NORTHCLIFFE: *An Intimate Biography.*
By Hamilton Fyfe. The Macmillan Company
$4 9¼ x 6; 357 pp. *New York*

Mr. Fyfe's account of Northcliffe well justifies his sub-title: he knew the man intimately, and he tells about him in an admirably free and frank manner. The resultant picture is surely not that of a hero. Deep down in Northcliffe there must have been something resembling unselfish patriotism, but on the surface what was chiefly visible was a shrewd and even unscrupulous self-interest. It was not, however, money that he craved, but power, and in his last days he had it in his grasp. More than any other man, he made the war in England. His cheap and vulgar papers laid the psychological foundation for it, and once it was under way he undertook to run it. So far did he succeed that he was able to depose the national hero, Kitchener. But he failed of his real aim, which was to be Prime Minister. Lloyd George, a politician after his own heart, though the two detested each other, offered him the Air Ministry, but he declined it in a huff, and his final days were somewhat gloomy. He died crazy, roaring nonsense. From first to last the fellow was a perfect specimen of the English bounder. But he had great skill at the lower varieties of journalism, and left marks upon even the *Times* that will probably never rub out. Mr. Fyfe's account of him is damaged by a sing-song style and a too frequent resort to the rhetorical present tense, but it is packed with interesting matter. The book is illustrated and has an index.

ROADSIDE MEETINGS.
By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company
$3.50 8⅜ x 5⅝; 474 pp. *New York*

In this volume Mr. Garland presents his literary memoirs. He has had the curious ill fortune to be ruined, as a writer, twice. The first time was when he journeyed from South Dakota to Boston and fell under the stupefying influence of the decaying Brahmins. The second time was when he proceeded to New York and succumbed to the cheap magazines. Of the former seduction he seems to be unaware, but of the latter he speaks freely. "In the end," he says, "I fell inevitably between two stools. I failed as a reporter, and only half succeeded as a novelist. . . . I claim no alibi. If I am less guilty than other writers, it is only because I had less ability." This self-accusation goes a bit too far. The author of "Main-Travelled Roads" had ability appreciably beyond the average of his time, but it seems to have been unaccompanied by the proper resolution, and so it expired in a sort of inferiority complex. He became a hack for Edward W. Bok, George Horace Lorimer, S. S. McClure and other such wholesalers, and gradually slid downhill. He still writes pleasantly, but there is little save amiable gossip in his narrative. Of the forces that have shaped American literature since the days of Howells and Gilder there is no mention. Mr. Garland is now a shining member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, along with Paul Elmer More, Augustus Thomas, Henry van Dyke, Owen Wister, Robert Underwood Johnson, Robert Grant and other such immortals. His book lacks an index.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.
By Henry James. The Houghton Mifflin Company
$10 8⅞ x 5⅞; 2 vols.; 382 + 393 pp. *Boston*

In his preface Mr. James says: "The purpose of this book is to delineate Dr. Eliot's character, not

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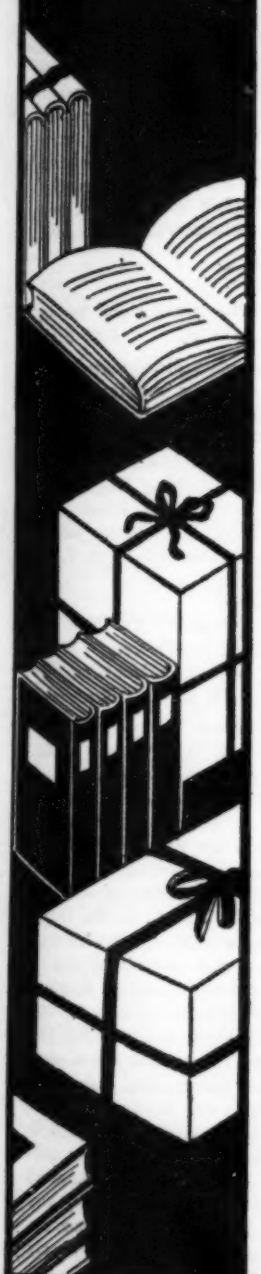

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to hallow his memory or to chronicle all his achievements." He has done a very fair job, though by no means a complete one. Eliot was born in Boston in 1834, was president of Harvard from 1869 to 1909, and died in 1926, at the age of ninety-two. Before he became president he did nothing in any way distinguished. He was professor of chemistry at Harvard and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but he did not shine either as a teacher or as a scientist. His career as the chief administrative officer of Harvard is well known. It was he who made the university what it is today. The Harvard Law School and the Harvard Medical School owe more to him than to any other single man, and so, in a somewhat lesser way, do the Graduate School of the Arts and Sciences and the College. When he resigned he received one of the most impressive ovations ever given a retiring university president in America, but he was not popular with the students or the professors in his earlier days. He then looked to the former "as unsympathetic as a creature of the zodiac at the head of a calendar and loomed above them as altogether the most incomprehensibly superhuman of college officials." The professors, Barrett Wendell, in particular, thought little of his administrative abilities in those primeval times, but he made them all understand that their opposition *per se* would in no way interfere with their promotions, and he kept his word. Culturally, his tastes were of a modest sort. He had no feeling whatever for the plastic arts or for literature. He liked Whittier better than Homer, and of Chaucer he said, "The man is a miserable rascal." Yet "it would have distressed him to think that there was nobody in the Harvard English department who could offer a good course on Chaucer." There are many illustrations, and an index at the end of Volume 2.

HAYM SALOMON & THE REVOLUTION.
By Charles Edward Russell.
The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
$3.50 — 8⅞ x 5⅞; 317 pp. — *New York*

Salomon was a Jew and was born in Poland in 1740. Because of the persecution of his race and the general political turmoil in his native country, he immigrated to America in 1772, where he settled in New York and took a leading part in the activities of the Revolutionary party there. He was a broker and in a short time amassed a huge fortune. His services to the Colonies during the Revolution and after were of the first importance. He lent and donated hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Continental Congress, and was thus a mighty force in the building of the nation. He died in 1785 at the age of forty-five. Personally he was very shy, and never sought political honors for himself. He was at no time a member of the Continental Congress. He was not even a citizen: Jews were excluded from citizenship in all the Colonies before the ratification of the Federal Constitution. Mr. Russell's biography of him is the first in the English language, and is a good job. There are many illustrations and a good index.

PERSONALITIES IN ART.
By W. Francklyn Paris. *The Architectural Forum*
$2 — 8¼ x 5½; 112 pp. — *New York*

Mr. Paris is one of the most distinguished embellishers of the interiors of public buildings in the United States. His work adorns the Detroit Public Library, the Library of the University of Chicago, and the Senate Chamber of the Missouri Capitol. In the present book he gives interesting biographical sidelights on James McNeill Whistler, Lloyd Eliot Warren, Edgerton Swartwout, J. Sanford Saltus, Augustus Saint Gaudens, Clinton Ogilvie, S. F. B. Morse, and William M. Chase.

THE LIFE STORY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.
By Susa Young Gates & Leah D. Widtsoe.
The Macmillan Company
$5 — 9⅜ x 6⅛; 388 pp. — *New York*

Mrs. Gates is one of Brigham Young's daughters and gives full faith and credit to his theology. Her most interesting chapters deal with domestic life in the Lion House at Salt Lake City, where he lived in amity with all save two of his nineteen wives. It was a long barracks-like structure with twenty gables. Each wife had a bedroom and sitting-room, and there were general quarters for the children—twenty-six sons and thirty daughters. Not all of the latter, of course, lived at home at one time, for they covered a wide range in their ages, and toward the end of the apostle's life weddings were almost as frequent as christenings. There were sleeping-porches for the boys and girls as early as 1858, and in 1862 Dr. Young added a gymnasium. The victuals served were simple but plentiful, and illness was rare. John Haslam, a faithful retainer, was in charge of the family storehouse. "A monthly credit was issued to each wife, in proportion to the number of her children and her own needs. . . . When purchases were made of dress-goods, hats or shoes, the quality and price were equalized, but each one might choose for herself colors or styles." Of the nineteen wives only

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one ever applied for a divorce, though another, after marrying the apostle, begged to be excused, and was permitted to depart in peace. Six of the wives had one child each, and ten others from two to ten. Three were childless. Mrs. Gates' narrative is very interesting, though naturally somewhat partisan. There are forty-three illustrations and a good index.

NELSON W. ALDRICH.
By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson.
Charles Scribner's Sons
$5 9 x 6; 496 pp. *New York*

Aldrich, a man of great ability and indomitable spirit, was the leader of the Conservatives in the Senate during the period between the Spanish-American War and the downfall of the Republicans in 1912. His natural antagonist was Roosevelt, and there is still some doubt whether the one was victorious or the other. On the actual battlefield Roosevelt undoubtedly beat Aldrich, but, as in the case of the World War, the ideas of the vanquished seem to have survived those of the victor. Dr. Stephenson's account of the struggle, though it is not wholly impartial, is marked by a laborious weighing of the evidence and a fine caution. His whole study of Aldrich, indeed, is a model of historical diligence. Few books of the size of this one have ever had plowed into them so vast a mass of material. The list of the MSS. consulted, given on page 427, is really almost appalling. No person who could throw any light upon Aldrich's long and turbulent career seems to have gone unconsulted, and many of the sources are made use of for the first time. Aldrich's own literary remains were slight, but many of the men who knew him best are still alive, and their recollection has been used to support the narrative. The volume is a valuable contribution to American political history. Dr. Stephenson, though his style is somewhat jerky, yet manages to set forth his facts very clearly. The documentation is elaborate, and at the end there is a good index.

SWIFT.
By Carl Van Doren. *The Viking Press*
$3 9¼ x 6; 279 pp. *New York*

Dr. Van Doren's competence for this study, which has occupied him off and on for nearly twenty years, is manifest from the first chapter, which begins with a brilliant and penetrating characterization of Swift—a figure of true tragedy, and yet one showing almost nothing of the conventionally heroic. It is excellent writing, but it is even better criticism. What follows is perhaps the best study of the man, both in his private character and as a literary artist, ever written. The debates about him that have raged among

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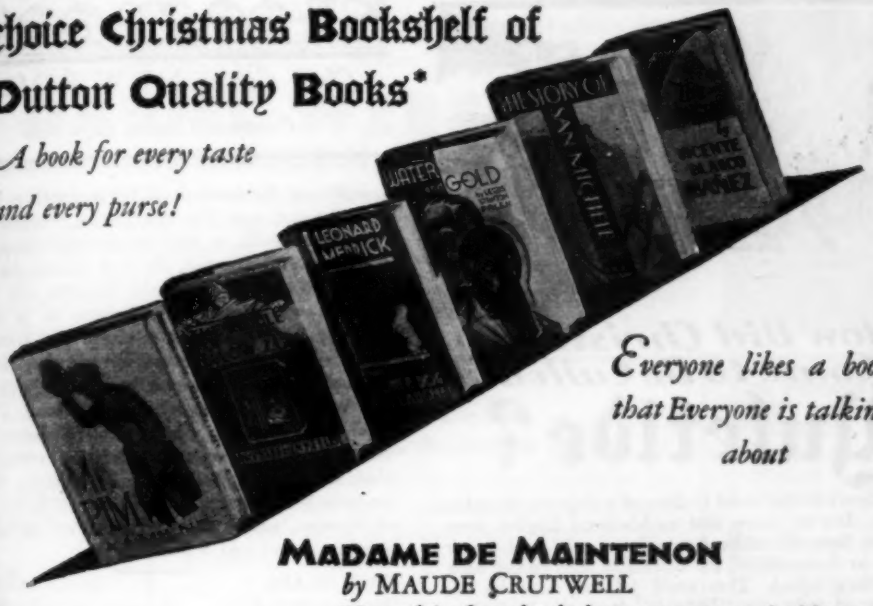

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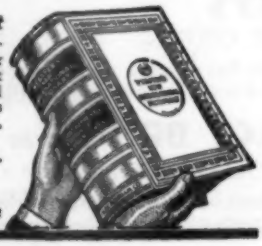

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pedants are dismissed as of no importance. It makes no difference, says Dr. Van Doren, whether he was married to Stella or not: the essential thing is that, whether wed or unwed, she bore to him the relation of a faithful wife. Similarly, Vanessa was his true mistress, whether she ever became so in the legal sense or not. The work rehearses the known facts about Swift's life in an orderly and very interesting manner, and as criticism it is unfailingly persuasive. Dr. Van Doren writes with great charm. The principal mark of his style is its unusual clarity; there is no torturing of words for rhetorical effect, just as there is no torturing of facts to fit a theory. The book contains five portraits of Swift, two of Stella and one of Vanessa, and at the end there are useful bibliographical notes and a good index.

TWO YEARS.
By Liam O'Flaherty. *Harcourt, Brace & Company* *New York*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 322 pp.

Mr. O'Flaherty is one of the most forceful and original of the younger Irish writers, and his "Mr. Gilhooley" and "Return of the Brute" are well known. In the present work he describes his wanderings during the two years after the war. He came out of the British Army with no profession and no goal in life, so he decided to travel a bit and try to find himself. Having no money, he had to ship as a sailor, and in that character he roved from Smyrna to Rio de Janeiro, with several interludes ashore. His contacts were mainly with very rough men, and he describes some gaudy orgies in the seaports he visited. As narrative his story is extremely interesting, but his moralizing is often puerile. Obviously, a strong Puritan strain is in him, and it inhibits anything resembling Rabelaisian gusto. It would be hard to recall a young man loose in the world who took his debaucheries more solemnly, or was more painfully impressed by their wickedness. Nevertheless, the book remains extraordinarily readable, and perhaps it also has some value as a psychological document.

POETRY

THIS STUBBORN ROOT *& Other Poems.*
By Hortense Flexner. *The Macmillan Company* *New York*
$1.25 8⅛ x 5¼; 78 pp.

Miss Flexner's talent is a minor one, but it is none the less very real. There is not much novelty of thought in her verses, but she sets forth more or less familiar ideas in a fresh and charming way. She has a keen ear for the music of words, and knows how to contrive a pretty line, with an unexpected turn of rhythm. Many of her pieces are very short, and there is an epigrammatic bite in them.

Continued on page xxii

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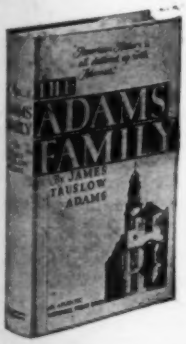

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MODERN BRITISH POETRY.
Edited by Louis Untermeyer.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$3.50 8 x 5½; 790 pp. *New York*

This excellent anthology was first published in 1920 and the present is the third edition and second revision. Mr. Untermeyer has widened its scope to include all poets born since 1830. This brings in Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, William Morris, James Thomson and T. E. Brown and greatly enriches the collection. The book has been enlarged, and in consequence there is a fuller representation of certain important poets, notably Kipling, Hardy, Masefield and Francis Thompson, than was possible in the earlier editions. Mr. Untermeyer has also amplified his critical notes. The youngest poet represented is Stephen Spender, born in 1909. The book is clearly printed and well bound, and has adequate indices. It is a worthy companion to the same critic's "Modern American Poetry."

STARS TO-NIGHT.
By Sara Teasdale. *The Macmillan Company*
$2 8½ x 5½; 49 pp. *New York*

Miss Teasdale's sub-title is "Verses New and Old for Boys and Girls." Her twenty-five poems, all of them short, are partly new and partly reprinted from earlier volumes. There is in them all the clear melody and charming simplicity that one has come to look for in her work. Her verses are pure lyrics, and the wild experiments in rhythm, vocabulary and content that now engage so many American poets seem to have left her quite unmoved. Most of her present pieces are well within the comprehension of an intelligent child: she indulges in no rhetoric and in no metaphysics. There are many illustrations by Dorothy P. Lathrop, one of them in full color.

POEMS.
By Karl Kraus. *The Four Seas Company*
$2 7⅛ x 5⅛; 150 pp. *Boston*

Kraus is the editor of (and of late the sole contributor to) *Die Fackel*, a well-known Vienna quarterly, and during the World War he had an active and courageous career as a pacifist. His writings show imagination and there is vigor in his German. But it is completely absurd to call him, as his translator, Albert Bloch, here calls him, "the greatest writer of German prose and verse since Goethe." Consider for example, this epigram:

What is become of the race of man?
Its man-power's given out!
Oh, what an insane pace we ran
Through this tragic carnival's rout!

Continued on page xxiv

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Here it is plain to see that damage has been done by Bloch's crude translation; nevertheless, the banality of the original thought is also obvious. Little else in the volume is worth reading. Kraus sets forth familiar thoughts in a familiar way, and Bloch claws his strophes into vile English.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

WHAT RIGHTS ARE LEFT.
By Henry Alan Johnston. The Macmillan Company
$2 7½ x 5; 177 pp. *New York*

Mr. Johnston here attempts a detailed analysis of the decisions interpreting the Eighteenth Amendment, the Volstead Act and the Jones Act, his purpose being to find out what is left of the Bill of Rights. He discovers that it is not much. Nevertheless, certain of the Federal courts have insisted that the Prohibition agents keep within the limits of public endurance, and even the Supreme Court has occasionally curbed them, though not very often. There are large areas in which doubt still prevails. No one yet knows, for example, just what the rights and penalties of a purchaser are under the Volstead Act. It may turn out, when the Supreme Court comes to the matter at last, that he is equally guilty with the seller, or it may turn out, as seems rather more probable, that he is innocent of any legal wrong-doing. Mr. Johnston, who is a lawyer in New York, offers counsel to persons who may be caught in raids, and tells them what their remaining rights are. But in general he can only report that the law remains undetermined. "In such a state of confusion," he says, "the doctrine of *ignorantia juris* is harsh indeed when applied to a mere citizen of the Republic." He prints the Constitution in an appendix and a digest of the law relating to search warrants in another. At the end there are a table of cases and an index.

LIFE IN COLLEGE.
By Christian Gauss. Charles Scribner's Sons
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 272 pp. *New York*

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lege," "Some Mistakes of Mothers," "Some Mistakes of Fathers," and "The Code of the Undergraduate." He says: "After all discounts have been made, . . . it seems to me that the conduct of the average senior on the campus is on a somewhat higher plane than the conduct of the average man. . . . Instead of trying to force the college more narrowly into line with our social and economic system, I am compelled to wonder whether it would not be wiser, for a little while to have . . . reformers direct their attention to our somewhat hugger-mugger world outside with a view to bringing it a little more closely into accord with some of those finer aspects of human nature so frequently illustrated in the conduct of the average undergraduate."

THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN OF THE SOVIET UNION.
By G. T. Grinko. *The International Publishers*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5⅞; 340 pp. *New York*

Mr. Grinko was for a number of years people's commissar for education, and later head of the State Planning Commission of the Ukraine and vice-chairman of the Council of People's Commissars. He is now vice-chairman of the U.S.S.R. State Planning Commission. He was one of the leaders in the drafting of the so-called Five-Year Plan for the industrial reconstruction of the Soviet Union. It has been in operation two years, and in the present book Mr. Grinko discusses its workings in detail. He says: "The tremendous advance of Socialist construction in the Soviet Union is surpassing all estimates under the Plan, and the most optimistic forecasts of its success. . . . The slogan: 'Complete the Five-Year Plan in Four Years,' is sounding more and convincingly throughout the Soviet Union." Answering the oft-repeated charge by non-Bolsheviks that Russia is gradually becoming capitalistic, he says: "Instead of a return to capitalism, there is a tempestuous tide of Socialism rising in the U.S.S.R." The name of the translator is not given. There is no index.

JUSTICE FOR HUNGARY.
By Otto Légrády. *The Pesti Hirlap*
11 x 8; 164 pp. *Budapest*

In this beautifully illustrated quarto Dr. Légrády, who is editor of the *Pesti Hirlap*, the principal newspaper of Budapest, presents the case of his country against the Allied governments. The peace forced upon it by the Treaty of Trianon constituted a complete *reductio ad absurdum* of the principles that the Allies had professed during the war. Hungary, which had maintained its boundaries for 1000 years against Turk and Christian alike, was robbed of more than two-thirds of its territory, and seven-

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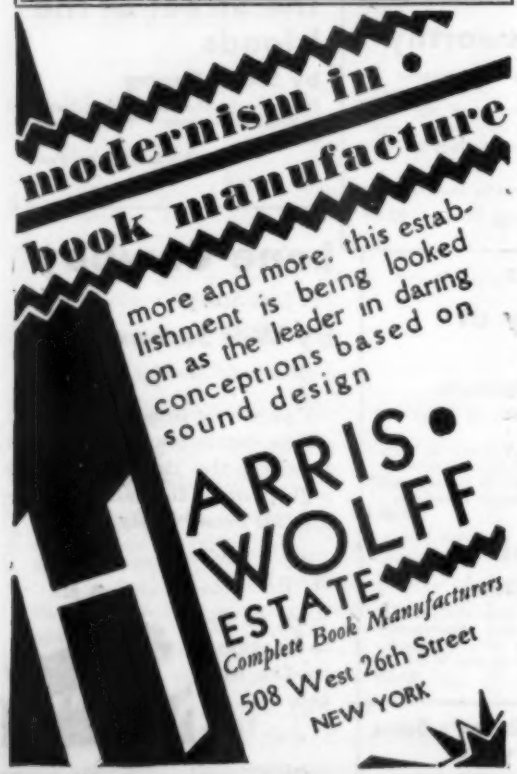
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twentieths of its nationals of Magyar speech were handed over to its hereditary enemies. In addition, the Hungarian army was reduced to 35,000 men on a peace footing, as against 150,000 for Yugoslavia, 160,000 for Czechoslovakia, and 232,000 for Rumania. This precious exercise in self-determination dealt a staggering blow to the country, and it has been in difficulties ever since. Naturally enough, every patriotic Hungarian, despairing of getting justice from foes so implacable, looks forward with hope to the next European war. Dr. Légrády presents the facts with pardonable indignation. The illustrations, many of them in full color, include Hungarian city and country scenes, reproductions of salient works of art and of old prints, and portraits of eminent Hungarians, living and dead. The book is apparently intended for free distribution in the United States and England.

SOCIOLOGY

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SOCIOLOGY OF LESTER F. WARD.
By Clement Wood. *The Vanguard Press*
75 cents 7 x 4¼; 183 pp. *New York*

Mr. Wood has here done a useful job. The sociological writings of Ward, though some of them begin to date, are still very valuable, but their vast extent and tedious style make students shy of them. Ward seemed to be unable to do anything save on a herculean scale. The four books that Mr. Wood principally uses for the present summary run to nearly 3000 pages, and the autobiographical papers that the author left incomplete at his death were to have filled eight volumes. Ward was a vigorous exponent of mind in evolution. He believed that man might shape its course by conscious volition. Mr. Wood sets forth his ideas fully and fairly, and has made an interesting little book. It lacks an index.

CRIME & THE CRIMINAL LAW IN THE UNITED STATES.
By Harry Best. *The Macmillan Company*
$6.50 8½ x 5½; 615 pp. *New York*

Dr. Best, who is professor of sociology at the University of Kentucky, has little that is new to say about the question of crime, and that little is not always persuasive (consider, for example, his discussion of prostitution on page 311), but he has diligently amassed a great body of facts, and his presentation of them is usually fair and sensible. He begins with a consideration of the nature of crime, proceeds to its classification, and then devotes sections to criminal procedure, to the extent of crime in the United

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CRITICISM

THE FRENCH NOVEL.
By Pierre Mille. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$2 7⅞ x 5¼; 256 pp. *Philadelphia*

This is a rapid survey of the history of the French novel. It has some merits, but on the whole it leaves much to be desired. The discussion of Flaubert and de Maupassant in a total space of ten pages is so brief as to be worthless. The same is true of the nine pages allotted to Anatole France. In the latter M. Mille performs the miraculous: he does not so much as mention "Penguin Island" or "The Revolt of the Angels"! Coming to more recent times he shows equally strange taste. André Gide's "The Counterfeiters," a truly superb book, he does "not like at all," while of the same author's second-rate "Congo-Tchad" he says: "It is one of the best travel books published in our time."

THE MODERN ITALIAN NOVEL.
By Domenico Vittorini.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
$3 9⅛ x 6; 296 pp. *Philadelphia*

Signor Vittorini, who is an assistant professor of Romance languages and literature at the University of Pennsylvania, begins his account of the Italian novel with Alessandro Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi," published in 1827, and carries it down to the works of authors born as recently as 1894. The ground is covered in considerable detail, and there is a great deal of matter that will be unfamiliar to American readers. Since the beginning of the present century, says the author, Italian literature has gone through three stages. First there was the uproar of Futurism, then came the mood of disillusion during the war, with an outburst of cynical materialism following, and then ensued a movement back toward the classical spirit. At the moment the younger Italians yield to the somewhat vague and sentimental ideas that, in the United States, go under the name of the New Humanism. Not much interesting writing is coming out of the country, for its people are preoccupied with politics, and free speech is in abeyance. But the generation now passing out produced many good books, and Signor Vittorini describes them out of a full knowledge. There are bibliographical notes at the end of his volume, and an index.

Continued in back advertising section, page xxxvi

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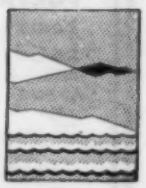

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WHY I DO NOT BECOME AN AMERICAN

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

English are generally the most extraordinary persons that we meet with even out of England.

—*Letters of Horace Walpole.*

MY TITLE has been carefully phrased. "Why I have not become an American" would limit the issue too much to the past; "Why I shall not" too definitely commit the future. While I think it is extremely improbable that my national allegiance will ever be transferred, I am not going to affirm that such transference is absolutely and forever out of the question. The title I have chosen indicates no final determination on my part, but merely that there are some reasons, still actively operating, which prevent my becoming an American citizen at present, as they have prevented my becoming one in the past.

Lest anyone should suppose that I entertain the idea that there could be any special interest in my case, I must begin by declaring that it is no more than a typical one. The fact is notorious that very few of my countrymen rènounce their status as British subjects, and it is solely because Americans are often in consequence puzzled, and sometimes irritated, that I am taking it upon myself to be the British spokesman. For though no doubt in each individual case idiosyncrasy is at work; though each man has his private reason, or unreason, in the matter, in a general way I am confident that I am—just as any other Englishman in the same situation would be—a fairly adequate representative of my fellow exiles.

II

The question would never have been raised by me were I not, like other English expatriates, puzzled in my turn by Americans expecting us to take out our citizenship papers. I am still more puzzled as to why they should regard our failure to do so as a slight to their country. After twelve years spent in the United States (from 1909 to 1911, and since 1920) I believe I am beginning to understand the American point of view, though, as it is still so vague to my mind—and perhaps in its fullness incomprehensible—I hesitate to indicate what I believe that point of view to be, lest I should be mistaken. We ourselves are so supremely indifferent as to whether foreigners living in England be-

come naturalized or not that it is all but impossible for us to imagine Americans caring a jot what we do about it when we come to their shores. Not until we are challenged does it occur to us to examine our own minds.

But after our American friends have asked us, with the incurable hopefulness characteristic of them, if we have not taken out our first papers, and after we have noticed, with some astonishment, that our answers appear to give pain, we begin to wonder in our slow-moving way why they should be concerned at all. So far from *our* wanting foreign residents to become Englishmen, we discourage naturalization. Englishmen, like poets, are born, not made; and if Frenchmen or Germans or Americans insist on renouncing their own nationality, well, that is their own affair, but they cannot expect us to be anything but suspicious of their motives.

Indeed, we narrowly regard our fellow-subjects of foreign extraction, or with foreign connections. I have often heard Mr. Ford Madox Ford (whose name was once Hueffer) referred to as "that German fellow"; and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt once said acidulously to a friend of mine, "How is it that the two best known Sussex poets happen to be a Breton born at Versailles and a babu born at Bombay?" Blunt, for all his eccentricity and his wanderings in Arabia, remained very much the English squire; and the fact that about one quarter of Belloc's blood was French and that Kipling (though of pure English stock) was brought up in India, prevented him regarding either of them as true blue.

Perhaps, if it comes to that, neither am I true blue, unless my escape from India at the age of ten was early enough to save me from oriental contagion. Moreover, Dean Inge maintains that no Catholic can be a thorough-going Englishman; and I happen to be a Catholic. I think he may be right to this extent: a Catholic in England is inevitably somewhat detached in his point of view, for though much the greater stretch of English history belongs to him, he has for a long time been part of a more or less segregated minority insignificant in numbers.

So also my Indian childhood made me regard my fellow-countrymen, upon our first encounter and for some years afterwards, as very strange creatures, the young engrossed in cricket instead of spontaneous play; the elders, upon their native heath, more than ever shrouded in incomprehensibility. Though the astonishment eventually wore off—even to the extent of my acquiring a wild enthusiasm for cricket—I daresay I never whole-heartedly accepted the English tradition.

But if I may flatter myself that I now possess an exhaustive understanding of that tradition, it may be that I am all the more competent, because of my detachment, to see England and Englishmen in the round, from the inside and outside at once. I can recognize their faults as well as their virtues, and admit that the reluctance of those of them living here to become American citizens springs really as much from what is least admirable in their character as from what is most admirable. But if I put what may seem to many an undue stress upon their more disagreeable qualities, it is because I am disinclined to make praise a part of my argument, lest by commending them I should seem to be commending myself.

Emerson in his "English Traits" tells an excellent story. A member of a party of English tourists upon the Rhine heard someone speaking of them as foreigners. At this one of the English ladies graciously explained, "No, *we* are not foreigners; *you* are the foreigners."

Lately, largely because of the deflation of continental currencies, a great many Britons have made visits abroad But the British, though wanderers, are not a nation of travelers. Into whatever country they go they import England, not so much for the good of the natives as for the solace of their own hearts. It is safe to say that they stay abroad only out of necessity. The representative Englishman is a man like the poet Edward Thomas who died in the war, of whom his friend W. H. Davies said he was

> A man who loved this England well,
> And never left her once before.

It is the expatriate alone who is conscious of his love. Not until he is obliged to live in exile does an Englishman become fully aware of what England means to him. And this awareness gains its sharpest edge when he comes to live in America.

If he is nothing more than a visitor he finds everything extremely enjoyable. I will not say that he approves of everything—far from it; but at least he has a delightful time among the most hospitable people in Christendom.

He is a little surprised when he is asked, about thirty-seven times a day for the first couple of weeks, what he thinks of America. As the question is put to him for the first time while the boat is passing the Statue of Liberty he doesn't quite know what reply to make. He has, it is true, some very definite ideas on the subject, but these he has acquired in England, and as a rule even an Englishman has sufficient tact not to express them too freely before Americans.

But later, after he has discovered that the people he meets are really pleased to meet him—for do they not frankly tell him so?—and that they apparently really want to know what he thinks about their country, he tries to give relief to their unaccountable curiosity. Remember, please, that he is not wishing to hurt their feelings; but he cannot bring himself to flatter. So he says what he thinks, softening—yes, believe it or not!—softening his judgment as far as his conscience allows him to do so.

III

Should he settle in America, however, he will find that nobody dreams of asking him what he thinks of it, even should he live in it long enough to know something about it, long enough to distrust his own opinions. What Americans were interested in were his first impressions, which they thought might prove amusing (or flattering); they had never entertained the notion that he could tell them anything that was solidly valuable.

Whether as a visitor or a settler, he is likely to bring with him two ideas—one vague, the other sharply defined. The vague idea is that, somehow or other, whatever the incidental differences may be, the United States are still a colony of England's—almost; or at any rate, that the Americans, whatever quaint local customs they may cherish, are camouflaged Englishmen.

His other opinion—and here there is no vagueness at all—is that Americans are vulgar money-grubbers. Even if his purpose in coming to America happens to be to grub up some of that money, the circumstance does not in the least affect his opinion, except to make him more sure of it, and to give him a pleasant confidence in his own gentlemanly attitude towards the gaining of filthy lucre.

Long before these opinions have been discarded, he has adjusted himself to the externals of American life. This is the re-

verse of being difficult—despite any criticism he may bring against them—because he finds America full of the appurtenances that make living easy. He feels in himself, however, an increasing spiritual dissatisfaction. When Matthew Arnold remarked that America was full of comfort but had no joy he was pointing out what was (with an important qualification) a very true thing. The qualification is that he spoke as an Englishman and for Englishmen. Americans find joy; Arnold merely stated that he could find none, and he knew that his fellow-countrymen would be able to find none.

The bitterest part of the tragedy is often that their souls wither away when deprived of their native air. They are spoiled for England without being improved for America. I have known so many go back, after having nursed an aching longing for England for years, only to find that they were no longer at home in their own country. It had changed, they thought. Actually, of course, it had changed hardly at all; but the slightest alteration was more than they could bear. So in their disappointment they came back before long to Egypt, and home-sickness.

The truth is that while the Englishman —that is the Englishman of the upper classes—makes a good colonial administrator, he is an exceedingly poor colonist or immigrant. If he is a good administrator, it is because he belongs to a governing class and has therefore acquired assurance in command, not at all because he possesses any special aptitude for understanding those whom he rules. The Englishman, though almost always just, is almost always stiff.

This rigidity of mind—which is common to Englishmen of every social class—is a positive detriment to him in America. His own traditions he believes to be beyond cavil, and so despises the lesser breeds without the law. But the Britisher's innate superiority, however evident it may be to himself, is by no means so evident to other people, and least of all to Americans. For this reason he soon discovers that, whatever theoretic admiration there may be for England in America, it is confined to the better educated, where it is of little use to him. And he may have the painful experience of learning that even theoretic Anglophiles often find it a hard job to like the individual Englishman.

They would probably like him well enough did he not feel that he was in a privileged position and was free to speak his mind plainly. The other immigrant groups accept without question a subordinate position. They could hardly do anything else, since they arrive ignorant of the English language. Therefore it never occurs to them that they have a proprietary right in the country. Beside, they have always been accustomed to minding their own business.

But the Englishman expects to find here something much more like England than actually exists; and the superficial resemblances themselves prove irritating to him. He is distressed that America has not made a better copy of the English model while she was about it; and for this reason, among others, he is a long while in fitting himself in. Possibly he never does, never can, quite fit himself in. Indeed, I think that the very process of becoming an American citizen—in those comparatively rare cases where it occurs—makes him more of an Englishman than ever. I have observed the thing going on among my own friends: a stiffening of the English manner, a more strongly marked intonation. The poor fellows felt, I suppose, that they had taken the fatal step. All that was left them was to cling pathetically to these

last remnants of Englishry. Once an Englishman always an Englishman.

There is a case for the opinion that a man permanently settled in a foreign country is morally bound to associate himself fully with it. This would no doubt give him a sense of solidarity; and the country itself (since naturally it would feel uneasy at the presence in it of any large number of unattached aliens—especially a country like America, made up of so many disparate elements) would be more secure in consequence. There is less weight in an argument more frequently heard—or that I, at all events, have more frequently heard: that when a man gets his living from a country it is no more than a payment of a just debt for him to take out his citizenship papers. Or, to put it another way, those who find employment in a country should express their gratitude by their allegiance.

I should be base indeed if this were my sole reason for gratitude. Moreover, I cannot see the validity of the doctrine. My idea of showing my gratitude is by doing my work to the best of my ability. If I get remunerated for that work it is for no other reason than that I do it. On this score I am sure that I owe nobody anything.

For the rest, I am as law-abiding as most people. I pay my taxes, and my bills when I can. And I have begotten five children, who no doubt will grow up to be loyal American citizens, since their hearts will be rooted here. As three of them are boys, I consider that I have done my bit toward providing the country with cannon-fodder. If my own heart is inextricably rooted in another soil I feel that I have the right to leave it there.

Moreover, it is far from obvious to me how my personal citizenship would have benefited America. I should have won the right to vote, but I know that I should not often have exercised that right, since I have long been disillusioned about the working of the machinery of representative government. For this reason I never once voted in England, though I had an intense interest in politics and frequently spoke in public on political questions. So I have nothing to gain by seeking possession of the vote, as America has nothing to lose by my not possessing it. Anyway the question is at present academic, since I am a resident of the District of Columbia.

IV

My application for citizenship could be, therefore, hardly more than a gesture about whose precise significance I should not be quite certain, except in the rather remote contingency of war between England and the United States.

All the same it would give me a good deal of pleasure to make some gesture of appreciative gratitude, though not this one. For America has not yet awakened in me that unique affection for which a man would die. As I love America, I love France. I owe a spiritual debt to America; but then I also owe similar debts to many other countries, including ancient Rome, Greece and Palestine. In all these cases I can rationalize love and gratitude; but I cannot rationalize my love and gratitude towards England. For as she made me what I am, it seems to me almost as unthinkable to change my nationality as it would be impossible to change my parents.

The curious thing is that Americans, who are of all men most resentful when residents in their country fail to become citizens, are bitterly critical when (as sometimes, though rarely, happens) an American living abroad becomes a member of another nation. Now, an English-

man is as proud of being a British subject as is an American of his own status. And there is besides a certain intimacy in an Englishman's love of country which I imagine—though of this I cannot be sure—the American can hardly match. For England has the advantage of being small, thickly settled, rich in historical associations, and, above all, homogeneous. Every acre is a microcosm of the shire, and every shire a microcosm of the country. The very variety of England contributes to her cohesion, and the evidences of her glorious antiquity scattered everywhere not only constantly deepen love but renew it.

The superficial uniformity of America on the other hand must work, I think, against this, especially when the appalling vastness of the country is considered. A man may move from a little town in the State of New York to a little town in the State of California, and find exactly the same little town—apart from a few differences of climate and natural scenery—just as he would find a hundred others on his way there. He cannot—so I am supposing—become intimately attached anywhere. How readily he moves about, pulling up roots which have never had time to go very deep! What the American has to a greater extent than the Englishman is civic pride, an excellent thing; but after all it is pride, not love. All of which amounts to saying that an American's love of country is diffused, whereas an Englishman's is concentrated. And though I make no claim that one is superior to the other, it is, I believe, true that the two things are so dissimilar as to be all but mutually incomprehensible. Even if it were possible for an Englishman to transfer his love from England to another country, he would not know how to begin loving America, because he would not know where to begin.

It is for this reason that most British imperialists have been colonials. The fact that so large a portion of the map of the world is printed in red may flatter an Englishman's sense of power and importance; but at heart he is only faintly interested in the size of the Empire. The eyes of the fool are on the ends of the earth, but the wise man is content with the little land that is really his own. Even Kipling in his verses on Sussex—the Kipling who in his weaker moments has been the mouth-piece of imperialism and who has truculently asked, "What do they know of England who only England know?"—recants more fully than he did in his famous "Recessional":

> God gives all men all earth to love,
> But since man's heart is small
> Ordains for each one spot shall prove
> Beloved over all.
> Each to his choice, and I rejoice
> The lot has fallen to me
> In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
> Yea, Sussex by the sea!

And a greater poet, brooding with love upon his country, has exclaimed:

> What wonder if a poet now and then,
> Among the many movements of his mind,
> Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

And one less great than Wordsworth, but one who, in some respects, brings to us even more fully the very scent and color and savor of the English countryside (which is his sole theme), John Clare localizes, almost jealously localizes, his affection, asking no more than the beauty of the few familiar fields around his cottage door, where

> Little footpaths sweet to see
> Go seeking sweeter places still.

But, I may be told, a man born an alien might have an abstract passion for the

American Idea. Well, men capable of abstract passion are rare, and rarest of all among Englishmen. Such a man, could he be found, would presumably fall in love with the American Constitution and ardently desire to feel that he belonged to it, and it to him. Now, it happens that that constitution has often been praised by Englishmen. Bryce's book upon it is still the classic authority, and Goldwin Smith declared it to be the most perfect of the works of man.

It may be so, or rather I am ready to admit that it might have been so at the time these men were writing. But the presence of the Eighteenth Amendment in it is quite sufficient to quench any abstract intellectual passion of which I might be capable. Even though I strongly deny the validity of that amendment, the fact that it is technically part of the Constitution decisively rules out the possibility of my passionate adherence. And I confess to a slight squeamishness about even the appearance of perjury.

But the question of the intellectual appeal of America is, of course, a much wider one than that of Prohibition. It is, put plainly, just this: the enthusiastic spirits of Europe, who once looked upon America as being in the vanguard of Liberty, are now thoroughly disillusioned, and that quite apart from the personal liberty infringed by the Eighteenth Amendment.

Shelley probably had America in mind when he sang:

> Another Athens shall arise,
> And to remoter time
> Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
> The splendor of its prime;
> And leave, if naught so bright may live,
> All earth can take or heaven give.

Byron certainly had America in mind when he heard in the voice of Liberty

> The sounds which echo further west
> Than your sires' islands of the blest.

Coleridge and Southey, despairing of Europe, would have founded upon the banks of the Susquehanna their Pantisocratic Society—whatever that may have been. But the shortest way of indicating what has happened between their day and our own would perhaps be by saying that none of these four men, were they living, would be admitted into America today. Coleridge and Southey (if we may ignore their later conservatism, which was due to the hardening of their arteries) would be debarred at Ellis Island as Bolsheviks, Shelley as an anarchist, and Byron for moral turpitude.

Another way of putting the matter is to say that the ideas that govern America have changed during the hundred and fifty years of her existence, that while the same phrases are used now as were used during the Revolution they have gradually come to mean something very different. A few years ago a simple-minded policeman arrested a man as a dangerous radical in Los Angeles who was reading the Declaration of Independence aloud in public. And those who literally believe the doctrine of that document *are* dangerous radicals who would seem to have no place in modern America.

V

Now the United States may be wise in settling down to a cautious political and economic programme designed to make the world safe for Big Business—though as I happen to be an old-fashioned European Liberal I do not share that view. What is incontestable is that the ideas that now animate her are not the ideas to which she owes her birth. For this reason I may, without being guilty of paradox, claim to be already an American—that is an Eight-

eenth Century American—and, if it comes to that, a better American than those who would indignantly reject my claim.

I am far from asserting that this original light has been altogether extinguished; but my observation leads me to believe that it has at all events been greatly diminished. Only its evident shining could justify a European, or perhaps I should say an Englishman, in believing that he could find in American political theory or practice something able to enlarge his own spirit. This is not at all because I hold we are demonstrably superior; I merely hold that we are not demonstrably inferior.

This being so, it adds considerably to my peace of mind that I am not an American. In England I used to be in a perpetual state of indignation over some piece or other of official imbecility or injustice or chicanery. I will not say that I am wholly indifferent when such things occur here; indeed, I am sure that I am much more concerned about them than is the average American; but I need no longer feel that they ultimately touch my private honor. My personal sense of decency is not involved. I am not called upon to join in any public protest; and if I made such a protest it would be very properly resented. Even in so small a matter as the *Literary Digest* poll on Prohibition I scrupulously refrained from filling in the card sent to me. But if I were a citizen I should be always making a nuisance of myself. And that would mean, things being as they are, that I should be always getting into trouble. For there is far more liberty of discussion in England, far more intellectual freedom, than is tolerated here. So on this ground, too, I beg to be excused.

I have left to the last the strongest of possible inducements that would operate in my case in favor of my becoming an American citizen: that is the great attractiveness of the American people. Their kindliness, their good-humor and their liveliness make living among them very pleasant; and though these qualities can easily consort with Babbittry they do not therefore cease to be anything but agreeable.

Though all Englishmen, and a good many other Europeans, bring with them to these shores the firm conviction that Americans care for nothing except the dollar, nobody can live even a short time in the United States without discovering how false that notion is. Not of course that the dollar is despised; Americans would not be human if they lacked their taint of greed. But they are very much less mercenary than the Europeans who criticize them. They give more lavishly, more promptly and with a better grace than any other people in the world. It is no use to say, as some soured cynics do, that they ought to give more since they have more. The rich men of other nationalities are rarely so generous; and generosity here is not limited to the rich.

It is not merely a question of free-handedness with money. The wealthy in America receive little adulation and have few toadies. People actually speak disrespectfully of them. And the spectacle of all this is amazing (and edifying) to anyone belonging to a nation among whom it is tacitly assumed that snobbery and servility are inculcated by the Ten Commandments. Then, too, American generosity of soul shows itself in the universal good-will. Envy is a most un-American vice. Everybody hopes that everybody else will be happy and prosperous, and is ready to stretch out a helping hand. I hope I shall not appear to withdraw this praise by qualifying it. A man is to be given his chance to make good, but interest in him is apt to evaporate somewhat quickly un-

less he performs what is expected of him. You must take your American on the bounce, otherwise you will be disappointed.

This same fickleness (if it is that) appears in their social relationships. It has been my experience, and the experience of many other people coming from what used to be called the British Isles, that Americans are much too capable of being effusively friendly one week and of forgetting the very existence of their friends the next. I do not suggest that the fault is all upon the American side. Probably enough we struck them as being rather unsatisfactory upon second inspection, and they repented of their rash impulsiveness. Or it may have been that Americans, with their characteristic amiability, were merely exercising their agreeableness, and that we took it altogether too seriously, thinking that it meant more than it was intended to mean. Perhaps what we should have done was to have been much more cautious when confronted by this perfervid friendliness.

But how could we be expected to understand? How should we be proof against American charm? Our natures are by comparison sluggish. We do not make friends easily. But when the Americans make the advances and we accept them as our friends, we accept them as friends for life, and in our innocence suppose that they also are forever bound. Our humiliation follows, or is perilously likely to follow.

In a different way the same thing meets and astonishes an Englishman when he gets acquainted with Americans in business. He has been brought up to believe that Americans are notably business-like—for that is part of the money-grubber myth—but he speedily finds that they are casual about answering letters, late for appointments, and hard to bring to the point. And he thinks he perceives something unreliable in the national character.

The truth is that the American can afford to be less precise about the *minutiæ* of business routine than the Englishman. For in spite of all his portentous office apparatus, the most important part of his business is done through personal contacts where his amiability and his capacity to be a good mixer are his greatest assets. And once again we work back to his attractiveness.

But, after all, if a man is agreeable we forgive him anything. And who so agreeable as an American? He may be neglectful as a friend or unpunctual or forgetful in the performance of his promises, but all the time he really has the best of intentions. When next we meet him he is brimming over with good-humor as though nothing had happened. So the Englishman, if he has any sense, accepts him as he is, and rapidly comes to prefer his society immeasurably to that of his own steady, staid, correct countrymen, sticklers for exact detail and the orthodox way of doing things. He concludes that Americans may not be, as a rule, the firmest, but that they are certainly the most delightful, the most entertaining, amusing and vivacious of friends. He perceives that their faults are only the defects of their good qualities. And he wishes that Englishmen were more like Americans.

But all the same he does not wish to become an American himself.

LODGE DOCTOR

BY LEWIS G. ARROWSMITH

I RECEIVED my license to practice about five years prior to the entrance of the United States into the World War. In college I had received high rating in all of the medical sciences, but I had no knowledge of the requirements of general practice and it soon became apparent that the art would have to be learned by myself.

I had no preceptor. I was acquainted with a few young practitioners and some very old ones. The younger men were peculiarly evasive and the older men quite reticent when I asked questions. There were a good many things I desired to know, for I wanted to make a good impression from the start. Was it good form to carry my physician's bag to all cases, whether it was needed or not? How did one ask for a fee after making a call, if it was not offered? How was I to suggest further calls on a case where I deemed it necessary, or must I wait until I was called again? Was I to broadcast the diagnosis (when I could make it) to all present at the time of examination, or was I to whisper it to the one who seemed the most responsible person present? What was I to do when I could not make a definite diagnosis? At what point should I suggest or demand a consultation? My hospital and clinical experience was of no help to me in these situations.

The answers were indefinite when I inquired of the younger men and a great source of merriment among the older physicians. Some of my college professors whom I timidly approached gave me no suggestions except that it would be a good idea to send my cases to them and they would take very good care of them. On the whole, I was given to understand that as they had learned for themselves, so would I, by experience.

Previous to the time I entered practice, I had no business experience whatsoever. I was not interested in acquiring great wealth. I wanted to make a good living and get married soon, as I had been engaged for two years. I believed in economic justice and had been active in movements that aimed at social betterment. I hoped to continue in these movements and to rise high in them. I was looking forward to an active professional, social and political life, and preparing to work hard and unselfishly. I was eager for everybody's good will; I wanted to become the wise, benevolent, well-liked physician, such as one meets in fiction. Of course, I expected that a fairly good living would come easily.

II

At that time (I believe they still do the same) the lodges and societies in the neighborhood where I lived selected their doctors as they would their officers. This was the custom particularly in those lodges, clubs, societies and other organizations formed by the foreign-born and their succeeding generation. The doctor would take

care of all their members for a fixed fee, usually twenty-five cents a member a quarter. If the members desired to have their families also cared for, there would be a further fee of fifty cents a quarter. The number of calls was not limited. On the whole, there was a contempt for the lodge doctor, both among the people and among the more fortunate members of the medical profession. But it was rumored that many a physician had become wealthy through these lodges. I had no idea at that time whether this was true, or how it was done.

Filled with a determination to be better than the ordinary physician, I decided to move away from my home neighborhood and build up a practice among the better element of society. I found a ground-floor flat in a shabby-genteel neighborhood far from my home, and decided to locate my office there. There was a lot of opposition from my parents. My father was a member of several lodges and clubs in which he was anxious for me to be elected as doctor. In fact, for years he had been playing politics within these organizations so that he would have support when I ran for office. He predicted all sorts of dire things for my future if I did not take the lodge route to success. I was determined, however, and I had my way.

I discovered later that my place was the worst possible location for a young physician. Most of the people nearby seemed elderly. Many flats were empty, but I thought that these would soon be filled, and that the tenants would become my patients.

I fitted out a neat office, bought a lot of useless instruments which the surgical supply house assured me I would need, and had my stationery printed. As a final touch of elegance, I decided not to have the commercial-sounding "Office Hours" but the much nicer "Consulting Hours" on my prescription blanks and cards. I hung on the walls "The Coliseum," "A Reading from Homer," "The Parthenon" and "The Doctor." I had a two-by-fourteen-inch window sign which simply gave my name and the letters M. D.

I was there eight months. In all that time, my father brought one patient and one other patient walked in. I have no idea why my father's patient came in except to do my father a favor; he answered my questions indifferently and hardly listened to my advice. The patient who walked in needed a report for an accident insurance company.

These eight months chastened my independent spirit considerably. They were the unhappiest period of my life. For three months I regularly left my office after consulting hours with my bag, as if making calls, but I did not have the heart to continue after that. Very fortunately for me, one of the younger of my medical acquaintances was suffering from a chronic disease, and by taking care of some of his cases I was able to exist.

When my father informed me that a flat was available in his neighborhood and that elections for physicians would soon take place in a number of lodges, I consented to move. I was assured by my father and his friends that I would soon be elected in a number of lodges and would be well-to-do. They named several physicians who had been lodge doctors once, and were now quite well off.

The new office was in a neighborhood inhabited almost exclusively by foreign-born persons, mostly Jewish. The front was depressing and the odor in the entrance hall was not assuring. Nevertheless, I was not discouraged, any prospect being better than the long and horrible inactivity that I had been through. I was sure that I

would get a number of lodges, make good, and then move to a better place. I had new cards and prescription blanks printed, this time with "Office Hours." Each of the windows had a six-by-twenty-four sign with large black letters and there was a large wooden sign with gold letters on a black background at the gate, such as was customary in the neighborhood. I hung the same pictures on the walls and I still had the same magazines, which in spite of their age were shiny and fresh-appearing.

As far as new business was concerned, this place was much better than the first one; patients did drop in fairly regularly.

It was necessary to become a member of the lodges, clubs or societies in order to run for office. I joined three to which my father belonged and one other in which there was a friend who assured me of election. Shortly afterward, I ran for election in the latter organization and was badly defeated. I was shocked and it dawned on me that my father and friends might have exaggerated their abilities along these lines. It took a terribly hard campaign a little while later to get me elected in one of my father's lodges. I was elected by a majority of two votes out of a total of ninety.

After my victory, I had to give a dinner to the members. This was compulsory. Right after the meeting, we adjourned to the nearest saloon, and in the back room a meal was served. There, amid the odors of rank beer, pickled herrings and cucumbers, I received congratulations from the members—most hearty, it seemed, from those who had voted against me. Half a dozen of the smelliest (they apparently came to the meeting room right from their push-carts, shops or stores) crowded about me, hugging me, pawing me, patting my back, each assuring me of his support, each shouting at the top of his voice how fortunate I was to be elected in the organization of which he was a member, how other physicians had achieved success through it, and how I would soon be a success due to its efforts. I smiled satisfactorily, I suppose, and uttered words of appreciation, although I felt faint and sickened. I had never dreamed of going through anything so coarse and humiliating.

The election however, boosted my hopes sky high and I was so encouraged that I got married.

III

I soon found that, for all their promises, I could not depend upon my father, friends or relatives for any new practice at all. All of their friends and acquaintances were members of lodges also. There was no reason for them to call me and have to pay me when they could get free service from their own lodge doctors.

What they did enthusiastically was to propose me in every lodge or other organization of which they had heard, even though I had not the slightest chance of election, and then come to me for the initiation fee, expecting to be rewarded. They thought they were thus doing great things for me, and when the slimness of my purse caused me to complain they regarded me as ungrateful and did not hesitate to say so. I made a halt to these procedures only when I did not repay them, but I got ill-will thereby.

My parents lived with me in the same flat and were more of a nuisance than a help about the place. My father was one of those good-natured men who become sergeants-at-arms or door watchers in their clubs; they run everybody's errands and appear to be able to do wonders for all except their immediate families. Everybody knows them, likes them and has a faint contempt for them. He insisted on getting

chummy with all my patients and was curious to know all about them. My mother would get intimate with the women, and on learning the cause of their coming to my office would give them a lot of old-fashioned advice, until I pointed out that she was taking the bread out of my mouth by doing so. Even that did not stop her entirely, for whenever I said a last few words to a patient outside of my private office, she would add a few suggestions and corrections of her own. I even caught her stopping patients outside the office to check up on my advice. She had borne ten children; they were all alive and healthy; so she was sure she knew all there was to know about the treatment of any condition.

Occasionally I would get a call from people who had a lodge doctor. They prided themselves on not calling him, speaking of him and all lodge doctors with contempt. Of course, I did not let these people know how eager I was to become a lodge doctor myself.

After I had had contests in over a score of lodges and had been elected in five of them in a course of a year, I learned a number of things regarding elections and lodge patients. Elections were controlled almost exclusively by the better element in the lodges, who never called the lodge doctor except in rare instances. I had to cultivate the acquaintance of these men in order to get elected. Small sums of money distributed among the officers helped considerably.

Regularly men would drop in at my office and assure me that for so much they could arrange for my election in this or that organization. They were all frauds. They were actually members of the organizations but they had no influence with them. It was just a little racket.

I became aware also, of a racket worked by the clubs themselves. I was once approached by a man who told me that he had heard that I was a very good doctor and was eager to have me elected in his lodge. At present, his lodge was without a doctor; if I joined I would surely be elected. As he asked nothing for himself, I thought he was honest and so called at the lodge rooms on the meeting night. There I was told to wait in the anteroom and I paid my proposal fee. I was early and had to wait quite a while. Within an hour, five more men came in and paid their proposal fees.

We sat about fidgeting. I studied the others present and they did not appear to be the type who usually became members of this sort of organization. I examined them more closely. Sure enough, I saw the curved rubber tubes of stethoscopes bulging in the pockets of two of them and I was convinced that all present were physicians like myself. This idea was soon confirmed. I was called out of the anteroom and told by the man who had proposed me that five or more members had done just what he had done. He was very sorry, but I would not be elected now, but if I remained in good standing until next election, I would have a good chance then. I demanded my money back, but he said that could not be done. I learned that many lodges fill a depleted treasury in this way. The initiation fees of a large number of young physicians coming in as members in a group thus help to cover the club deficit.

Other lodges would ask a number of doctors to make concessions and would give the position to the one who made the greatest number. Thus I would be asked to give a quarter year service free; if I consented, I would be called on again and told that another doctor would give a half year service free, and would I go better? I never succeeded in these cases, for no matter

what I would offer, there would be someone else who made an even better offer.

I had imagined that the quarterly payments from the families who did not call me would cover the excess calls of those who did, but the quarterly payment was never made until one of the family became sick. Then, if another doctor was called, there would naturally be a charge for the visit. The member then went hurriedly to the secretary and, paying the fifty cents, called the lodge doctor. If the payment had to be made late in the quarter, the idea seemed to anger them, and then they called the doctor repeatedly just to get even.

One day, rushing back to the home of a very sick child, where I had left my thermometer, I saw the child being carried into another flat. I chided the parents on moving the child. They appeared embarrassed, especially when I insisted on it being returned to the place where I had examined it. I wanted to know the reason for it being moved and I could get no definite answer, but before I left I learned that it did not belong to the family that called for me. It was a common thing, I discovered, for members of a lodge to help out their relatives, or in the goodness of their hearts, even neighbors, by passing off the others' children as their own and thus getting free medical service for them. It was also common for a member to call at my office with a friend and ask that free treatment be given, saying that I would be repaid by his and his friends' good will. When I complained to the lodge officers of these things, they seemed to think it very funny. They told me I ought to be thankful; it gave me more practice and enabled me to get acquainted with more people.

I was called for the most trivial things and the calls were always urgent. After I had rushed to the home where there was supposed to be a very sick child, the child would have to be searched for in the street, or in the nearby lots or playgrounds.

Once I received a call and I could not understand very well what was being said over the telephone, except that it had to do with food and stomach trouble. I suspected a case of food poisoning and ran about a half a mile to the house. I could hear loud excited talking as I sprinted up the stairs. As I entered the room, which was a combination kitchen and dining-room, I found that the family, consisting of half a dozen adults and some small children, were all standing up and shouting at one another. The head of the family, a tall heavy-set mechanic, saw me, and grabbing a pot from the stove, shoved a large spoonful of hash down my mouth before I realised what he was going to do. I spat it out and demanded angrily why he had done that. It turned out that the hash that his wife had made was disagreeable to him, and he wanted me to tell her that it was not fit for consumption. That was why I was called.

Wives who had quarrelled with their husbands sought comfort by calling me and telling me their woes. They might then get the sympathy of their husbands by showing my prescriptions. Children who misbehaved were frightened first by threats of having me call, and then by actual calls. That made their treatment doubly difficult when they were really sick.

In one household where I made over a dozen calls within a very short period for a child that needed very little or no treatment, I found all my prescriptions in a heap on a dresser; I had to make a prescription every time I called anywhere; it was expected. When I demanded to know when I had been called when there was no intention of having my prescriptions filled, the mother told me that the calls com-

forted her and relieved her of worry. She did not think the medicines were necessary after I had explained the child's condition to her.

Another trick to save the price of medicine was to call me repeatedly during the same day so that I might give a little medicine myself each time I called. This often happened on miserable stormy nights when the family had no desire to send one of their number to the corner drug-store; it cost nothing to get the doctor. The method used was to call up my office immediately after I had left the patient and tell whoever answered the telephone that the case had taken a sudden turn for the worse, and I was urgently needed again.

IV

Being a lodge doctor was an expensive affair. The informal suppers for a small lodge cost about one-third of the yearly income. A regular supper for a large organization cost a whole year's income. The doctor was the first to be called on to contribute for any member who was in financial straits or other trouble. Tickets had to be bought for raffles, concerts, balls, and other affairs, not only of the lodges to which one belonged but of any other lodge that any member belonged to. Whenever a lodge needed anything special the lodge doctor was always the first to be called on for a donation.

They were always bringing certificates for me to make out and sign, health examinations, accident reports, and so on, not only for themselves, but for their friends and relatives or anybody at all. I was asked to swear falsely and make all sorts of fake reports. I was assured that the previous lodge doctor had done so. I found it useless to argue with them; I made out the reports with as little deviation from the truth as possible; most of them did not understand what I wrote anyhow.

Another point of friction was the reporting of infectious diseases to the Board of Health. In a number of cases I was bullied into not reporting them, but in other cases I was stubborn and did not yield. A number of the lodge members were small store-keepers, their living rooms being back of their stores. It was quite common for a mother to leave a child suffering from scarlet fever or diphtheria and dispense candy or foods without even wiping her hands. I insisted that this stop.

I gave everyone the best medical attention that I was capable of. Since the calls were not paid for, I made as many as I considered necessary for the welfare of the patient. I could not have given better medical service at any price. I sometimes even neglected my private work when I was still under the delusion that there was a future in lodge practice. I became well liked and in a number of lodges was reëlected without opposition. In some I was even excused from giving the election dinner.

But I found that I could not depend on the lodges for any new practice or for a permanent cliéntèle. They had all been in existence for more than five years and most of them, during their existence, had had five or more doctors. What good material there was in a lodge for private practice had already been drawn out by the previous doctors; new members who would make good patients were very few. After my election to a new lodge, there would be women who would tell me, weeping meanwhile, what a good doctor the one I had defeated had been. It was no comfort to me to know, when I left the lodge by resignation or defeat, that no matter how good I was to them, they would also weep for me and call the new lodge doctor. This

was the case even among patients who were fairly well-to-do.

There was some complaint among the members that I had no car and that my office was not shiny and prosperous looking. New members particularly appeared offended when I called without a car.

I had kept very accurate records and at the end of a year and a half I took an inventory. I had then nine lodges with a total membership of 1600. I had six hundred families on my list, all of them quite large. I found that I had received about eleven cents for each office visit or home call. When the cost of the election dinner, bribes, carfares, tickets, donations and other expenses was considered, I was actually paying a good price for the privilege of treating the members.

Evidently something was wrong somewhere. I would have been much better off if I had become what was known as a ten-cent doctor. These were held in even greater contempt than lodge doctors. They received no compensation for their calls, but charged for the medicines they furnished. As the pills they gave were very cheap, it was possible to net seventy cents to a dollar and a half for each call without sustaining any of the lodge doctor's expenses. The members who belonged to this service paid ten cents a week to a Medical Service Corporation which designated the doctors to be called.

I was getting in desperate financial straits. A son had been born about six months previously. At the end of my second year I was considerably in debt and had exhausted my borrowing capacity. I had a tremendous practice and was very busy. It seemed ridiculous that I could not make a living. I made very little on the extras that I was entitled to from the lodge members. Almost always, when I suggested a treatment that would cost money, they insisted on calling another doctor. They paid him what they should have paid me and still could get my advice for nothing. Sometimes they flatly refused to pay the extra charge and my appeals to the officers availed me nothing.

At the end of my second year of lodge practice, an event occurred which opened my eyes and changed my whole attitude. I had been sending all my consultations and laboratory examination to New York, mostly to members of the institution from which I had graduated. The fees were quite high. Although the lodge members begrudged me the smallest fees, they gladly paid the high fees in New York and even bragged about it. I regularly sent a good many cases to New York.

I had been receiving circulars from a local physician who did *x*-ray examinations, but as it did not appear to me to be professional to send out such circulars I had referred no cases to him, even though he had sent me a fee list on which the fees ran from one-half down to a fifth of what was charged in New York. About this time, I had a number of cases on which I would have liked *x*-ray examinations, but the patients could not pay the high New York fees. I decided to send one to the local physician. The examination was quite satisfactory and I sent six more cases before the month was up and had no cause to complain of the service rendered.

Shortly after the first of the month I received a statement from the laboratory listing the names of the patients I had sent and the fees they had paid. Enclosed was a check for 40% of the total. Believe it or not, I had no idea what the check was for. After giving it a good deal of consideration, I telephoned to the laboratory. It took a great deal of talking to make the laboratory physician believe that I was not joking. He explained the whole matter to me.

This, it appeared, was fee-splitting. I would get 40% on all cases referred to his place. No, it was not strictly ethical, but everyone did it, or else how could one make a living?

V

I realized immediately all the possibilities of lodge practice and I understood a good many things which I had not understood before. Here I was holding a check in my hand that was good for three months' rent. I had been giving unstinted service for over two years and actually paying for the privilege to people who took every advantage of my good nature. I was supposed to be thankful to them when giving them almost my whole time. I could not afford to buy bottled milk for my son, but had to buy it loose, from large open cans. Surely, as they kept me busy all the time, I was entitled to a living from them.

I turned the check over to the landlord. I received increasingly larger checks every month from the same source.

With the knowledge I had now gained, I made pointed inquiries among my medical acquaintances and learned a good deal more. I could get a split fee on tonsil extractions and I had scores of such cases. I could send my surgical and other cases to the local hospitals and sometimes get a split fee of as much as 50%. Men of high professional standing gave them. I did not feel I was doing my patients an injustice, for the work was satisfactory and the fees on the whole considerably lower than the New York fees.

I began to make money now on the cases that used to bother me most. I did not mind getting neighbors, friends or other non-members for treatment, for I could make them all a source of satisfactory income now.

I prospered, financially.

One might ask if I did not submit a good many patients to unnecessary operations, as unquestionably the system was such as to encourage that sort of thing. I can truthfully say that I did not. It was not in me to do such things. Furthermore, I was making an ever-increasing income on legitimate cases. What happens when a physician gets older and his needs increase and his income does not increase proportionately I cannot vouch for. I did some unnecessary laboratory work and had some unnecessary consultations, but this was the only way of getting anything out of the nuisances. I carefully guarded my pay patients from any imposition, for I was trying to build a permanent practice on them.

I had three years of this. With the cooperation of the landlord, the house was painted and the hall deodorized. I got new furniture. My wife and child had some decent clothing. I bought a large used car in good condition. I contributed liberally to the lodges and noted that they were becoming deferential. In fact, they were bragging about me and pointing out to others the part they had played in my success.

I saved some money. I began to understand why my medical friends early in my career were so reticent. They were ashamed, for one thing. I know I would have been embarrassed if I had had to explain the conditions of my practice to a new medical graduate.

I joined the Medical Corps at the outbreak of the war, glad to get away from that sort of thing. I did not continue in practice after the war. A commercial opportunity presented itself where my medical knowledge would be useful, and so I escaped from medicine.

LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY

BY LOUIS LE FEVRE

PROHIBITION has had one valuable result, whatever its other consequences may have been. It has made liberty once more a matter of vital interest to a large part of the American people. Twenty years ago, liberty was generally regarded in the United States as a matter of course, which had been secured once and for all by the Declaration of Independence. Today new books about it appear with every publishing season, and one of them has even attained the rank of a best-seller.

Most discussions of liberty written since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment blame the peculiar follies and evils of democracy for the recent encroachments on freedom in America. Mr. Everett Dean Martin, for example, emphasizes the argument that the democratic crowd is by its very nature hostile to liberty. "The enemies of freedom are and always have been," he says, "the same as the enemies of culture." The only hope for liberty is in the leadership of the aristocratic few, the wisest and best. Its existence must always be precarious "in the hands of the inferior men who inevitably rise to power in a democracy." Many other critics have described with a wealth of illustration and detail the malignant envy which leads the democratic mob to impose rigorous restraints on its superiors.

But this doctrine of a necessary opposition between liberty and democracy is much too simple to fit the facts. If men of the highest intellectual rank were always believers in liberty, the problem of freedom would not be difficult. The enlightened few would have an excellent chance of victory over the ignorant crowd; and their success would mean the triumph of tolerance and freedom. Unfortunately, the record of history shows that the attainment of liberty is by no means such an easy matter. Neither the belief that democracy is a form of government peculiarly hostile to liberty nor the theory that the leaders of culture are necessarily friends of freedom can be accepted as valid.

With all its manifest faults, democracy has been of all forms of government the most favorable to freedom. Furthermore, the ablest and best men, perhaps because they were fully conscious of their own superiority, have often supported rigid restrictions of liberty.

II

Twenty-three centuries have passed since Plato described his ideal state, in which philosophers were to be kings. It is still worth remembering, however, that Plato's Republic left very little scope for freedom. Indeed the chief criticism which the great philosopher made of democracy in Athens was precisely that the Athenians enjoyed altogether too much liberty.

Plato used Athens as an example to show the evils of "entire freedom and the absence of all superior authority." Under a democracy, he said, slaves were just as

free as their masters, and even "the horses and asses come to have a way of marching along with all the rights and dignities of freemen; and they will run at anybody whom they meet in the street if he does not get out of their way; and all things are just ready to burst with liberty."

Another Athenian writer also complained of "the extraordinary amount of licence granted to slaves and resident aliens at Athens, where a blow is illegal and a slave will not step aside to let you pass him in the street. . . . Supposing it were legal for a slave to be beaten by a citizen, it would frequently happen that an Athenian might be mistaken for a slave or an alien and receive a beating; since the Athenian people is not better clothed than the slave or alien nor in personal appearance is there any superiority."

These complaints were of course greatly exaggerated. Slaves were by no means as free as their masters in Athens, and aliens were subject to many disabilities. Nevertheless, judged by the standards of their time, the Athenians were extremely liberal. Slaves were often able to buy their freedom with their own earnings. One of the richest men in the city in the Fourth Century, the banker Pasion, was one of these freed slaves. And thousands of aliens flocked to Athens from all parts of the Greek world, some of whom became wealthy merchants, while others were poets, sculptors, and philosophers, attracted by the fame of the city of Euripides, Phidias, and Plato.

While even the slaves and aliens of Athens enjoyed a liberty which was regarded as extraordinary, the population included a very large proportion for that time of free citizens. In 431 B. C., when the Peloponnesian War began, the citizens and their families apparently numbered rather more than 150,000. Professor Zimmern and the Cambridge Ancient History estimate the number of slaves at 90,000. The slaves were foreigners, either captured in war or bought in the slave-markets, and they did not become numerous till the growing wealth of the city made the purchase of luxuries possible. It is not true, as Zimmern has pointed out, that Athenian civilization was built up primarily on a foundation of slave labor.

Political equality among the citizens has never been carried farther than in Athens. The general assembly of all citizens decided the most important questions of policy. The dicasts or jurymen who tried all cases, and before whom officials had to answer for their conduct in office, were chosen by lot. The generals commanding the army were elected by popular vote. And under this extreme democracy the Athenians enjoyed a freedom that is still in some respects unparalleled.

The extraordinary freedom of Athenian life is most vividly illustrated by the comedies of Aristophanes. In the midst of the Peloponnesian War, the desperate struggle with Sparta which led to the ruinous downfall of Athens, Aristophanes repeatedly argued for peace. Indeed he assailed the politicians and generals of the war party with ferocious violence. In "The Acharnians," for example, he declares that the Spartans have in many points suffered wrong from Athens; he presents an opponent of the war, who makes a separate peace for himself and his family, as a fortunate and happy man; and he ridicules without mercy the misfortunes of a brave and popular though somewhat stupid Athenian general, who had been wounded.

It is impossible to imagine the production of a play faintly resembling "The Acharnians" in any belligerent country during the Great War. Twenty years in prison would be the mildest punishment

an American author of such blasphemy against patriotism and our war heroes could have expected, if he was fortunate enough to escape lynching.

Yet while Athens was engaged in a conflict which endangered her very existence, "The Acharnians" was not only produced before the people but received the first prize for comedy at the festival where it was performed. And Aristophanes returned to the attack on the war in several later plays, notably in "Lysistrata," lately played in New York.

There was, it is true, political and religious intolerance in Athens. Socrates was put to death and Phidias died in prison because they offended against the religious prejudices of the people. The Athenians were by no means demi-gods of virtue and wisdom. But their baser qualities were common to all mankind, while the splendor of the Parthenon, their great poets and philosophers were theirs alone.

The sporadic outbreaks of intolerance do not matter now. The amazing liberty of the Athenian mind still matters enormously. Socrates was put to death, but for more than seventy years he had lived in Athens, free and undisturbed, to light a flame of intellectual inquiry which has never been entirely extinguished. In Sparta, the aristocratic rival of Athens, he would not have survived his first timid questions as to the eternal validity of the least of the laws of Lycurgus, by which every aspect of Spartan life was rigidly disciplined. Phidias died in prison, but he wrought statues to serve as models for the despairing imitation of future centuries. In Sparta he would have found no work to do, except to slaughter a rebellious helot or perhaps kill an Athenian sculptor.

It was quite possible to question even the dogmas of Athenian religion and suffer no harm at all. Plato during his long life continued the bold speculations of Socrates. He never concealed his low opinion both of the political democracy of Athens and of the gods worshipped by the people as revealed by the orthodox mythology. Yet he was never molested, and the school of philosophy which he established endured for many generations.

But Plato had no admiration for the freedom of the Athenian democracy in which he lived. His ideal Republic resembled Sparta much more closely than Athens. A strict code was to regulate even the diet of the citizens, as well as love, poetry, and music. Indeed, no censorship in all history has ever been so rigorous as that which he proposed. Poets and story-tellers, he declared, should be required always to present good men as happy and bad men as miserable. No hero must ever be shown as committing an unworthy action. He must not even be represented as overcome by laughter, for laughter is undignified. Plato would have suppressed altogether the magnificent tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. He banished from his ideal city all poets, except those who would "imitate the style of the virtuous only", and follow the narrowly prescribed models which he lays down for their songs.

Plato was surely not an enemy of culture; but if we may judge by the testimony of his works he was much less friendly to freedom than the Athenian crowd. Fortunately, he had no opportunity to put his political philosophy into practice in Athens. But his uncle, Critias, was the leading spirit in the government of the Thirty Tyrants, the most bloodthirsty and oppressive government the city ever had. Plato always spoke of Critias in the highest terms, as a man entirely worthy of respect and admiration. Critias doubtless regarded himself in the same light and con-

sidered his worst cruelties as justifiable severity against the scoundrels who dared to oppose him.

Plato was not the only great Athenian who would have severely restricted liberty in Athens. Xenophon and Isocrates believed that the best form of government was a despotic monarchy. Aristophanes, like Plato, favored the aristocratic party. And if Plato proposed the expulsion of the poets, Aristophanes wished to censor the speculations of the philosophers. "The Clouds" accused Socrates of being an atheist who broke down religion and morality, the same accusations which later led to his execution.

The Athenian democracy was obviously not a shining example of disinterested wisdom. It was generally selfish and sometimes stupid. Nevertheless, it established an extraordinary freedom to which every succeeding generation owes an immeasurable debt. Athenian liberty and the outpouring of genius which made Athens forever glorious were inseparably joined. Neither could have existed under the stern aristocratic discipline of Sparta; and both would have been repressed in Athens if she had been governed in accordance with the ideals of her greatest philosopher.

III

Modern European civilization was born in the free cities which, during the confusion of the Middle Ages, threw off the authority of Emperors, Kings, and feudal lords, and restored the liberty which had vanished with the subjection of ancient Greece. The foremost of these cities, the birthplace and center of the Renaissance, was Florence, which produced a galaxy of genius second only to that of Athens. In Florence, also, a liberty extraordinary for that period was associated with the highest level of intellectual and artistic achievement.

"The Florentine commune," says Professor Pasquale Villari, "was the centre of so much culture because it was also the seat of the largest freedom compatible with the times. Of this culture the best and loveliest fruits are owed to the democracy. . . . Florentine art and letters, constituting the most fertile seeds of art and letters in Italy, were essentially republican; many writers and most of the artists of Florence were the offspring of traders or labouring men."

Florence was not a political democracy in the modern sense, for the voting citizens included only a small proportion of the total population. Nevertheless, the lower classes among the people played an important and sometimes even a dominant rôle. The most striking characteristic of Florentine political history was the instability of the governmental institutions. The form of government was repeatedly changed; and these changes were often accomplished by risings of the city crowd. During long periods, and those not the least productive of splendid art and literature, the history of Florence displays hardly more political stability than that of modern Haiti.

Machiavelli thus describes the ferocious conduct of the people after one of the innumerable Florentine revolutions, which defeated an attempt to establish a tyranny under the rule of the Duke of Athens:

> Enmities seem fiercer, wounds deeper, on the recovery of liberty than during its defence. Messer Guglielmo and his son were surrounded by thousands of their enemies, and the son had not yet completed his eighteenth year. Nevertheless, neither youth, innocence, nor beauty availed to save him from the fury of the multitude; and those who could not wound the victims while still breathing, stabbed them

after they were dead, and still unsatiated with tormenting them, slashed the corpses with their weapons, and tore them tooth and nail. And in order that every sense might be sated with vengeance, after having first listened to their groans, seen their wounds, and touched their lacerated flesh, they proceeded to taste them, so that their own internal parts might be satisfied equally with their external organs.

The Florentines seem to have been ignorant of the rules of restraint and decorum so carefully laid down by modern Humanists as essential requirements for a high civilization. If a modern Florence existed, I suspect that the demand for the intervention of American marines to restore order would be as clamorous as in Haiti or Nicaragua. The most illustrious of the sons of Florence was, in fact, a fiery advocate of foreign interference to crush out disorder in his native city with a strong hand.

Dante was actively engaged in Florentine politics. He was one of the priors at the head of the government during one of the incessant feuds which distracted Florentine life. In this conflict, the party to which he adhered was defeated after several days of fighting in the streets, and he was driven into an exile from which he never returned. Some years later, the German Emperor made an attempt to conquer the Italian free cities, and was eagerly supported by Dante. In 1311, at a time when the Emperor had won some success, the poet thus addressed a burning epistle:

To the most wicked Florentines: Know ye not, God hath ordained that the human race be under the rule of one Emperor, for the defence of justice, peace and civilization, inasmuch as Italy was always a prey to civil war whenever the Empire lapsed? Do ye dare, ye alone, to cast off the yoke of freedom and seek for new kingdoms? . . . Most foolish and insensate men, ye shall succumb perforce to the imperial eagle. Know ye not that true liberty consisteth in voluntary obedience to divine and human laws? Yet while presuming to claim liberty ye conspire against all laws!

Dante, like most other men, seems to have believed that true liberty consisted in doing what he thought should be done. But the Florentines remained obdurate; and after sixteen days Dante wrote to the Emperor, reproaching him for wasting time in attacks on other cities:

What may it profit thee to subdue Cremona? Brescia, Bergamo, Pavia, and other cities will continue to revolt until thou hast extirpated the root of the evil. Art ignorant mayhap where the rank fox lurketh in hiding? The beast drinketh from the Arno, polluting the waters with its jaws. Knowest thou not that Florence is its name? Florence is the viper that stings its mother's breast, the black sheep that corrupts the whole flock, the Myrrha guilty of incest with her father. . . . Delay no more, but haste to slay the new Goliath with the sling of thy wisdom and the stone of thy might.

If Dante had been given the opportunity, he would have suppressed the liberty of Florence as thoroughly as Plato wanted to suppress the liberty of Athens. But the Emperor failed in his Italian campaign, and Florence and the other cities remained free to give birth to the glories of the Renaissance. And Dante, instead of wasting his genius in petty political feuds, wrote the Divine Comedy. In this case, few men can regret the triumph of the Florentine mob over the intellectual leader of his age.

Popular government in Florence was gradually weakened and finally destroyed by the supremacy of the great merchant family of the Medici. But Cosimo de' Medici, who first established the power of his family over the city, held no official

position. He was a highly enlightened political boss, whose influence depended on his popularity, especially with the poorer citizens. He controlled the city elections through an organization which was the nearest approach to a medieval prototype of Tammany Hall. When he was exiled by his aristocratic enemies in 1434, he was quickly recalled by a popular uprising in his favor. His grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, ruled by somewhat similar methods, and could still count on the support of the Florentine masses. When a conspiracy was formed which assassinated his brother and tried to kill Lorenzo, the people rose in furious wrath, killed all the conspirators they could find, and tore their houses to the ground.

But when Lorenzo's son proved to be an arrogant and tyrannical ruler the Florentines rose against the Medici in 1494, and drove the whole family from the city. Unfortunately, Italy had now become a battle-ground for foreign armies, and in 1512 the Medici returned with the aid of Spanish troops. They were again expelled by another popular revolt in 1527; but three years later they were a second time restored by a foreign army. Florence was captured after a desperate and heroic resistance by the people, in which Michelangelo took a leading part. The Medici were finally established as absolute rulers. The disorder, the liberty, and the intellectual ascendancy of Florence were stamped out with a single blow.

As long as the Medici ruled by the arts of demagogues, with the support of the crowd, Florence remained the foremost center of European civilization. When they became, as Machiavelli said, "mighty potentates", ruling with the aid of foreign troops, the glory of Florence swiftly departed. The later Florence of the Medicean grand dukes was doubtless much more orderly than the turbulent mob-ridden city which gave birth to Dante or that which nourished Michelangelo. After all, the most orderly men are the dead. At any rate, perfect order may be successfully attained through the death of the human mind and spirit.

IV

It may be objected that the history of Athens and Florence has nothing to do with the attitude of the American democracy toward liberty. It is only necessary to look around us, the critics declare, to see innumerable examples of restrictions of freedom imposed by the ignorance and folly of the crowd which chooses our rulers.

But this is a superficial view of the situation. All rulers believe that they are wiser than their subjects. If they did not think so, they would never become rulers or would not hold their power long. It may, therefore, be accepted as an axiom that every government tries to regulate the lives of its people as much as it can. Many of the attacks most commonly made on the evils of democracy are really attacks on qualities inherent in the very nature of government.

As long as men are ignorant and violent, government will be necessary. But this does not in the least imply that government is the highest and most important of human activities. It is undoubtedly a useful instrument for regulating the unsocial aberrations of human conduct, cleaning the streets, providing roads and schools, and performing various other essential but not supremely dignified functions, but the vitally important advances in the history of mankind have very seldom been products of governmental action.

While government is necessary, it is

also dangerous. It is needed to maintain a minimum standard of order, but it inevitably seeks to extend its power so far as to crush out the individual freedom which is the primary requisite for the most significant achievements. It is hardly realistic to criticize any form of government for seeking to restrict liberty. All governments will do this until men are perfectly wise and tolerant; and if this should ever come to pass governments would no longer be necessary.

The essential questions are: first, How successfully does a government perform its useful functions? and, second, How successful is it in its attacks on freedom? Democracy may doubtless be criticized on the ground that it performs all its functions with considerable inefficiency. But this is by no means an unmitigated evil. Crime may be prevalent, and the streets may be dirty, but the attacks of democracy on liberty are likewise conspicuously ineffective.

The defenders of freedom under democracy have in some respects a difficult task, for liberty is always threatened by serious dangers. Certainly Americans have no excuse for self-righteous complacency. Nevertheless, the unqualified pessimism which is often expressed by friends of liberty might be somewhat modified by a closer examination of the facts of American life instead of the laws by which we are nominally governed.

Many attempts to restrict freedom in America are vain efforts to restore ancient restraints which are manifestly breaking down. The sporadic outbreaks of censorship, for example, indicate the decay not the triumph of Puritanism. The new codes so solemnly promulgated by Mr. Will Hays for the talking films and the exploits of the Boston book censors are immensely entertaining; but no intelligent observer can take such absurdities seriously. The laws against the dissemination of knowledge in regard to methods of birth control have no discernible influence in retarding the fall in the birth-rate. Some restrictions to which we are theoretically subject have no more relation to reality than the laws which, if they were taken literally, would forbid the sale of newspapers or gasoline on Sunday.

Under an autocratic government in the last century, Prince Metternich was fairly successful in regulating what should be taught in the schools and universities of Austria. Mussolini will perhaps be equally successful in controlling education in Italy. But when the Governor of Tennessee signed the anti-evolution law, he hinted that it would never be enforced. The State Supreme Court reversed the conviction of Scopes on a technicality, and ordered that he should not be prosecuted again. The chief result of Bryan's crusade in Dayton was to broadcast the doctrines of Darwin through the staunchest strongholds of Fundamentalism.

The most conspicuous recent restraint of individual freedom in America is of course the Prohibition law. But any attack on democracy on the ground that Prohibition is an unjustifiable assault on liberty misses the essential point. Prohibition has been much more effectively enforced by autocratic governments in Mohammedan countries than it is in the United States. The effort to impose it on the American people has been a decisive demonstration not so much of the dangers as of the futility of over-regulation under democracy.

Democracy is by no means an ideal form of government. But the search for an ideal form of government is perhaps the least fruitful activity of the human mind. As long as autocracy and aristocracy were

the dominant forms, political philosophers were able to paint a glowing picture of the virtues of democracy. Today they contrast the failings of democracy with the virtues of some ideal dictatorship or new aristocracy. The wisest course is to consider government, in so far as it implies the coercion of unwilling individuals, as a necessary evil of which not very much ought to be expected. There is a great deal of truth in Thomas Jefferson's doctrine that the best government is that which governs least.

When the actual situation in the United States is compared with that which exists in those nations who live under the various dictatorships which have arisen since the Great War, there is little evidence to indicate that other forms of government are more favorable to freedom than democracy. There is also very little evidence that a new American ruling class selected by intelligence tests or by a property qualification would give us more liberty than we now enjoy. The city proletariat is the class most hostile to the Eighteenth Amendment. In the *Literary Digest* poll, the percentage of votes in favor of Prohibition was decidedly higher among bankers and school-teachers than in the poll of the general population.

Plato criticized the institutions of Athens because the Athenians possessed too much liberty. Dante tried to crush the freedom of Florence under a foreign tyranny. It is doubtful whether the leaders of culture in America would be more liberal if they were given the opportunity to impose their ideal way of life on the rest of us. Certainly such leaders of our material civilization as Ford and Edison have shown very little enthusiasm about the defense of liberty.

Two desirable requirements by which any government may be judged are that it shall be strong enough to perform various useful functions with moderate success, and that it shall not be strong enough to regulate the more significant activities of the people under its rule. Judged by these standards, democracy is a reasonably satisfactory form of government.

EDITORIALS

Tip for Bolsheviks

When it comes to Communism, that last masterpiece of Anti-Christ, the hostlers and wet-nurses of 100% Americanism seem to be sharply divided. One school holds that it already menaces the vitals of the Republic, and that every patriot should gird up his iron loins and prepare to put it down—preferably, it would appear, by snooping up alleys and yelling "Scat!", but if that is not enough then by a resort to cutlery and high explosives. The other school, pooh-poohing this alarm, holds that the Bolshevist evangel, while undoubtedly immoral and against God, is completely harmless—that true Americans are no more likely to embrace it than they are to embrace theosophy or cannibalism. The former doctrine has its main supporters among the ladies of the D. A. R., Federal judges of the Anti-Saloon League vintage, job-seeking kleagles of the American Legion, and Congressmen who aspire to higher and safer office. The latter doctrine is chiefly maintained by the more liberal sort of clergymen and editorial writers.

The truth, as usual, probably lies in the middle ground. There is unquestionably a formidable resistance to the Communist hooey in the general American psyche. Americans as a class are not in favor of dividing with the other fellow. When they protest against the inequalities that the prevailing plutocracy imposes upon them, it is not because they object to inequality *per se*, but simply because they dislike the little end of the horn. Show them, however falsely, what seems to be a way to grab the other end and they will leap for it with loud hosannas. This, indeed, is a platitude—and of the small number that are true. Every sound American, though he may have to hoof it today, hopes to have a swell car tomorrow. That is, he hopes to steal something tomorrow—to hornswoggle more than his fair share out of his fellows. Thus he is open to the Communist heresy only in moments of despair—and moments of genuine despair are rare indeed among us, save perhaps among farmers, who are disqualified for Communism by their Christian superstitions and incurable rapacity.

But if there is thus no danger that it will ever conquer the American proletariat logically, there is still some danger that it may make a certain inconvenient progress emotionally, for it has elements of powerful appeal to crippled and inflammatory minds. I need mention but one of them: its sinister mysteriousness. That element has been greatly stressed of late by the amateur detectives who have entertained the Fish Committee. Though they have differed widely in their accounts of what Communism teaches and proposes, they have agreed that it is an agency of extraordinarily secret and darksome character, and that its chief protagonists are all amalgams of dope pedlar, German spy and Jesuit. The Soviets, it appears by these witnesses, have their occult agents everywhere—some told off to teach profanity to children, some ready with chloroform and a feed-bag to kidnap old Charlie Curtis, and

others waiting to blow up the J. P. Morgan office, the Capitol at Washington, the Roxy Theatre in New York, the tomb of Harding, and other public shrines. These tales have caused a great deal of painful teeth-chattering among retired generals, the fatter sort of labor leaders, and other such hunkers. What is overlooked is that they may have caused some teeth-chattering of a far more voluptuous and agreeable sort among the plain people.

The taste for the mysterious, and especially for that form of it which is sinister, has always been strong among them. They like to dress up in fantastic garments, to take blood-curdling oaths, and to hear leaders with high-sounding titles tell them that they are the repositories of a dark and dreadful power. That is why they flocked into the Klan, that is why they patronize such acroamatic orders as the Freemasons, the Knights of Pythias and the Patriotic Order Sons of America, and that is why, on a somewhat higher level, they fall for Rotary. It is not buying wooden legs for one-legged boys that really makes a Rotarian glow; it is hearing that Rotary has become, in some enigmatical manner, a Great Force for International Peace, and is about to supersede chancelleries and diplomatic corps. Out of such ideas the undistinguished man, yearning pathetically for distinction, gets a great satisfaction. They offer him all of the high glories and prerogatives of power without any of its burdens. They make a sort of benign super-criminal of him without exposing him to any risks from the police.

The mullahs of Communism in the United States are fools to rant on street corners, and so invite the night-stick. It not only lacerates their own scalps; it also scares off at least nine-tenths of their potential customers. Let them hire halls in back streets, charge admission, give themselves Old Slavic ecclesiastical titles, and appear in red robes covered with skulls, daggers, bombs and cross-bones, and they will at once improve their business 100%. Let them devise similar vestments for their dupes, and they will double it again. Let them lay off political economy for a while and consecrate themselves to lambasting the Pope, and they may tap the huge reservoirs of the fast-decaying Klan and sweep the country. As things stand, they are far too statistical to make any impression on a romantic proletariat. What is needed is more mysteriousness—and a hint that the cops are joining behind the door, and will see to it that no true comrade gets into trouble when the time comes to blow up the cotton-mill, tar and feather the hard-boiled foreman of Shop No. 9, and ride the pastor of St. Mary the Virgin out of town on a rail.

It is thus that brave and patriotic Americanos are to be lured into Service, not by asking them to risk sentences of from forty years to life. They like to sweat for God and country in large and safe gangs, with masks on. Once the Communist brethren take in that basic fact they may become really formidable. As it is, they bellow vainly up a rain-spout.

The Pastor as Statesman

One hears on all sides that it is a sort of treason for gentlemen in holy orders to engage in politics. The Catholics and Liberals—strange bed-fellows!—damn Monsignor Cannon and his friends for arousing the Confederate anthropoidæ against Al Smith, and the Methodists and Baptists whoop against the Catholic brethren for admiring him, praying for him, and turning out the very nuns in their convents to vote for him. It all has a virtuous and

plausible smack, but it is probably mainly nonsense at bottom. There is, in fact, no sound reason why a professional agent of God, confronting a political question with a moral flavor, should not have his say about it. He is admittedly an expert in morals: even those who oppose his entrance into politics do so on the ground that he should stick to his last. Well, if he is an expert, then why shouldn't he be heard when a moral question is before the voters? Would it be considered improper, if an engineering question engaged them, for engineers to offer them advice? Or for medical men to counsel them on a health question? If not, then it is plainly competent for the rev. clergy to urge and admonish them when it comes to a question of morals.

The real objection, of course, does not lie here; it lies in the fact that clergymen, whenever their expertness in morals is put to a concrete test, turn out to be dreadful duffers. It was certainly so during the last campaign. Consider calmly what Dr. Cannon and his colleagues taught their customers. In brief, it was that taking a glass of wine with dinner or a pony of whiskey before retiring was a gross and intolerable crime, not only against the Republic but also against God—but that luring another man into committing it and then turning him over to be punished savagely was an act of Christian merit; nay, that it was virtuous, in procuring his punishment, to spy cravenly upon him, to raid and wreck his house, to do him grievous bodily injury, and even to take his life. The worst sort of scoundrel, by this curious system of morals, became a Christian hero, and the most decent and well-disposed man or woman became a criminal, and what is more, a criminal without any of the ordinary rights that attach to that character. Such was the ethical masterpiece of the Methodist and Baptist experts. To state it plainly, I believe, is sufficient to give most rational persons very grave doubts of their expertness.

But the doctors of the Latin rite are scarcely better. When one hears from them on the subject of morals it is usually to the effect that any woman who, having achieved ten rachitic children, takes steps to avoid having an eleventh is a wicked and abandoned creature, and will surely go to Hell—not for the ten, mind you, but for the evaded eleventh. Or one hears that some bombastic monsignor in New York, having sent an agent to see a play by Aristophanes, is greatly outraged by its immorality, and proposes to set up a committee to police all the theatres, and to see that no drama with any Attic salt in it is ever performed. Or one hears that a cardinal-archbishop from South Boston has become convinced that the Einstein theory is immoral, and is warning all the truck-drivers, servant girls, policemen and bootleggers of his flock to have no traffic with it. These are sample masterpieces of the Roman experts. But if anyone has ever heard one of them denounce the abominable political fraud and corruption that go on in every large American city, with Catholics in the thick of it and the church getting its tithe of their dirty gains—if anyone has ever heard these experts speak *ex cathedra* on that matter, then I can only say that I am not that person. Thus we come to some of the fundamental principles of Roman ethics: Einstein, Aristophanes and the birth-controllers are immoral, but Tammany and the Boston gang are not. It is a sin worthy of public condemnation to believe in relativity, to go to see "Lysistrata", or to lift some poor and suffering woman out of her misery, but it is not such a sin to steal the taxpayers' money, to debauch and degrade the police,

and to buy and sell public offices, including the judicial.

I am no expert in morals myself, but it seems to me that I could easily do better than that. I could beat Monsignor Cannon after getting down two quarts of Scotch, and Cardinal O'Connell with my hands tied behind me. All that these consecrated experts prove, when they undertake to advise the lawmakers of the land, is that their moral schemes are puerile and idiotic. Perhaps that is why God inspires them to perform. It may be that He is as sick of theology as the rest of us, and yearns to reduce it to an absurdity. If so, He is far more successful than He was when He undertook to create a human race without sin. His pastors play into His hands magnificently. A few more Ku Klux campaigns, and a few more raids on Einstein and Aristophanes, and only halfwits will take their moral virtuosity seriously. Meanwhile, as one who views all moral experts dubiously, I welcome their participation in politics, and hope they keep on with it. It is accomplishing something valuable—but not what they intend.

Historical Speculation

The Revolution made the Americans a grander people, but it is doubtful that it made them happier. One of the things it lost them was a share in the gaudy life of the English court. Ever since 1776 they have been seeking substitutes for it. In 1783 there was a serious effort to make Washington King instead of President, and in 1828 there was an equally serious and even more fatuous effort to convert Andrew Jackson into a gentleman. The thing goes on to this day. In every American city and in most American towns the richer burghers set up a grotesque imitation of court society, and go through the solemn mummery of letting in this aspirant and barring out that one. The newspapers take this buffoonery very soberly, and all of them employ hard-working female drudges to report its incidents. In most towns there is a dreadful old woman, often with moustachios, who serves as Queen. Her frown breaks hearts, and even causes suicides. On lower levels the plain people worship such magnificoes as Coolidge and Hoover. It appears that a dinner invitation from the Throne is a command, and may not be ignored without grave indecorum. I believe that the vulgar would be much happier worshipping George V. He is, true enough, a dull fellow, but so was Coolidge and so is Hoover. Dull or not, he at least has the capital advantage of being, not a lawyer or stock promoter, not a Calvinist or Quaker, but a King. It is a lot.

The ultimate Fount of Honor for Americans, as everyone knows, still lies in England. To be received at Buckingham Palace is the highest social distinction open to an American woman; it goes far beyond being received by the Pope, which is so common that Irish sewer contractors enjoy it; indeed, I once enjoyed it myself. And to be ambassador at the Court of St. James is the highest honor open to an American man; it actually surpasses, at least to the good colonials who struggle for it, election to the Presidency. So all the way down the scale. When an American author receives a D. C. L. from Oxford all the literary weeklies begin speaking of him solemnly as Mr., and when an American scientist gets a corresponding degree, even if it be only from Manchester or Liverpool, he becomes an oracle and is no longer to be challenged. The King's physician, a modest general practitioner, visiting the United States lately

on a tour of the colonies, got a reception far warmer than any ever given to Koch, and one of His Majesty's judges, coming over to do some slumming, so bedazzled and upset the learned brethren of the Supreme Court that they made no assault upon the Bill of Rights for ten days.

All this has its comic side, but under it lies a very real and very human need. What we lack in this great land is a permanent social structure, a definite gradation of ranks and dignities. No American is really safe. He may be President one day, and an editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune* the next. Dr. Hoover, sitting in the White House, looks almost divine, at all events to Ku Kluxers, but by the Fall of 1933 he may be no more than a bore at the weekly luncheons of Rotary and Kiwanis, explaining over and over again how the Pope fetched him. Was it fair to let the late Judge Elbert H. Gary die a commoner? Plainly it was not. He should have been a viscount—as he would have been indubitably if Jefferson had suffered less from *cacoethes scribendi*. Is it decent to ask Bishop Manning to live and die a simple *episkopos*, along with such trash as Bishop Cannon? Nay, he should be elevated to the rank of his brothers of Canterbury and York, with an archepiscopal ring as large as a four-ounce glove. And what of Lee Shubert? He would be a knight if there had been no Bolshevist uprising in 1775, and David Belasco would be a baronet.

Two ways out suggest themselves. One is to abandon the Republic and set up a Kingdom, with a peerage to support it. The other is to return the business of honoring great Americans to King George. I suspect that, if it were put to a vote, most of the more likely candidates would favor the latter plan. For every American with a taste for that sort of thing wishes secretly that he were an Englishman. H. L. M.

BONG SOIR

BY JOEL SAYRE

I SEE by the papers where the President is working on relief for the farmers that's all been burnt out by this here drought. They tell me these farmers never got none of the breaks, anyways, even before the rain give out. If they don't raise more hay than the public will buy, why all their cows gets tired, or maybe their hens goes punch drunk on them, or the hick bankers grabs all their dough. It sounds like a tough racket, and I hope the President can do 'em some good.

But while he's at it I wisht he'd appoint a commission to look into poor Hymie Fradkin. There's a case that don't only need rain. An old pair of pants or a can of beans throwed in would start him whistling "The Stars and Stripes Forever" any minute these days.

You know and I know and we all know what a jam he's in with this here Popchick of his, but maybe you ain't heard the lowdown. No? Well, here it is, but it's strictly under the hat, see? George, give us a shot here.

Did you ever see this Popchick work? You never? What a man! Six foot eleven inch and he weighs 290. Can you imagine such a thing? It just ain't right. And dumb! Oh, he's terrible. I seen plenty dumb heavyweights in my day, but this baby's the champion cluck of all time. It took months and months to learn him how to stick out his left foot first, and right up to the end he ain't sure which hand to lead with. Finely they did get him so's he'd pose O. K. for the photographers at weighing-in time, but the minute he's in the ring and the gong goes he never can see why he shouldn't bring his right over his head in a circle like a guy swinging a sledge and kick up his right foot behind at the same time. Maybe he was aiming to hit the other guy on top of the head and break both his ankles, I dunno. He was goofey, all right. What a man! Some of the newspaper boys tagged him the Edelweiss of Essonia because he was so high, and I guess they called it about right.

Hymie found him in Essonia, wherever that is, while he's visiting the old folks over there two years ago. This here Popchick is a bus boy or a dish bather or something in a Essonian coffee pot where Hymie's having a western one night. Well, he takes one look and decides right off here is his next fighter. Hymie's a great showman. He figures even if this bozo can't even mark up his old grandma with his bare knuckles, the public is such a sucker that it will pay out perfeckly good dough to see how big and ugly he is and wonder why he ain't dead. Maybe they'd think, figures Hymie, there might be snow or something on top of that great big flat head of hisn.

Why, they tell me right today that all the big medical schools is bidding against each other for his feet after he croaks, so's they can have 'em stuffed and show their scholars. The mug takes a 24 shoe. Can

you imagine such a thing? A 24 shoe! It just ain't right.

Anyhow, Hymie starts to talking to him and finds out that he's going to be fired because the boss of the coffee pot is all burnt up over the amount of grub he wrecks in the place, and he don't make enough to buy himself a decent meal more'n once a month. So Hymie takes him out and blows him to a meal at the Astor and gets him a suit of clothes, and then asks him how he'd like to be the heavyweight champion of the world. Anything is O. K. with Popchick as long as there's more chow ahead and he makes an *x* on an old envelope or a paper napkin, or somewheres, and gives Hymie the rights to sell his body when he dies or do anything else he wants to with him. And right away Hymie starts to get him organized. George, let's have a couple shots here, will ya?

II

The pains poor Hymie took with that guy! I told you what a chore they had learning him to lead off with the left garbage scow. Well, it was even worse for a while finding stumblebums he could be sure to push over.

Hymie first took him down to Spain to work out with some of the local pork-and-frijoles there, and then they went over to Italy and done the same to a bunch of them horrible guiney heavies.

But even though they worked in them dime-a-dozen riding academies and old mills they hold their fights in over there, they drawed good houses every time they showed on account his size. And he managed to kayo all them bums he met by all the time clinching with them and just simply leaning on them until they was all wore out and quit.

Hymie don't dare take him to Germany or France yet because he was scared somebody might get up on a pair of stilts and let him have one on the whiskers. But finely, after he had leaned his way to victory over about twenty of them six-for-a-nickel spick and guiney pugs, Hymie decides to shoot the works and takes him to England for a try at the carriage trade.

Well, you know and I know and we all know how conditions is in England. The public there is the same as anywheres else, and maybe more so when you come to think of it, because them English heavies is almost as bad as them horrible spick and guiney heavies but they draw big gates.

Anyways, Hymie is such a great salesman that he ain't been in London a minute before he talks his way into a fight with Lawnce-Corporal Cunliffe. You know and I know and we all know how it is with them English heavies: they all got glass jaws and glass eyes and spider-web hearts. And this here Lawnce-Corporal Cunliffe ain't no exception to the rule, even if he is a pretty fair boxer.

The fight comes off in Albert Hall and it's a sell-out. When Popchick steps through the ropes he's wearing an American flag in his belt to hold up his trunks with. Can you imagine such a thing? An American flag! God, what a showman that Hymie is!

They introduce Popchick as a contender for Gene Tunney's crown. Can you imagine such a thing? Why, in them days that guy couldn't a contended for the crown off of my back tooth. But that Hymie! He ain't been running off with a red-hot stove under each arm all these years for nothing.

Anyways, the reff yells "Seconds outa the ring," like they do over there, and this Popchick, proud as if he'd just flew the Atlantic in a kite, sticks out the left fin

and the left hoof, the bell goes and the big battle is on.

Well, they tell me it was funnier than Clark and McCullough. The Lawnce-Corporal is fast for a heavy and he's had plenty fights and he's a million miles the best boy this big bohunk's ever put his eyes on, let alone his mitts. He boxes at long range, all the time running away and hitting Popchick wherever and whenever he wants to. But he might as well been slapping him with a couple silk stockings for all the harm his blows done. Popchick drags his dogs around and around the ring trying to catch the limey and brushing away the punches like they was flies bothering him. All this boxing is a big puzzle: he ain't never seen none before and don't get what it's all about.

But finely in the seventh the Lawnce-Corporal begins to get winded from all this cross tag, and besides, being on his feet for so many rounds is such a novelty for a British heavy that he gets dazed and slows up. With all the speed of a guy with two Oregon boots on, Popchick leaps in and ties him up. He gets the old left forearm on the Lawnce-Corporal's right shoulder and goes into his lean.

Well, the Lawnce-Corporal ain't nothing but a big banana, anyways, and all this 290 pounds bearing down on him nearly scares his trunks off. He proba'ly thought the roof had gave way. Popchick throws a right to his wishbone and the limey hits the floor in a writhe and screams foul. But the doc that examines him can't find nothing but a terrible bruise on his right collar bone, so they raise Popchick's duke and he's won his first big-time fight.

Right away they start for New York. The lighterage charges must a been terrible. But what the hell, they towed the Statue of Liberty over here, didn't they?

Give us a drink, George.

III

Well, you know and I know and we all know what Hymie done with the big ostridge after he gets him over here. They show oncet in New York against Mike Murdock, *that* spry old grandpa, and then Hymie scrams right out of town with him and they start to tank the country, flinging out the old challenge to any father of fourteen at catch weights. It's a wonder he wasn't matched with John J. Voorhis or this Zoro Agha. And if Hymie can't rib up some old guy with terrapins falling out of his beard he puts him in with deep sea divers, mugs that hit the canvas so fast and so hard they disappear right through the floor and don't come up for days. Popchick don't even have to lean on 'em: he just kind of waves and there they are, off in a dead snore and watching the reff's flipper with one of their eyes open.

But Hymie has a coupla terrible headaches with some of these here bums he gets matched with: sometimes they forget to do their stuff.

One time out in Kansas City they're fighting a big black coon named Get Hot Perkins, and this Perkins, who's got a mean right hand, his mind gets to wandering and he cuts Popchick's eye something terrible. There ain't nothing for the reff to do but give the bohunk one more round before he stops the fight. Hymie's got to work awful fast or he's gone. But he gives the sign to the mob in the other corner and they tell the spade if he don't behave they'll have the Klan after him, so the black boy comes to his senses and obliges with a jack knife. But that was an awful close one, and has poor Hymie sweating plenty for a while.

But that wasn't nothing to some of the other headaches Hymie has with him. The

first sleeper jump they make out of New York is to Buffalo, where they're fighting Shep Walker, another of them guys with rockers on his dogs. Being the manager, Hymie naturally gives Popchick the upper berth. But after Popchick plants them Great Danes of his on two of them little ladders in succession and breaks 'em to flinders trying to climb in and nearly scares the porter to death, Hymie decides it ain't safe to sleep under him, and he takes the upper himself. But neither him nor nobody else gets any sleep on account the big ape keeps bumping his head on the upper berth all night and yelling like Joe Humphreys every time he done it. After that Hymie always books drawing-rooms.

Whenever they strike a town, after Hymie gets him fed (and what headaches them food bills was!) he locks him in their room at the hotel. He's always got plenty to do, and naturally he don't want no six foot eleven inch baboon tagging around after him.

Well, before Hymie found him in that coffee pot, Popchick ain't never slep on a bed with springs before, and when he does he goes daffy over 'em. Their third fight's in Columbus, against Fred Nesser, and they stop at the Neil House. Their room's on the second floor looking out on High street. When Hymie gets back after locking him in as usual, there's a riot going on in the lobby and the joint's full of cops. It seems Popchick tries jumping up and down on his bed. He crashes right through the mattress and the springs and takes about a thousand bucks' worth of plaster and fixings off of the ceiling downstairs.

The wear and tear on beds and ceilings after that is so terrible that finely Hymie takes him around with him while he's doing business for fear he might cut himself and bleed to death.

Pretty soon another headache comes along and that's trying to keep Popchick interested in his work. You know and I know and we all know that there ain't been a fighter yet that don't go big for the dames, and Popchick ain't no different to all the rest. Naturally, Hymie don't want him to get snarled up with no dames: if he does it ain't only so long to the old meal ticket, but this here Popchick is just a natural for getting into jams, and what would happen to any dame *he* started to even playing peekaboo with gives you the horrors to think about it. It's a cinch she would wake up the next morning and find herself a headless torso, at least.

Well, after they been over here about a month, Popchick starts to crabbing about not meeting no dames. Hymie is scared to death the mug will take a runout powder or something on him if he don't get his mind off of the subjeck, so he tries every way in the world to get him interested in something else. He tries rides in rubberneck wagons and showing him the sights. He tries movies and shows. He tries to learn him to shoot pool, but give that up when the cloth that was tore begin to run into money and Popchick can't figure out why any ball on the table ain't as good to shoot with as any other ball.

He tries bowling oncet, but that was out, too, after Popchick whips the ball down the alley right at the pins without touching the floor and all the pin boys resigns in a body. Poor Hymie even tries reading the funnies aloud to him in Essonian and explaining about Mutt and Jeff, but that didn't do no good, neither. The big bohunk just kep getting more and more sulky and restless.

Well, they're in Chicago fighting Harry McCormick, and two days before the bout they're walking down Madison street

when they pass a penny arcade. Popchick has been acting sulkier than ever and Hymie's tried everything he can think of without no luck and watching him like Nick the Greek watches the dice in a crap game for fear he might swallow that runout powder and duck. So when he sees this penny arcade he thinks maybe it won't do no harm to take the ape in and give it a whirl.

Well, by God, Popchick goes for it like the dames goes for Buddy Rogers. He sees one of them little pitcher machines that you look through and turn the crank, and he's got to see all twenty-six of 'em in the joint. And after he's finished with 'em, he's got to try out every one of them little phonographs which you put the two rubber ear muffs on the end of hoses up to your head and listen through like. There's about a dozen of them. Then there's a dummy old woman in a glass case and she waggles her head up and down when you put a penny in and a card drops out in a trough and it's got your fortune on. Popchick goes nuts over the old dame waggling her head up and down and ain't satisfied until Hymie's give him about four bits' worth of pennies to put in the slot. Every time she waggles her head he laughs and hollers like a two-year-old.

Naturally he can't read what it says on the cards. Hymie looks at the first one and it says on it: "You will ring the bell." Hymie thinks it's a great hunch for the both of 'em and explains it to Popchick in bohunk, but all Popchick is interested in is to see the old dame waggle her head around and he don't pay no attention to nothing else.

Well, after that they blow about five bucks on the shooting gallery and then they round out the day on the punching machine, which is out in the middle of the floor. The punching machine's the main bout on the card for Popchick. He socks it and socks it and socks it until finely it falls over backwards and splits open and the joint's up to the belt in pennies and they have to scram out.

But going into that penny arcade was certainly a break for Hymie, 'cause, after that, handling Popchick is easy as dropping a card in the mailbox. As long as them joints holds out he don't give no more trouble than a pair of old shoes, and can't hardly wait to put the guy he's fighting away in the first round and scram back to look through one of them little pitcher machines that you turn the handle.

Yes, that penny arcade gag was certainly a lucky break. All Hymie's got to do is find a town where there's a couple penny arcades and he's all set. Popchick only learns one word of English all the time he's here, and that's "penny." To finish a bout quick all Hymie's got to do is lean over and say "penny" in the big mug's ear and he's ready to run the whole Marine Corps out of the ring, let alone them horrible guys out of the Old Soldier's Home and the Submarine Fleet he's all the time matched with. It finely got so bad that Hymie would lay off the penny gag until the fifth or sixth round so's the public wouldn't go away sore.

And Popchick kep getting better and better all along. His style never got to be what you'd call classy and he couldn't learn to keep sticking out that left; but he began to pick up how to sock from busting them punching machines in them arcades, so's he didn't have to lean so much no more. And whenever his mind got to wandering, Hymie would just say "penny" and it was curtains for the other guy.

Hey, George.

IV

Well, all this time the papers all over the country's full of Popchick, mostly kidding him on account his size and calling him a bum for fighting setups. But Hymie's fought him about a dozen times in big towns outside New York, and everybody's heard about him.

And you know and I know and we all know that in the fight racket a rap is almost as good as a plug as far as the papers is concerned.

Anyways, it ain't no skin off of Hymie's bugle: the old bankroll is better than a hundred grand, counting out purses held up, busted hotel ceilings, and about a hundred bucks a month in pennies for the mug. Naturally Popchick is so dumb he ain't never heard of the law about a manager not getting no more than thirty per cent of a fighter's take. All he's got to do to be kep perfeckly happy is to be showed three squares and a new penny arcade a day. What a tough racket *that* was!

Hymie gets in touch with Tom McArdle, the matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, and Tom tells him that if Popchick will go away and lick somebody that's ever been heard of, some good boy that ain't been wheeled out of no paralytic ward that afternoon and had a coupla fourteen-ounce gloves tied on him, he'll put him in against Primo Carnera, who all the classy heavyweights seems to be running out on.

Well, you know and I know and we all know how Popchick goes out to Detroit and kicks the brains out of Red Healy that's beat Heeney oncet, Von Porat oncet, and drawed with Sharkey and Risko. Hymie works the old arcade gag and he tells me after the fight he's surprised the ring ain't full of pennies when Red goes to his rest in the sixth after Popchick hits him that last time.

Hymie gets back to town and the first thing he hears when he hits Broadway is that the old Silver Bell Brewery is for sale. Muggsy Trempino, one of his mob, tells him about it and says it's a swell buy and can be sewed up for about a hundred grand cash. Well, Hymie looks through his pocket for a piece of paper to jot down the party's name that wants to sell and he comes across the little card they got in Chicago from the old dame that waggled her head in the first penny arcade they gone into. Hymie had put it in his pocket and forgot about it.

"You are going to ring the bell," it says on the little card.

That time the mug puts the penny in the slot and it come out, Hymie thought it was a swell hunch. So after sleeping on it that night and figuring in the name of the brewery, Silver Bell, he decides he ought to play both them two hunches together and he shoots the bankroll on the brewery, the whole hundred thousand coconuts. Muggsy knows all about the joint, and he puts him in charge. It's a near-beer outfit, but you know and I know and we all know you got to make real beer first before you take the alky out and get near-beer.

Well, about a month after that Hymie signs with McArdle to meet Carnera in the Yankee Stadium on Columbus Day for the last outdoor fight of the year. It's a little late in the season for an outdoor bout, but it's been so terrible hot all year that everybody figures it will be an Indian Summer.

Besides the fight ought to be a sell-out. There's bound to be plenty ballyhoo on account the size of them two big girafts, and win lose or draw, all the Eyetalians and the Essonians in the world will be

there besides all the rest of the public. The fighters will split fifty per cent of the gate. Hymie is in touch with the pitcher people, and after the fight it's all ribbed for Popchick to headline in a talkie called "Dumb Hercules," which a guy name Frankie Dolan that Hymie knows out in Hollywood has wrote. After that he's got a year's tour in Europe lined up for the boy.

Well, that night he feels so good about what swell breaks he's been getting and has in the bag for the future he tells Popchick they're gonna go to Coney Island, which is a penny arcade fit for a champion.

Can you imagine that big bohunk at Coney? It's like Christmas Day in the Newsboys' Home. He runs all over the place so excited he don't know where to start first. He busts a dozen punching machines, he ruins the scales on about twenty of them guess-your-weight outfits, and he looks through them little pitcher machines that you turn the handle till he's pretty near punch drunk. Finely, Hymie coaxes him out on the boardwalk to get some air and while they're strolling along they come to the socko gag.

I don't know what the boys in the park racket calls them socko gags but you must a seen 'em yourself many a time. They're a long narrow board stood up on one end about thirty foot high. At the top there's a big bell, like the gong in a fire-engine house. Running up to the bell there's a long wire fastened to the ground, and strung on the wire there's a hunk of iron pipe about four inches long. You pay a nickel and the guy gives you a big sixteen-pound sledge you sock a kind of rocker with on the ground at the bottom of the wire. When you sock the rocker the other end flies up and sends the iron pipe tearing like hell up the wire.

You take the sledge and sock the rocker and try to ring the bell with the iron pipe. You get three socks for a nickel and if you hit it you get a cigar. Oooh, and what cigars! You wouldn't even give one of them to your dentist.

Well, here's what happened. Popchick takes the sledge and socks the rocker. Bong! goes the bell. It's all Rudy Vallee to him and he laughs and hollers like a crazy man.

Bong! He socks it again. It was better than a punching machine to him. Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!

God, you'd a thought it was a five-alarm fire in the arsenal and him the lead horse on the engine.

The guy that runs the concession is going mad and looks like he's gonna get down on all fours and bite somebody in a minute. It'll take a truck load of smokes to pay off the big ape and even them dead leaves wrapped around sofa stuffing that they use for cigars at Coney runs in to dough if you have to pay for a thousand gross of 'em.

There's a big crowd gathered and they're all cheering the mug who looks like he won't let up for hours. The bongs come so fast people come running from away down the boardwalk thinking it's a fire. Hymie gets a great belly laugh out of the whole thing and yells in the guy's ear that runs the gag not to worry about the smokes.

All of a sudden the bell starts singing the blues. It give off a funny sour kind of noise. The guy that runs the gag lets out a scream and points up. Hymie looks and there's that gong wobbling all over the place.

He yells at Popchick and starts to grab him just as the big ape puts everything he's got behind the sledge and gives the rocker one last sock.

BONG!

Hymie looks up and there, way to hell and gone up in the air, the bell's trying to do a non-stop flight to the moon. It takes a big bender like a rainbow and the crowd starts to rush over to where it's gonna land.

Well, it landed all right, and not on no Curtiss Field neither. And it did another bong before it knocked off for the night. Just on the dome of a poor guy that was listening to a ballyhoo spieler outside Joe Gangler's side-show about four blocks away, that's all, just on his dome.

And when they picked him up and turned him over, who do you think he was? Just young Mike Hanratty, the favorite grandson of the Tammany Grand Sachem, that's all.

Well, of course, Hymie and Popchick was pinched, but only after the bohunk opened up with the sledge hammer and the reserves was called over from Brooklyn. Him and Hymie was both booked for suspicion of homicide, and Popchick was also booked with attempt at murder, felonious assault, resisting an officer, and disorderly conduct.

And when Hymie went to identify himself at the station what do you think happens? He reaches in his pocket and the first thing he pulls out is the little card the dummy old dame in Chi give 'em.

"You will ring the bell," it says.

And what do you suppose the desk lieutenant says when he hears the name of Hymie Fradkin?

"Why, this is a real pleasure, Mr. Fradkin," he says. "It seems the Federals knocked off the Silver Bell Brewery this afternoon, and they were asting here after you."

Well, Hymie's mob managed to spring him on $100,000 bail, but Popchick's still in the cooler with all them raps against him. Young Hanratty ain't croaked yet, but he's still out, and even if he wakes up O.K. the best Popchick can get is deportation back to Essonia, because Tammany Hall is plenty burnt up about it.

So that's why I say that I wisht the President would appoint a commission and look into poor Hymie. You know and I know and we all know that you got to take the headaches in this racket same as any other, but it ain't fair when the bell you're trying to ring falls on you and smothers you to death.

A couple more shots, George, and bear down on the bottle.

SAVONAROLA IN LOS ANGELES

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

SINCE the Cain-Abel fracas the bumping off of a first citizen has always been a prize package in the way of a local emotional holiday. So things were set to be last July, when the Hon. Motley Flint was dispatched by violence in Los Angeles.

The Hon. Mr. Flint was an *eminentissimo* on practically all the counts of American social precedence. He was a banker wielding real financial power in the town and yet a famous play-fellow of show girls and movie queens. He lived in a conspicuous mansion on top a small mountain out Pasadena way, where residents pointed it out to visitors from Iowa with the glowing words: "That's the Mot Flint place and it cost $275,000, but he don't live there with his wife." Mot was also a Shriner of high degree, known glamorously to every California admirer of the order through his having acted for twenty years as Santa Claus at its poor children's Christmas parties. He was an intensively advertised patron of all the local arts and charities. He had been postmaster and his brother had been a United States Senator. He had been indicted three times in connection with the gorgeously publicized Julian Petroleum stock promotion scandal. In short, he was that boon to every police reporter's craving for piquant descriptive phrases—literally a millionaire clubman.

Furthermore, this exquisite target for the tragic fates met his end under delectable circumstances. A busted stock gambler and realtor from one of the frowsier Los Angeles suburbs, clutching his last dime in one hand and a gun in the other, shot him down in a court-room one genial morning as he left the witness-stand, full of breakfast and with $63,000 of certified checks in his jeans. The killer, one Keaton, collapsed at once into a tearful heap, muttering that he had been a good church member and Prohibitionist all his fifty-eight years, but that Mr. Flint's stock market transactions had ruined him, and he could do no other.

In ordinary circumstances this melancholy event would have prompted the Pacific Coast press, with its ardent sense of life's dramatic values, to a month-long orgy of emotion. There would have been pictures of Mr. Keaton's last thin dime and of Mr. Flint's $63,000. There would have been interviews, copiously illustrated, with Keaton's wife and children, with Mr. Flint's old family servants, and possibly with a handsome brace of his favorite movie queens, setting forth what they thought of violent death as an element in the personal life. Beneficiaries of Mr. Flint's labors as Santa Claus would have been hunted down with cameras and snappy questions in pastoral studies, brokerage offices, and San Quentin. Spiritualist seers would have quoted his shade on how he enjoyed murder in the passive voice.

But all these manifestations of journalistic promotion had been under way for less than twenty-four hours when they were blocked by a really transcendent issue. Did Mr. Keaton, when he went berserk, have

in his pocket a copy of the pamphlet, "The Julian Thieves," written and published by the Rev. Robert P. (Bob) Shuler, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church (South) of Los Angeles?

This bare mention of a possible connection between the Rev. Bob and the case was enough to destroy instantly the public's fascination with its merely gory details. Ex-Postmaster Flint left millions to charity and in due course had a funeral becoming to his pieties and secular rank. But already the populace was indifferent and so were the headline writers. Even before burial he was just a cadaver that had inadvertently got mixed up in a new Bob Shuler sensation.

The Rev. Bob, in other words, had again demonstrated his unique capacity to inflame the imagination of the Southern Californians. There are 1,233,000 of them in the city of Los Angeles—1930 census!—, well over 2,000,000 in the county, and more than 3,000,000 in the circulation territory of the Los Angeles newspapers. Yet from the moment that Bob was brought into the discussion apparently not more than a handful of them cared about anything except the possibility that his pamphlet's viperish references to Flint as an unpunished Julian arch-corruptionist might have inspired the killing. Bob denied, of course, to his 9,000 parishioners and his several hundred thousand radio listeners that his words were shooting words. But then he proceeded to quadruple the excitement by charging that the pamphlet had not been found in Keaton's effects at all, but had been planted there by foes of the Shuler crusade for civic and personal righteousness.

Incredible as it may seem in a metropolis of millions, the verbal, oratorical and headline battle over these issues went on for weeks. The pamphlet was "lost" from the collection of trial exhibits and then "found" again, and amid charges and countercharges of connived at disappearance and re-planting. The Rev. Bob's friends said that the underworld was framing the moralist; that the Bootleg Ring, the Catholics, the Bar Association were in on the plot. His enemies replied that an evangelically inclined district attorney's staff had hidden the pamphlet to make sure of the pastor's political support, and then, losing their nerve at the last moment, had replaced it.

In the midst of all these alarms, a luckless city prosecutor named Nix arraigned the Rev. Bob over the radio for using language tending to turn harmless Los Angeles malcontents into killers. Next morning Mr. Nix was fired from his office by a reform mayor elected in 1929 with Bob's earnest pulpit and radio support, and the populace chalked up in its memory that the Trinity pastor had busted another first-string politician.

II

To the tune of pink, green and salmon-colored extras with their headlines of "Shuler Says", "Shuler Attacks", "Shuler Denies", this sort of thing has been going on almost continuously in Los Angeles for the past five years. The rev. shepherd has not only established himself among the Iowa expatriates as hotter news than murder; he has built up the greatest political and social power ever wielded by a man of God since the days of Savonarola in Florence.

He has attained this eminence with surprisingly little resort to the recognized tricks of the trade. Bob oozes no animal magnetism like the late Roosevelt's, he emits no purple passages to compare with the late Bryan's, he exhibits no eccentricities like the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday's. He lacks

the tear-coaxing approach of the late Dr. Moody almost as much as he does the tea-time charm and intellectual subtlety of the late Cardinal Newman. The Southern cracker town and hill billy circuits where he came from can produce dozens of men who could beat him in an elegant language, holy fire, or damning-to-hell contest. As a pulpit spectacle he is simply a strayed Virginia mountaineer, fifty years old, burly and handsome, who goes in for snappy business men's clothes and horn-rimmed spectacles. His folksey heartiness, his slight look-a-thar-at-that-thar-bar accent and his constant but nifty use of a pretty cornfield wit would be worth many votes in any luncheon club election and thousands a year if he chose to sell his customers real estate instead of salvation.

Bob is proud of this lack of flamboyant pulpit mannerisms and happy to tell his flock on every occasion that he is just folks. Indeed, the biographical record largely substantiates this. He was born in a Blue Ridge clearing of impoverished but religion-bitten tobacco planters. He was eight years old when he saw his first town, his first railroad train, his first Negro and his first daily newspaper. He graduated from Emory and Henry College, a remote Blue Ridge intellectual smelter whose authorities characteristically ordained him to preach the mysteries of Southern Methodism three years before he received his A.B. and the same year he received his varsity letter in football. For the rest of his undergraduate and divinity student days he rode circuit among the tough coal-mining hamlets of Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia.

Learning to shed social charm, he managed to marry the girl whose father owned the only brick house in the neighborhood—the nearest thing to an heiress the Appalachian frontier afforded. He served the rest of his ecclesiastical apprenticeship in the long-horn piety centers of Texas, where he learned how to crusade against red light districts, and how to attack such statesmen as the Hons. Jim Ferguson and Joe Bailey. As a small town fighting parson overflowing with picnic wisecracks and football memories, he eventually at Austin rose to become the Texas undergraduates' popular choice as university preacher. In 1920 he descended upon Los Angeles. He was forty—a fully equipped, if as yet undistinguished go-getter for the Lord.

What he had above the resident Gantrys of the yokel metropolis was his intuitive sense of what the country-bred Christian lost in a wicked city wants in the way of pulpit entertainment, and a shrewd constructive idea of how to supply it. He saw, for instance, that his competitors' game of calling attention to their wares by damning sin with picturesque epithets in a circus atmosphere *à la* Billy Sunday was played out. Practically every conceivable pulpit indecorum had been committed long ago, so that it was no longer possible to shock a congregation with a new one, or even to shock a city editor into believing that a new pulpit wild man was news. Nor, as Bob observed, was the device of preaching aggressively about live news topics in much better case. As a rule, clergymen did it even worse than editorial writers, and on the rare occasions when they did it better they became the newspapers' detested rivals and were suppressed automatically. What was wanted, the Rev. Bob recognized, was a holy man who would go in for picturesque conduct rather than for daring language and acrobatic postures—one who, instead of talking about the news in hot platitudes, went out and made himself a daily part of it.

Furthermore, life among the Texas backfence gossips had taught him precisely how to utilize sin as a major attraction. In com-

mon with all other intelligent pulpit psychologists, he realized that interest in depravity filled more pews than the love of virtue. But he went several steps farther. It was not interest in their own sins, he recognized, which lured the saints to worship, but fascination with the sins of others. It was not sin in general that they cared about, but definite and tangible sins committed by specific persons. Up and coming Twentieth Century Christians, observed Bob, were fed up with being told by their shepherds, without particulars, that the world was full of corruptions, lusts and carousals. What they really wanted to know was who was sinning now—where, how, and with whom.

With this inner enlightenment, the new pastor of Trinity laid his plans to feed his sheep. His unerring sense of the news value of female nudity led him to crack down first on a group of high-school girls alleged to have been photographed in the altogether. He made the front pages with the story while his rival divines languished stalely in the religious section. Next, combining action and the sin interest with the business of putting the parson personally in the news, he attended a Shriners' charity fête, won a ham on a wheel of fortune, and promptly had the donor and his confederates hauled off to jail on a charge of operating a gambling device.

Volunteer aides quickly appeared to assist so talented a performer, and through one of them, a few months later, Bob got his first big break. Late one Winter night a nameless informant came to his study and told him that if he would watch long enough at the door of the city's jazziest night club, he would get some low-down worth having. Bob undertook the quest and stood in the rain for hours, but the richness of the prey, when it arrived, justified his hardships.

Swaying slightly and evidently in a state of more than merely polite interest, the police chief of Los Angeles—middle-aged and married—came out of the door accompanied by the charming wife and sister of two badly wanted Mexican culprits. The Rev. Bob trailed them to a hotel desk and next day gave out the news to his flock and to the press. The Los Angeles politicians took their medicine, and the head of the city watch was fired.

Beginning with this little masterpiece, Bob walked the streets and rode the headlines with the glamour properly attaching to "the preacher who breaks police chiefs". From that day Christian sentiment in Southern California appraised him as a divine who could be relied upon to know what was going on.

III

The immediate response was his establishment as the outstanding moral racketeer in Southern California. The small squad of volunteer snoopers who had aided in his first triumphs grew overnight into a legion. Sacks of mail and an endless chain of telephone calls began arriving at the pastoral study, describing the wild parties of the neighbors, the rapes and assassinations of the Hollywood artists, and the stenographer dates, booze purchases and financial speculations of all the local politicians. Shortly Bob was hiring special secretaries to take this data down as it arrived and file it away in his archives. To cap the climax, an anonymous benefactor in Pasadena sent him a private detective to be used free of charge in his special investigations. Bob used him continuously for two years until a helpful connection was ruptured by the benefactor's death. But long before this a secret reform organization had arisen under the leadership of an up-

right automobile supply magnate, eager and financially able to supply the pastor of Trinity with professional keyhole-peeping assistance at need.

Inevitably, the spilling of the low-down thus accumulated became the Rev. Bob's major spiritual activity. He began by devoting prayer-meeting nights—Thursdays—to "civic morals" addresses. But popular demand and the wealth of material shortly constrained him to add Tuesday and finally Sunday evenings to the schedule of enlightenment, with extra meetings thrown in from time to time when crises in local scandal seemed to warrant it. Four years ago, to utilize what was still going to waste, he founded his monthly, *Bob Shuler's Magazine*, in which the lessons of his civic morals addresses are expanded, rammed home and elaborated upon. Several times a year he supplements even the magazine by issuing special pamphlets on scandalous situations which have aroused a special crusading ardor.

On the strength of such thrills the Holy Spirit hovered amiably over Trinity and it paid off its debts and increased its membership from a doubtful 1800 to an authentic 9,000. Then came an opportunity for torrentially broadening the service. At Christmas, 1926, an elderly and wealthy spinster in Oakland, who had persuaded herself that the Southern Californians needed the Rev. Bob's brand of salvation far more than they needed art galleries or endowed professorships, gave him a private radio station. Even at that remote period of uncontrolled static he thus gained 200,000 new hearers almost instantaneously, and each year since, as the installment plan salesmen have made the rounds of Southern California's bungalow population, he has gained 100,000 more.

The Trinity congregation had already recognized his successful labors in the vineyard with a raise in salary, but the radio audience gave him what he really wanted—power. Backed now by his hundreds of thousands of scandal-starved Main Streeters, he proceeded in a really Big Way to build an ecclesiastical Tammany all his own.

IV

In the first stirrings of the Al Smith prenomination campaign he shouted into his microphone that he still believed the "raw head and bloody bones" oath of the Knights of Columbus to be genuine, regardless of how many Masonic investigating bodies had found it otherwise, and would so proclaim if he were the last man alive with the courage to save the Republic. Immediately the backbones of countless thousands of true believers stiffened, and the very Papists of Los Angeles grew timid about boosting the Vatican candidate lest they lose the Shuler radio audience's custom. Later, when 40,000 Southern California investors lost $100,000,000 in bogus Julian oil stock and the prosecution of the promoters failed, Bob was hot and early in the lists with accounts of District Attorney Asa M. Keyes' booze parties and shady meetings with the more luscious Julian defendants. When the luckless Keyes was eventually tried and sentenced to San Quentin for bribe-taking, Bob went on the air with plaudits for himself as the Cicero who had uncovered the new Catiline.

Successes of this sort rolled up and up. By a curious Southern Californian coincidence, in the Summer of 1929 Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Pantages, multi-millionaire founders of a fine old Greek immigrant theater-owning family, got in trouble with the law simultaneously—the gentleman on rape charges and the lady for manslaughter

in an alleged drunken driving accident. When their trials came off, Bob charged that their wealth was being used for jury-fixing, and when they were convicted regardless, he promptly took credit for counter-checking the plot by his timely exposure. The jury-fixing charges drew him a fine of $75 for contempt of court, but Bob and a Presbyterian ally, the Rev. Gustav A. Briegleb, who was fined $25, publicly, and with loud applause from the assembled radio audience, compared their persecutions to the crucifixion of Jesus.

Meanwhile, in 1929 Trinity's pastor and the organization which supplied him with detective data assisted in the election of the Hon. John C. Porter, ex-Iowan and ex-Klansman, as the reform mayor of metropolitan Los Angeles. The Rev. Bob's first claim on his gratitude was a demand for the head of another police chief. "Now I don't *say*," he proclaimed over the radio, "that I believe these reports of perverted practices on the part of Chief Davis"; but after elaborating sufficiently on various interesting points of his possible disbelief, what Bob admitted believing about the poor gendarme's alliances with bootleggers, gamblers and red light ladies was enough. So the second Shuler police chief victim was fired.

Early in the game, naturally, the shrewder local statesmen assayed the new careerist as political dynamite and found him dangerous. The more adaptable ones at once studied how to placate him by feeding his racket. Some achieved this merely by sending him confidential reports on the vices and indiscretions of their rivals, but those broad enough to see issues in a Big Way won his heftier indorsements by enlarging his place in the limelight. In this way it has come about that whenever the Rev. Bob makes charges that a bootleg pay-off ring exists in the police department, or that Los Angeles working girls are not properly protected from the lewd advances of their employers, appropriately alarmed authorities summon him before the grand jury to report on the latest menace to moral civilization. Whether or not he proves his menace, each such appearance is good for thousands of words of front page stories, and enormously enlarged radio audiences.

But in this publicity racket his enemies serve him no less generously than his friends. Thus, when he debated evolution and companionate marriage with Judge Ben B. Lindsay, and when the Knights of Columbus brought him to trial, twice unsuccessfully, for criminal libel, he contrived to stand out as the all but assassinated folk hero of the old American righteousness.

But these larger causes have never led him to neglect sin's more charmingly personal aspects. Realizing that he cannot always ride the moral side of a raging issue, he saves his more intimate bedtime stories for the quiet evenings when no public alarms are ringing. On these occasions he tells his public where the candidate for the city council who is not quite strong enough on Prohibition gets his drinks and in what suburban apartment house the villain of the latest Hollywood scandal dates with his sweetie. He tells of the Negro male pedagogue's advances to the white school ma'ms in his district. He tells how and where the high-school students are getting their liquor, and what members of the younger set are experimenting with the vices described in the "Satyricon" of Petronius. He tells on the judge, who when a comely witness fainted in his court, revived her in his chambers with ardent spirits produced from the magisterial desk. He tells how long and profound the osculation was between two members of the faculty of a local school—incidentally, married to others—when a speeding trolley car

burst upon their sylvan retirement and reduced the too engrossed gentleman to mince-meat. And, in a typical burble of punitive humor, he recommends that the surviving lady be tried for manslaughter for leading another woman's husband on.

This wholesale tattling has, naturally, widespread consequences. Because of it hardly a politician in Southern California dares run for office who, within the memory of snoopers now living, has lunched publicly with a woman not his wife. Until recently it caused the Los Angeles newspapers to hedge, when they disapproved, of Bob, with a maximum of gingerly politeness. The thought-leaders of the Southwest take no chance that a harsh word from them may inspire the pastor to expose the sins of their advertising solicitors and editorial writers or the occasional more elegant revels of their publishers.

Similar fears, too, have seeped down among the populace. For example, in his revelations about the Pantages case, Bob expatiated interestingly on the alleged drinking habits and extra-matrimonial dates of a certain juror. Since then it has appeared several times in locally famous causes that a prominent motive in producing a righteous verdict was the fear among jurors and jury-women of what Bob might broadcast about them if they failed to vote as the holy man, in his civic reform addresses, demanded.

V

With a city terrorized, a mayoralty victory to his credit, and the scalps of a busted district attorney, a city prosecutor and two police chiefs to his credit, Bob stands forth as the best space-getter, populace-rouser and politician-scarer west of the District of Columbia. Nor is there any present sign in the Southwestern heavens that his grip is relaxing. Last year the more sinful Angelenos breathed more easily when his radio benefactress, Miss Glide, attempted to tempt him with higher wages and a swankier parsonage to San Francisco. But the shrewd mountaineer, after inspecting the Northern metropolis's view of sin as a healthy diversion, concluded that its sophisticates might quickly demote him to the estate of a town clown, and so passed up the larger fleshpots in the bush for power in the hand.

Attack has no terrors for him. Los Angeles juries habitually decline to convict him of criminal libel and several costly and intensive investigations of his life by his enemies have failed to disclose that he has ever broken a law of the land, or a commandment of God, except possibly the one about bearing false witness against his neighbors. As a matter of fact, Bob is never more convincing than when proclaiming his personal virtue.

"We have had eight children born and one dead," he wrote once in a blast meant to humiliate a journalistic antagonist. "These seven living and the little lad who died belong to my wife and to me. I have no illegitimate child in America or out of it.

"I have lived with my wife and with no other woman. The woman is not alive with whom I ever spent a night in a hotel room, a beach house or anywhere else. Never have I boasted or kept before the public eye a woman famous or infamous reported up and down the streets to be my mistress."

While Southern California's thrilled millions applaud such utterances, Bob labors to keep his shield unsullied. He has an almost pathological dread of frame-ups. When the elderly Miss Glide telephoned him asking him to meet her at a Santa Monica hotel to discuss her radio gift, his first words to her, according to his own

statement, were: "Lady, it would be as much as my life is worth to do it." Only after Miss Glide's Christian character and seriousness of purpose had been vouched for by responsible third parties, and the meeting had been arranged to take place in the lobby under the eye of a chaperon, was the historic acquaintance consummated.

So all that civilized Los Angeles cherishes is two faint glimmers of hope. The Rev. Bob does not like jail. He went there for two weeks last Spring for a second contempt of court offense. Being in the custody of a sheriff and candidate for re-election whom he had recently called a booze hound, he received no favoritism in the way of diet, ventilation or cell mates. On his release he admitted that this was unpleasant, and it is the general understanding that if he gets contemptuous of the wrong judges again in Los Angeles, his next term will be much longer. Hence a certain softness has crept into his references to the courts of late, and his more optimistic fellow-citizens insist that this augurs a further gradual improvement in the tenderness of his Christianity.

The other glimmer proceeds from the assumption that his power over Southern California's Christian politicos will grow stronger and stronger until some day one of them may arise on the floor of a Republican national convention and pronounce the hallowed words: "California offers to the nation the Rev. Robert Philip Shuler of Los Angeles."

In the land of perpetual sunshine there are optimists so fantastic as to believe that if California were forced to propose this sacrifice, the Rev. Bob would go it one better and leave town to accept.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

BROADSIDE of a scientist gracing the town of Colton:

The American Medical Association Has Published Nationwide the Following Fact
DEATH RATE CUT IN HALF
IN NATION SINCE 1895
SINCE CHI-RO-PRAC-TIC CAME
Why Health Seekers Go to
Dr. Samuel Letson, D.C., Ph.C., N.D.

1. He is a graduate of the Weltmer Institute of Practical Psychology.
2. He has the latest systems in Painless Chiropractic.
3. He uses the most comfortable of all adjusting tables, the Zenith Hylo.
4. He is a graduate of many schools.
5. He is a graduate of four chiropractic schools.
6. He has taken many special courses of priceless value to patrons.
7. He has a technique not obtainable in any one school.
8. He is a graduate of the Davis College of Neuropathy.
9. He took a term of instruction in the Los Angeles College of Osteopathy.
10. He took a full college year of training in Nebraska State Medical College.
11. He took the best training obtainable in both of the Palmer Chiropractic Schools.
12. He took a special course in the Davenport Palmer Chiropractic School.
13. Dr. Letson's nineteen years of successful practice exhibit reliability and permanency seldom equaled and never excelled.
14. Seekers after health find it decidedly more profitable to take treatments by Dr. Letson and pay for same than accept other proffered services as a gift. Known fact.
15. Letson uses the very latest instruments for determining your needs.
16. He uses the latest and most effective in dietetics.
17. Positively his practice is conducted for the best interests of his patrons.
18. He has thousands of pleased patrons.
19. His treatments result in the cure of catarrh although the patient has suffered with this stubborn disease thirty or even forty years. Has any case of catarrh ever been cured by drugs? No! Never!

Whatever Your Ailment Call On Him at
158 West F street
Office Hours, 1-6 P.M.
COLTON, CALIF. PHONE 32

CAMPAIGN card of a local worthy:

DR. J. G. BERNEIKE
Citizen of Orange County since 1893
Rancher, poultryman, retired physician
Candidate for the office of
Public Administrator and Coroner

The baby in my arms is my first-born (Jan. 11th, 1930) and only daughter. My baby's plea: "Please vote for my papa. He is good to me and my mama".

MY PRINCIPLE:
"Public office for public service, not for private graft."

FROM the advertising columns of the San Diego *Union*:

Madame Curie Was Right

When she said, "DAY BY DAY . . . IN EVERY WAY . . . I AM GETTING BETTER AND BETTER." And that expression certainly applies to real estate in San Diego.

DON'T PUT OFF TOO LONG BUYING A SITE FOR A FUTURE HOME OR AN IMMEDIATE HOME IN
VISTA LA MESA
WE CAN PLEASE YOU IN PRICE AS WELL AS LOCATION.

If you put it off you will be in the same position as our old friend Mr. "COULD'FF." SUPPOSE THEY SHOULD STRIKE OIL ON POINT LOMA, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IN SAN DIEGO?

GEORGIA

THE illustrious editor of the Dahlonega *Nugget*:

So many accidents are occurring that when going down home on Sundays and hear a car coming we run up a tree and sit out on a limb like a squirrel until the car passes.

MARYLAND

FROM the celebrated *Mountain Democrat* of Oakland:

Members of the Rotary Clubs of Terra Alta, Kingwood, and Morgantown, W. Va., joined the Oakland Club in an inter-city meet and dinner last Thursday evening at the William-James Hotel. A total of eighty enjoyed one of the most interesting, entertaining and instructive programmes ever arranged by the local club, particularly the very optimistic message of Mr. William B. Burruss, who spoke on "Shakespeare the Salesman."

Mr. Burruss pointed out that Shakespeare had introduced over 700 characters in his various plays and that each was a salesman with something different to sell. To support his statement he went to great length to explain how Brutus had sold the idea that Caesar was ambitious, while Marc Anthony proved to be a better salesman by convincing the Romans that Caesar and not his murderers was their friend.

MISSISSIPPI

EDITORIAL notice in the *Courier* of Hazlehurst:

Found—In front of Bell & Shelton, upper plate of false teeth. Owner call at *Courier* office and get teeth. This unusual find was made by our friend, John Kemph, who charges not a nickel for his services; nor will the *Courier* charge one penny for the advertisement. Our good friend, Dr. Caldwell, used to tell about making a trip with a friend of his from Memphis to Senatobia, when the friend sneezed his teeth out the window. The same thing has almost happened to the writer, and a little trouble makes us wondrously kind. So, suffering friend, come at once to the *Courier* office and get your teeth.

NEBRASKA

THE burdens of a statesman in Omaha:

That his cash outlay may sometimes be only a minor part of a candidate's campaign expenses is revealed by W. L. Jones, proprietor of a meat market and Republican nominee for representative in the State Legislature. In addition to $5 in currency, he lists the following supplementary expenses:

39 pounds rump steak.
Extension of credit on meat bills to twenty-six non-pay customers.
101 hot-dog sandwiches.
34 pounds Limburger cheese.
197 pounds catfish.
206 pairs of pigs' feet.
98 rings of bologna.
76 speeches—9 also bologna.
345 babies kissed.
197 old ladies joshed.
956 election promises.
342 pounds mince meat.
13 hams.
26 sides of bacon.
44 pounds of lard.
9 Prohibition petitions signed.
4 bonds for bootleggers signed.
Sang in three church choirs.
Attended ten dances.

NEW JERSEY

SOCIETY news in the *Jersey Journal*, the pride and glory of Jersey City:

Mrs. Jennie Ucowicz, 36 Erie st., entertained a group of friends at cards in her home on Saturday evening. Those playing were Mrs. Pauline Gawenski, Mrs. Lottie Gasiorokski, Mrs. Frances Szczwpanski, Mrs. Pearl Balcerzak, Miss Stella Andrzewjewski, Miss Martha Kwiatkowski, Miss Pauline Czajkowski, Miss Stella Tchorzunski, Miss Josephine Stupecki, Miss Helen Dombrowski, Miss Wande Szalka, Miss Cecilia Tchorzenjnski.

NEW YORK

THE *Chautauquan Daily* memorializes the decease of two members of a more than ordinarily idealistic class of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle:

> And so, in the passing of the years, two of the devoted members of the C. L. S. C., Class of 1927, have passed into Glory Land, leaving behind treasured memories of their lives among us and of their loyalty to the high aims and ideals of the Warren G. Harding Class.

PENNSYLVANIA

WANT AD in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*:

> STENOGRAPHER, exp., must have perfect 4-B foot. Reply stating age, experience and salary. Y-589 *Bulletin*.

SOUTH CAROLINA

BROTHER A. T. HOWELL of Union in the *Baptist Courier*:

> The preacher that does not keep his body fit is physically incompetent. A healthy body is essential to a good sermon. Some preachers eat too much—that is, when they are away from home. They dig their graves with their teeth. Hard fried eggs and fried ham have shortened the days of some of our preachers. "Died of a frying pan" can be written on their tombs.

TENNESSEE

FROM a Christian customer of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*:

> Today about twelve o'clock I began to write a letter to the editor, "When Christ Comes to Memphis," which was finished in about two hours, with a foot-note stating that its publication would cause rain, possibly violent storms, or earthquake. At the beginning of the letter there was no sign of rain, but by the time it was finished rain clouds appeared, and in about two hours after the letter was mailed to you a violent thunderstorm was here with a heavy downpour of rain, and the largest hailstones I ever saw. Some round, large as hen eggs, others wide as a man's hand, great chunks of ice heavy enough to knock a man down. The clouds passed on up the river headed for Memphis to cool off the hot spots caused by the bunk which has been appearing in the *Commercial Appeal*. If the Memphis booze guzzlers, gamblers, cigarette suckers who burn incense to the devil, prefer bunk to Christian truth, give it to them, but at the same time it would be well to warn them and the rest of that breed of vipers all over the world that the long threatened day of reckoning is near at hand.
>
> J. M. BIGGS.

TEXAS

JUSTICE in this great Commonwealth:

> *Graves et al v. State*, 29 S. W. (2nd) 379 (Court of Criminal Appeals of Texas).
>
> Opinion by Martin, J.: "Offense, the unlawful manufacture of intoxicating liquor; penalty, five years in the penitentiary. . . . The judgment is affirmed."
>
> *Ross v. State*, 29 S. W. (2nd) 381 (Court of Criminal Appeals of Texas).
>
> Opinion by Christian, J.: "The offense is murder; the punishment, confinement in the penitentiary for four years. . . . The judgment is affirmed."

VIRGINIA

THE Richmond *Christian Advocate* comments editorially on an appalling situation in its midst:

> Among the many examples of distress that came with the long dry spell of the Summer was embarrassment to the good Baptists in Culpepper, because they had a sinner who had fled from the wrath to come and when he came to the church seeking membership they did not have water enough to baptize him. The good brethren appealed to the town of Culpepper asking the privilege of using the Baptist pool in the church, which was readily granted, but they could not waste three thousand gallons of water on one sinner, and refused the request. The candidate, however, was baptized in the running stream below the dam and duly received into the fellowship of that great denomination.
>
> We sympathize with our friends in this embarrassment and suggest to them that when such prolonged dry weather comes

upon us that a hard-hearted town council will not furnish enough water to baptize their sinners that the Methodists and Baptists coöperate, letting the Baptists call the sinners to repentance and then turn them over to the Methodists and Presbyterians to baptize them, for when water gets so scarce that we can't get them into the Kingdom with one plan it will be time to pronounce the benediction.

WYOMING

How the United States Army saves democracy in peace time:

HEADQUARTERS FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN
Fort Francis E. Warren
Wyoming

General Orders
No. 30

REHABILITATION OF GENERAL PRISONERS

Paragraphs

Control Orders 1
General 2
Value of Labor 3

1. *CONTROL ORDERS.*

a. Army Regulations.

Series 600-375; 600-395; 600-415; Changes No. 2, War Department, November 27, 1929, to A.R. 20-10, December 13, 1923.

b. War Department Circulars.

Circular 57, War Department, October 31, 1929.

c. Corps Area Orders.

Memorandum No. 119, December 5, 1929.

2. *GENERAL.*

To attain good, pure true character is the object of life. To assist others in the growth of characterial fibre and to help others to regain characterial fibre is a noble undertaking. All persons within this Command, whose duty places them over prisoners, will entertain an attitude of helpfulness toward other members of the Command who need assistance in the growth of characterial fibre or assistance in strengthening reduced characterial fibre and will give assistance when the giving will tend to produce good results. This order is supplementary to the regulations cited above.

3. *VALUE OF LABOR.*

a. The Prison Officer is designated as Probation Officer.

b. He will so impregnate the minds of prisoners with the dignity and nobility of labor as an essential activity in life and as the essential activity up which they must climb to rehabilitation that they will join in the sentiment of the following expression:

Who shall name a blessing
More to man than work?
Contentment flees without it,
Love and riches irk.

If you've known a sorrow
Service will console;
If your heart is broken
Toil will make it whole.

All your blessings lost you
Spurned the grieving ranks;
Honest work is left you
You can still give thanks.

c. The indication of growth of characterial fibre or of strengthening a characterial weakness on the part of a prisoner is indicated by the manner in which he executes the duty of carrying out his sentence of hard labor.

d. The Prison Officer will cause forms to be prepared and furnished to those in charge of the work of prisoners and have daily reports made on the quality of the work and the attitude of each prisoner, in order that he may form his estimate of whether or not the prisoner is attempting to grow characterial fibre or to strengthen the characterial weakness that caused his being sentenced to hard labor under confinement. That daily record will be carefully considered by the Prison Officer in connection with all applications for clemency of every kind, including probation.

By command of Brigadier General Howland:

W. T. Pigott,
Major, 1st Infantry,
Adjutant.

Official:

W. T. Pigott,
Major, 1st Infantry,
Adjutant.

QUEBEC

A SOLEMN civic ceremony in the grand old city of Montreal, as reported by the eminent *Gazette* thereof:

Rising 94 feet above the building upon which it is constructed, and shining forth to east and west over the city, the huge new Neon light sign on the Dow Brewery was formally put into operation at an inaugural ceremony held last night. Exactly at nine o'clock Norman Dawes, president of the National Breweries, touched a button and the bright red lights, reading "Biere Dow Ale," flashed forth for the first time.

Directors of the company, senior officials and guests gathered on the roof of the breweries for the ceremony, and, standing in the shadow of the impressive sign that reared high above, Mr. Dawes said a few words before setting the sign in operation.

"One hundred and forty years ago, in 1790, the first Dow Brewery was established at Laprairie. Eighteen years after, in 1808, the plant was moved to the present site and has continued in operation uninterruptedly since then. The Dow business has enjoyed the increasing confidence and patronage of the public, until now the Dow brands are known through the length and breadth of Canada.

"You will see by the enormous buildings which surround us and which are equipped with the most modern and scientific machinery that the Dow business has always kept abreast of the times and is still capable of maintaining the highest standard of the quality of their goods. The sign you see above you is one of the largest Neon signs in the world. This has been made possible by the erection of the sign by the Claude Neon Company of Canada, who have erected it on this building and from whom we have leased the rights.

"It is with great pleasure that I extend a welcome to you all this evening and appreciate the fact that you have spared the time to attend the illuminating of the sign."

The new sign rises 94 feet above the building and is 70 feet across. It consists of the three words, "Dow" in the middle, "Biere" on top and "Ale" below. The capital "D" is 32 feet high, and the letters of the two other words are 12 feet high. The sign will be lighted every evening from seven till twelve o'clock.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELUM

How the high-toned American exiles of the French Riviera while away the azure hours:

COCKTAIL REGATTA

START

Bar Eden Roc

12 noon Wednesday.

Drinking member of team must drink three MARTINIS at BAR, down the steps and swim to his boat.

(Absolutely no heel-taps allowed.)

RACE

To dock at Juan les Pins.

Pilots can either dock or jump in and swim to dock. This must be the other member of team.

TWO MARTINIS on dock. On board and back to EDEN ROC. Drinking member must swim ashore, drink two MARTINIS, then back to boat.

All motors must be stopped before drinking member leaves boat and must not be started before drinking member is back in boat.

FINISH:

At Eilenroc drinking member must cross raft, then swim ashore.

First drinking member to drink cocktail wins for team.

ENTRIES

Driver.	*Boat.*	*Drinking Member.*
Barnato	"Here's How"	Finney
Kidston	"Say When II"	White
Wessel	"Iris II"	Ferri
Mrs. Beaumont	"Eilen Roc"	Caulkins
Farmer	"Mona"	Bourn
Coats	"Bon Partout"	Eskimo

SEX AND THE BISHOPS

BY HERBERT PARRISH

"MARRIED bishops! Ha, ha ha!" roared Tikon, rocking with hearty laughter. Russian bishops could laugh before the Revolution, and Tikon, a great blond giant of a man, enjoyed a joke.

He had long red curls reaching to his shoulders and a vast beard. He was as strong as an ox. When he kissed one—the proper salutation of an Oriental bishop upon meeting a clergyman—it was like being hit with a mop. This was before the fire at the old Russian Cathedral down in the Russian quarter of San Francisco. Tikon was then Archbishop of Alaska and the Aleutian Isles, with the entire Western Hemisphere under his jurisdiction. But most people will remember him, if he is remembered at all, as the Most Reverend Metropolitan of Moscow, a pathetic gray old man, one of the most conspicuous early victims of the Soviets, dying or murdered after a long imprisonment. I knew him as a missionary sent out by the Holy Synod and a man after the Czar's own heart.

Of course he was not married. No bishop of the Holy Orthodox Catholic and Apostolic Church is ever married. It is contrary to canon law. Sometimes their parish priests are, but by the church law which goes back to the Fourth Century such priests must be married, if at all, before they are ordained. If their wives die, they must go into a monastery or at least remain widowers. And the bishops are chosen from the monks.

When I told Tikon therefore that the bishops of my own church were generally married men, he burst out into roars of laughter. To him it was a grotesque, a preposterous idea. Somewhat indelicate. A combination of spiritual ideals and sordid domesticity. Amusingly indecent!

"Married bishops! Ha, ha, ha!"

II

It was these same married bishops who attended the Lambeth Conference last Summer. The Lambeth Conference is held every ten years. It was originated by the bishops of the Church of England. The English are very fond of conferences. It is held at Lambeth palace in London, the town residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. To it all the Anglican bishops in the world are invited. They come from all the British colonies and missionary jurisdictions to the number of several hundred. The bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America also attend. And they bring their wives.

The conclusions of the Lambeth Conference are not, as a general rule, very exciting news. The bishops are for the most part kindly old gentlemen of an extremely conservative bent. They are seldom leaders of thought. The business of being a bishop which they take up in middle life is hard work. It is chiefly administrative and leaves them little time for study. Their ideas are about thirty years behind the times. Like all conservatives they are enormously re-

spectable. In England they belong to the State Church. This makes them members of the Upper Class. They are gentry. The King receives them and their wives at a tea on the Buckingham Palace grounds whenever the Lambeth Conference is held. It is a social event. And the American bishops value it highly. But the deliberations of the Conference itself seldom stir the pulse of the world. In fact, except in the church papers, they are scarcely noticed.

But this year the Right Reverend Fathers sprang a surprise. After a speech by Dean Inge, who was called in to give them some food for thought, they passed a startling resolution on the subject of sex. For the most part it dealt naturally and platitudinously with married life. But at the end it admitted amazingly that the prevention of conception might be resorted to by properly married people, "provided that it is done in the light of Christian principles." This concession was epochal. Never before in history had any body of Christian clergymen, much less bishops, acknowledged openly that it was not a sin for people to indulge in the gratification of their sex desire, using means to prevent conception. In America it is contrary to the law of most States to vend the instruments employed for the purpose. If they are bought at drugstores, the transaction is, I am told, always *sub rosa*. It will be interesting to hear what the American bishops will instruct their flocks to do about the matter.

But to revert to the laughter of Archbishop Tikon. To the average Protestant accustomed to a married clergy the risibility of His Grace may seem silly, but to the student of ecclesiastical history it is not silly at all. The tremendous stress laid upon the repression of the desires of the flesh, the warfare between the flesh and the spirit, the priority accorded to virginity in the New Testament itself, the whole history of asceticism, of monasticism, of celibacy, have impressed upon the minds of Christians a positive horror of the idea of sex. The canons of the Ecumenical Councils roar with the thought. For fifteen hundred years in Western Europe it was against the law for any clergyman to marry. In England up to the Reformation it was a hanging matter. Even Henry VIII, addicted as he was to taking a new woman every little while, refused to allow his clergy to follow suit. When the prince of time-serving liars, Archbishop Cranmer, brought over to the tight little isle the niece of Osiander and lived with her as his wife, he was compelled for his very life to send her back home concealed in a hamper to escape the wrath of the King.

The Protestant clergy, however, finally got the right to wed. People are accustomed to it now. Clerical wives may have a hard time pleasing the parishioners, who hate to see them spend money on hats, but they are at least socially respectable. But even yet, whenever any Protestant minister steps out of the rules and commits what probably most of the male members of his flock would regard as a slight dereliction for a layman, there is hell to pay. How the press of the country roars over a clerical scandal! Tar-and-feathers, unfrocking, perpetual disgrace, even murder.

Ask any Roman Catholic why some priest left the church. He will reply with a snort of contempt, "Sure, the scoundrel just wanted to get married." And the chances are that he will be right.

The Early Church, in the Ecumenical Councils of the Fourth Century, decreed that a man who was married might be ordained, but that an ordained man could not marry. The Oriental Orthodox Church followed the practice of ordaining married men, but the Roman Catholic Church, in Rome and later throughout the West,

would ordain only unmarried men. The Protestant Reformers, finding in the Bible that Peter had a wife and that Paul told Timothy to ordain men who were the husbands of one wife, scrapped the Ecumenical Councils and eloped with the mothers superior. But for a long time the wives of clergy were not considered to be ladies. Gradually, however, the Protestant world got used to them. Bathing suits and short skirts have had the same experience. Morals are "what we get used to." Tikon was not used to married Anglicans. Roman Catholics are not accustomed to wives in the pastoral residence. But Protestants are—though what some of them say and think about celibate clergy will not bear printing.

Nevertheless and even so, Orthodox, Catholic and Protestant have differed these two thousand years not at all in regarding sex as the Great Taboo. To all alike it is and always has been massive evidence of the Fall of Man, a Devil's device for continuing the misery of human existence, a shameful and hideous necessary method for the procreation of the race. "In sin hath my mother conceived me," said the Psalmist. "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life," said St. John, "is not of the Father, but is of the world; and the world passeth away and the lust thereof." The Saints strove against every thought of sex, wearing hair shirts, scourging themselves with whips, standing in icy water, eating nothing but a few roots and herbs, sleepless, hungry, tormented by visions. The early preachers never lacked a subject for denunciation, for they knew that everybody in the congregation sat on a volcano of desire. It was a gallant and heroic contest.

In the end the very idea of sex skulked away into secret places. A conspiracy of silence shrouded it. It could not be spoken about in polite society. Every aspect of it was too indecent to be mentioned. In 1792 Mary Wollstonecraft, of London, gravely discussed whether young women might be instructed in the science of botany, since a knowledge of the sex of plants might corrupt their virgin minds. In 1885 Dr. H. R. Hopkins, of New York, asked, "How can we teach growing girls the functions of the various parts of the human body and still leave them their modesty?" In 1898 the *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia declared that it would avoid in future all reference to women's underwear, for "the treatment of the subject in print calls for minutiæ of detail which is extremely and pardonably offensive to refined and sensitive women."

III

All this was entirely pleasing to us of the clergy. Oriental, Roman, Anglican and Protestant alike were relieved to find that we had completely quashed the Old Serpent, harpooned Behemoth whose strength is in his navel, silenced Satan. We could ignore Sex in the pulpit and turn all our batteries on the Demon Rum and other such shapes. As clergymen we ourselves were far, far removed from even the suspicion of voluptuousness. Vested in our white surplices, the bishops in their rochets and chimeres, clad in stoles and wearing crosses, the Devil could not touch us.

Our people regarded us with veneration and awe. We were no longer human beings. When the laity spoke to us they used subdued voices. They approached us as people approach an elderly aunt from whom they expect a legacy. They treated us as parents treat a very delicate and sensitive child. In practice we were considered as a kind of third sex, neither men nor women. The relegation, the suppression of the idea of sex, its conquest and extirpation,

which was the foundation idea of our Holy Religion, had been accomplished. It need no longer be mentioned in the pulpit. We had cast it out.

To be sure, the Catholic clergy who were accustomed to hear confessions knew a thing or two. We Catholics, whether Anglican or Roman, knew only too well that in a very great majority of cases some sexual sin was the disturbing element in the lives of both adolescents and adults. But with the help of all the books of casuistry, pastoral theology and moral theology we could find no way out save repression. Sublimation had not yet been discovered. All we could do was to afford opportunity for a secret catharsis in the case of souls struggling with their terrible complexes. And this the confessional did afford.

But most of the Protestant clergy, regarding the confessional with as great a horror as they regarded sex itself, had no idea whatever of what was actually going on in the world. A certain Low Church bishop once asked one of the High Church clergy about this matter of hearing confessions.

"Now tell me, Father X," said he, "what in the world would people confess to you in the confessional?"

"They might," replied Father X, "confess adultery."

"Not," exclaimed the horrified bishop, "in the Episcopal Church!"

In the meantime the great sex life of the world, apart from the clergy, was doubtless going on much as it had been going on since the days when humanity gave up living in trees and took to caves. If, as sometimes, alas, happened, one of the brethren yielded to temptation, his bishop promptly deposed him and cast him out to the Devil. In the Roman Church there were the "reserved cases," and the wicked priest might be sent to some monastery for a period of years to do penance for his sins. But the penances were light for the laity, from whom not much in the way of virtue was expected. Only the Protestant pastors had to be 100% pure. Protestant laymen might do as they pleased—and suffer for it in their own way. There was no balm in Gilead for them. No relief for vexed consciences and no ecclesiastical discipline. Their preachers simply said what preachers were expected to say. The laity listened and lived as they listed. As it has always been in the world, some were good and some were bad. Hypocrisy was no doubt less common than many believe. But the only real sex morality was "not to be found out." The religious world had become positively Pecksniffian.

Outside of the churches, however, there was growing up a new and totally different idea. This was not the idea of the Bible. It was the idea of Freud, of the New Psychology, of common sense. Sex might be a problem, but it was in the web and warp of things, it was part of the vast and complex structure of the universe; it was not a nasty device of the Devil, it was a law of the Cosmic Mind. The great novelists saw its workings in life. Men began to write and think philosophically about it. People began to talk frankly on the subject. Presently every young girl knew What Every Young Girl Should Know. College boys and girls were reading the works of Havelock Ellis, of Freud, of Krafft-Ebing. Questions about divorce and the remarriage of divorced persons began to agitate the public. Sex was talked about everywhere. Birth Control, Companionate Marriage, Prostitution, Homosexuality, Narcissism and a thousand kindred subjects were stirred up and brought forward. The old ideas that had lasted two thousand years were shaken off, at least by many. For the first time since Plato the world began again to take an untrammeled view of the problem.

IV

By 1918 things had come to such a pass that even the clergy became aware that there was such a movement afoot. In America, it is true, less was said about it than in England. The American Protestant clergy are far more dependent upon the good will of their laity than are the English pastors. Here elderly vestrymen, lay deacons and women who wear long black silk shirts of inconspicuous but very costly material must be reckoned with, for they furnish and control the sinews of war. Their money pays the parson. His livelihood depends upon their support. And they will no more support a preacher who talks freely about sex than they will support one who has a sense of humor. The more solemn and sedate the pastor is the better he will succeed in an American pulpit. The God of his congregation is one that never laughs except when He sees sinners damned to the flames of Hell. And the thing above all others that damns sinners is sex. In this country when people use the word "immoral" they always mean sexually immoral. There is no other kind of "immorality" for the American Protestant.

Hence the American bishops and inferior ministers of the Protestant sects sang very small when sex began to be mentioned. It would look far better, they thought, if they appeared to know nothing at all about such a filthy subject. The very idea brought a bland, innocent, vacuous, banal expression to their faces—an expression of utter and entire ignorance, an expression that registered a total lack of interest. "Let it not once be named among you, as becometh saints," the Apostle said. (*Vide* Ephesians v:3.) They even changed the lectionary to avoid reading certain passages in the Bible before mixed congregations. The Apostles, you know, were *so* indelicate.

So the bishops of the American Episcopal Church who attended the Lambeth Conference last Summer must have been vastly disconcerted when, under the guidance of their English brethren, they were asked to endorse the following resolutions:

> The Conference emphasizes the truth that the sexual instinct is a holy thing implanted by God in human nature. It acknowledges that intercourse between husband and wife as the consummation of marriage *has a value of its own within that sacrament*, and that thereby married love is enhanced and its character strengthened. Further, seeing that the primary purpose for which marriage exists is the procreation of children, it believes that this purpose as well as the paramount importance in married life of deliberate and thoughtful self-control should be the governing consideration in that intercourse.
>
> The Conference affirms (1) the duty of parenthood as the glory of married life; (2) the benefit of a family as a joy in itself, as a vital contribution to the nation's welfare, and as a means of character-building for both parents and children; and (3) the privilege of discipline and sacrifice to this end.
>
> Where there is a clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood, the method must be decided on Christian principles. The primary and obvious method is complete abstinence from intercourse as far as may be necessary in a life of self-control lived in the power of the Holy Spirit. Nevertheless, in those cases where there is such a clearly felt moral obligation, and where there is a morally sound reason for avoiding complete abstinence, the Conference agrees *that other methods may be used*, provided that this is done in the light of the same Christian principles. The Conference records its strong condemnation of the use of any methods of conception control from motives of selfishness, luxury or mere convenience.

Now, all this may do very well in England. Over there they live by compromise. Their diplomats are past masters in the art

of reconciling opposites. They would compromise with the Devil himself. And the bishops especially are bred and born in that spirit. They can serve both God and Mammon. Ever since the day when, under the fear of Henry's ax, they declared at his bidding that the King was Supreme Head under God of the Church of England "as far as God's law doth permit", their Lordships have trimmed and hedged and compromised, claimed and yielded, asserted and retracted, offended and reconciled, wiggled and twisted. *Pavidissimi Episcopi Anglicani* they were called on the Continent. To show people how they can be both pure and impure, how they may employ contraception "in the light of Christian principles", how they may eat their cake and have it, avoid complete abstinence for "a morally sound reason", and use other methods where there is "a clearly felt moral obligation"—well, the Right Reverend Fathers in God in England may talk safely in such fashion, but their American brethren in the episcopate will scarcely press the matter successfully on this side of the Atlantic. We Americans insist on being 100% pure or not pure at all.

At the Conference some of the bishops were much disturbed by the proposals. For example, my own bishop, Dr. Paul Matthews, very sensibly dissociated himself from its sessions, remaining only as a hearer. I am amazed that he would even listen to such talk. Of course in America, quite without episcopal advice, the art of preventing conception is undoubtedly practised. But nobody talks about it. There are, indeed, a good many other things practised here that do not form subjects for conversation, much less for sermons and resolutions. If a Protestant talks about his personal conduct in such intimate matters, he scarcely consults his pastor first. Protestants, like the Cabots of Boston, talk only to God. And if a Catholic is troubled about the question he will doubtless bring it up only under the seal of the confessional. In the confessional the astute priest will tell him the rule, in his case made and provided—the latest rule set forth by whatever group of Cardinals the Pope delegates to settle such problems. In either case nobody is greatly worried, or writes letters to the New York *Times* about it, or throws up his religion because he cannot secure an official declaration that justifies his peccadillo.

On the whole, I believe that most people would far rather call a sin a sin and let it go at that. After all, what have the bishops to do with the morality of the bedroom? Do they practise contraception themselves?

V

Of course, if you put religion on a scientific, practical, common sense, everyday modern basis, the Right Reverend Fathers in God were perfectly correct in slanting in the direction of birth control. Absolutely. The vast majority of up-to-date folks had long since agreed on that. The bishops might even have gone several steps farther without shocking the world.

But religion does not rest on the basis of scientific, practical, common sense, everyday, modern facts. At least the Christian religion does not. It is supposed to rest upon authority, upon revelation, upon the Word of God. Religion requires illusion. It deals with quality. It presents ideals. It appeals to imagination. It evokes aspiration. There is something of the dramatic about it, something theatrical. To feel the quality and get the illusion you must not analyze too minutely. It does not do to bring the commonplace, the everyday, into religion. The true art consists in bringing religion into the commonplace and the everyday. Who

would care to smell the odor of cooking onions through the delicate aroma of the incense that rises from the smoking thurible? Who reads dunning letters at a play?

"When we go to church," laymen say to me, "we do not want to hear arguments and disputes about politics, or science, or higher criticism, or social service, or missions, or money. We want something different, something spiritual, something uplifting. All the week we deal with the practical side of life. We have enough problems then. On Sundays we should like a little of the peace of God."

There is something in this aspiration. The world is too much with us and Christianity has provided mankind with an hour on Sundays when they can have a little bit of Heaven, a touch of otherworldliness. Sex is a constant obsession for the mass of men. They expect from the church a counter-irritant, an antidote, a sublimation. And the Immaculate Conception, the Incarnation, the ever-virginity of the Holy Mother, sanctity, holiness, austerity, continence, purity supply that atmosphere of idealism. Psychologists may assert the close relation of the religious emotion to sensual passion. It is true enough. But the inhibitions of religion in the history of the Western World, the repression of desire, the development of the inferiority complex, do they not also account for the will-to-power, the tremendous vitality of the races that have endured them? Why, in India men are aged at thirty. The race owes an enormous debt of gratitude to the ethereal system by which the Church has dazzled the imagination of mankind. Bishops, above all, should be men of God, emitting the atmosphere of Heaven. And in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God. (*Vide* Luke xx:35, 36.)

In church the imagination of the congregation is engaged, at least in intent, with spiritual thoughts. When one sees the choir-boys in their clean white surplices, one thinks how good they are, how pious. But if one happens in at the rehearsal the day after one does not think of them as particularly devout. At best they are smudgy little boys; at worst they are little devils. Bishops are much the same. I mean that they always look pious, are always on parade, in church or out. They must stand for holy things all the time, day and night. And in the popular imagination it does not do to associate them with even normal domesticity. If they begin to mumble about sex will it not lessen their prestige?

VI

The Russian Archbishop Tikon felt that marriage for a bishop was an absurdity. Roman Catholics regard all married priests, except the Uniats, as impossible. Both Orientals and Romans exalt the ideal of virginity. It would have saved the Right Reverend Fathers in God the criticism that has arisen if they had said nothing publicly about the matter of conception control and so let down the barriers of established purity. They might better have followed the Roman practice of confession, whereby the light sins of humanity are washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and let it go at that. A little suggestion about the advantages of applied psychoanalysis might have helped in extreme cases. Then the world at large would have kept its religious illusions.

For in this modern age which questions everything the solutions that bishops offer are not apt to be regarded as conclusive. A cautious, belated, permissive, half-way measure will affect nobody. And if their Lordships, following the lead of Dean Inge, make any concessions at all to the

spirit of the age, what will the end be? If they tamper with the age-long authoritative doctrine of perfect chastity, perhaps the next step will be to question the sacred majesty of the historic monarchical episcopate itself. After all, bishops are generally regarded as the chief obstacle to the unity of Protestant Christianity. Men who "contemplate their own sessions as the Beatific Vision" and their utterances as the Voice of God, popes in their own dioceses, successors of the Apostles, the source of ecclesiastical authority—such men cannot afford to allow questionings to be publicly answered in the skeptical spirit of modern thought.

Already scholars point out that the appanage of episcopacy is not historically an essential to the Christian religion. There were, it seems, primitive churches that had no bishops. Can the world afford to lose these consecrated and godlike men, elected by the free vote of their dioceses or appointed by some Prime Minister, transformed into an Apostolic quality by the laying-on of hands to rule the inferior clergy? What would fashionable society do without their Lordships? In democratic America we have no other valid titles of nobility. I fear that the bishops have entered upon dangerous ground. In the new era of scientific truth and proletarian government there may even be no bishops at all. They were all martyred in Russia. Even Tikon was killed.

There used to be a good story told in certain circles of the inferior clergy that perhaps illustrates the problem and its various ways of solution. A certain Right Reverend Doctor Brown, Lord Bishop of Asses'-Milk-cum-Water, was making the Grand Tour in company with his wife. He registered at an hotel in Seville as "The Bishop of Asses'-Milk-cum-Water and Mrs. Brown." Whereupon the *maître d'hôtel* called him aside.

"In Spain, my lord," he whispered, "we do not let such things be known."

OKLAHOMA NOTE BOOK

BY GEORGE MILBURN

The Crutchfields

THE Crutchfield family had a hard enough time keeping together while the old lady was alive. After she died they all struck out for themselves. The Crutchfields were spoken of as a low-down outfit, but no one ever had anything but praise for the old woman. She bore the old man eighteen children before she went to her grave. All but seven of them died before they got very big.

Old Man Crutchfield started his livery-barn in the early days. No one ever questioned him too closely about where he got the horses to start with. He was a lank man with watery eyes and a tobacco-stained mustache. He was a heavy drinker and he spent most of his time sitting around the foul, cobwebby office of his livery-stable.

Sometimes he would come staggering in home, and then all the people who lived in that neighborhood would come out in their yards to watch Old Lady Crutchfield driving her man off the place. She had a violent tongue. Any time of day she could be heard yelling at some of her children. But when the old man came home drunk there wasn't anything like it. She could be heard for blocks, bawling him out.

No one blamed the old woman for that, though. She had a hard row to hoe. How she drudged, trying to keep her children in line! She had given up expecting the old man to support them. She took in washing. Mrs. Crutchfield washed so much for other people she didn't have time to wash for her own. They wore their clothes until the rags were ready to fall off their bodies. Then the old woman burned the rags and bought them new, ready-made things from mail-order houses.

The bare carpetless rooms of the Crutchfield house were always steamy with the boiling clothes. The newspapers with which the walls were papered hung down from the ceilings in strips. The long lines back of the house were laden, day in and day out.

The old woman did all the work on a rub-board. Her small boys collected the dirty clothes and delivered the clean ones in a rusty tin play-wagon they had. The old woman had her wash-tubs set out under an old tree in the yard. She used to hang her hymn-book on a nail in this tree, and she would chant hymns in a high, reedy voice, keeping time on the rub-board. Singing seemed to ease her burden.

Old Lady Crutchfield slaved, but she was never able to do more than keep her children from going hungry and naked. She sent them to grade-school. They came to school in the mornings with matter-beaded eyes. Their clothes, even when they were new, always gave off an odor of rancid bacon grease.

One day while she was working over her wash-tubs the Old Lady Crutchfield died of heart-failure. The Crutchfield children all wept loudly. One of the older boys had

a fit. At the funeral the old man's eyes were more watery than usual.

After Mrs. Crutchfield was buried, Old Man Crutchfield let the bank foreclose on the house, and he set up a bed in the harness room of his livery-stable. The children scattered. One of the boys stayed around town as an assistant to the scavenger. The others all went their ways.

The youngest Crutchfield girl was Velma. She was about sixteen. She wasn't bad looking. She went to Tulsa and got a job as waitress in the Acropolis Café. She used to embarrass people from our town by recognising them when they were in Tulsa on shopping trips and went into the Acropolis at noon.

One Winter day a cream-colored Buick stopped in front of Crutchfield's livery-stable. A showy woman in a big fur coat got out.

A little later she was up on the square, saying hello to everyone. It was Velma Crutchfield. People were so surprised they didn't know what to say. She was beautiful. She looked like a movie actress in her expensive furs and with her fingers covered with diamonds. The way she drove that Buick around, no one would ever have guessed that she was once poor white trash.

She made the rounds, showing off. Finally she stopped her car in front of the postoffice and got out and came into the lobby.

"Hello there, Mr. Elder," she said to the postmaster.

"Howdy do," he said.

"You don't know me, do you?" Velma said.

"Why now your face is—well, it's Velma Crutchfield, ain't it? Well, you sure had me fooled there for a while, Velma. What you been doing with yourself, all dressed up here like a plush pony?"

"Shake hands with Mrs. Nick Porcoupoulos, Mr. Elder. I married my boss. We own a big café in Telsy. I done right well for a ugly old girl like I, don't you think?"

"Well, I should say you did! Where's your man?"

"Oh, Nick! I left him in Telsy. I tried to get him to come down with me to meet my old man, but Nick says none of these hick towns for him. But I says, the hick towns ain't so bad if you got a lot of friends in them. I always say they ain't no place like the old home town."

"No sir-ee! That's right, Velma! How long you stayin'?"

"I got to get right back. Me and Nick just got back from our honeymoon and I got to see about getting the apartment fixed up. But I thought I had better come down and tell papa that I had changed my name to Porcoupoulos,—ain't that a pippin? And I wanted to say hello to all the home folks, too. You know you caint always sometimes tell what these home town girls will do, eh, Mr. Elder?"

Velma went on out. Along in the afternoon Old Man Crutchfield called at the general delivery window to find out whether he had any mail. Postmaster Elder began to praise Velma. What a beautiful woman she had got to be! What a fine match she had made!

"I guess you're mighty proud of her. What was the name of that man she married?"

Old Man Crutchfield stared at the postmaster out of his cold, watery blue eyes. He said, "I reckon you ain't heerd about me and Velmy, have you, Mr. Elder?"

"Why, no, I hadn't."

"Well, I've disowned Velmy. I ordered her out of my place this morning. Any woman that can so fur forget herse'f as to marry a god damn Greek ain't fitten to be no daughter of mine."

II

God Smote a Shoemaker

That man Kunkel had it coming to him. Anyway, everyone said that he had it coming to him. People knew that he couldn't go on talking like that without coming to grief.

"Now, August, you know you don't believe like that," they would tell him. "You know that man is got a soul. Even a nigger's got a soul. And you say they ain't no God. Well, if they ain't no God, who made all that prairie out there? You just talk like you do to sound big."

Such an answer to his arguments made August Kunkel mad. Usually it ended with his calling the other person a saphead and telling him to get on out of the Wear-U-Well shoe-repair shop.

August argued religion only now and then. Most of the time he chatted along pleasantly with people who came into the Wear-U-Well to wait while he mended their shoes. He never did turn down a chance to give his ideas, though.

It wouldn't do to get August Kunkel very mad. Some people got a kick out of arguing religion with him. Often they would get mad themselves. But when August told them to get out of his shop, they left. He was a huge, bull-chested man. He was bald-headed.

As long as he didn't get mad, the shoemender was a master at talking. He had as much skill as a ventriloquist. He would pick up a handful of shoe tacks and pour them into his mouth. Then he would fill up the other side of his cheek with a big quid of scrap tobacco. That was the way he got ready to talk. His shoe hammer kept time with his conversation. Sometimes people who had extra pairs of shoes that they could have worn while they were getting their everyday pairs mended would come in and sit on the bench in their stocking-feet and listen to August Kunkel talk while he pounded on new rubber heels and half-soles for them.

The shoemaker talked a lot, but he never let it interfere with his work. He kept right on pounding. The only time he ever stuck his head out of his shop was to go home at night. On Sundays he chopped wood. Sometimes he would practise wrestling with Muncy Morgan, the horseshoer at Blanc's blacksmith shop.

Along in the afternoon Ellen Kunkel, his oldest daughter, would fetch his mail from the postoffice. August kept read up on everything that was going on. Sometimes a person who had been listening to the infidel talk would defend himself by saying, "I'll tell you one thing, if you could just keep Old Kunkel off'n religion, it would be an education to listen at a man like that talk. He's a good Democrat, all right, and he can tell you more about what the Democratic party stands for than a Congressman could."

Most people allowed that August Kunkel was a smart man, even if he was an infidel. He was proud of his books. They covered one whole wall of his little four-roomed house down by the swinging bridge. The Kunkels didn't have many visitors, but August showed off his books every chance he got. He had an autographed set of Robert Ingersoll's works that he bragged about openly. There were rumors that he had many other books that it wouldn't do anybody any good to look into.

On a Sunday morning some customer would go down to Kunkel's house to ask August if he wouldn't open up the Wear-U-Well to get out a pair of Sunday shoes that had been forgotten. August would invite the customer in.

"My goodness, August, have you read all them books?" the visitor would say.

"Yes, and some of them twice. Take, for instance, this set of Ingersoll here. Did you ever see it? Autographed in Robert G. Ingersoll's own handwriting."

Mrs. Kunkel was a scrawny little woman. She never had much to say, one way or the other. Maybe she didn't feel that it was her place to say anything. She had borne August six children, and all of them were girls. Beside, she couldn't have got a better provider than August Kunkel.

He worked hard. People going past his shop at night would see his bald head reflecting the light and the mountainous curve of his great shoulders as he bent over his sewing machine, re-stitching a set of harness so that the owner could use it for the next day's hauling. Kunkel made money. His account at the bank was large enough to make even Banker Brigham speak to him in respectful tones.

But people knew that the shoemaker couldn't continue to prosper. Not blaspheming God every day in the week and sitting up in his house reading infidel books on Sundays. There were those who said that what he needed was a good hiding to teach him to keep his mouth shut. He was a strong man, though, with muscles like wire cable, and no one ever attempted to take him on.

One afternoon, when high-school let out, Ellen Kunkel came past the shop to see whether her father had any errands to run.

"El," the shoemaker said, "I had to throw that barber, Scammon, out of here a while ago. He's telling lies on you."

Ellen got pale. "Why—why, what was he saying, Papa?"

"He was saying that you and Zenoby have been going off at nights to go to the Holy Roller meetings, that filthy outfit of idiots. I'm not asking you to deny it. I know it ain't true. But I'm going to break me a barber's neck before this is over."

"Why, of course it's not true, Papa," Ellen said. "You know I've got better sense than to want to be a Holy Roller."

She started to walk out, but when she got to the door she stopped. She stood there a little while, and then she turned around.

"I'm going to tell you the truth," she said. "I never have lied to you yet, and I'm not going to start now. Anyway, not about God's business. Sister and me are both seeking God's grace. What right have you got to try and stop us? You're not going to treat us like you have Mamma, shut in like some animal all the time. Don't you reckon we want to get out and mix with other people? All my life I've been wanting to go to Sunday-school like the other kids. You made us stay at home. Zen and me are going through to Glory, and you can't stop us. I guess you've got ever'one else bluffed out all right, but you're up again' God now. Zen and me *have* been seeking the Pentecost, and when we get it we're going to be saved."

August Kunkel stood there with his mouth open, staring at his daughter. The tobacco spit glistened in two rivulets across his chin. The wet shoetacks began dropping out of his mouth.

Suddenly Ellen Kunkel threw her hands up over her head. She screamed, "Glory to Jesus! Praise His blesséd name!" She ran out of the shop.

The big shoemaker didn't move. He looked straight ahead for a long time. After a while D. K. Dilbeck, who had been sitting on the bench lacing up his shoes, got up and went out. Later others came back and tried the door. It was locked. Through the glass they could see old August sitting on his bench with his head in his hands.

That night the Holy Rollers had another big meeting in their hall up on North

Broadway. The narrow benches were crowded with spectators. Down in front, around the pulpit, the members of the congregation and the seekers sat. Ellen and Zenobia, the two Kunkel girls, were there.

At the beginning there was a testimonial meeting. One by one the converts rose to tell how they had been benefited, physically and spiritually, since they had received the baptismal fire. After that the preacher shouted an incoherent sermon. Things commenced to warm up. The organist began playing a lively hymn. The men and women were jumping in time to the music, shrilling the song.

All at once Ellen Kunkel jumped up and ran forward to fall at the foot of the altar. "Oooooh shish-kah-hah-mah-see! Oooooh rah-dah-baht-sah!" she screamed.

Her sister, Zenobia, ran after her. "Ooooh glo-ree gahgahanwan succulahah!" she cried and fell writhing on the floor beside the older girl.

The onlookers prodded one another. They nodded. "The gift of the Unknown Tongues," they murmured.

The Holy Rollers crowded around the two Kunkel girls, shouting, weeping, screaming. The organist pedaled furiously. The organ wailed on. Two or three men fell on the floor beside the two girls, frothing, chattering, winnowing on their bellies.

Ellen Kunkel was stretched out stark. Now and then her legs would twitch and she would low. The preacher knelt down to run his hands over her body, kneading her and exhorting her. Zenobia lay close by, still squirming on her back and screaming in the tongues.

That was when the front doors banged open. August Kunkel came plodding down the aisle. His thick neck was pushed forward. He was breathing like a draft horse. He came up to the circle and with one sweeping blow he knocked the crowd away from his two daughters. He jerked Ellen to her feet, slapped her on the back, shook her. Then he did the same for Zenobia. The two girls were dazed, but they stood up alone.

The Holy Roller preacher had taken refuge behind the altar. As August Kunkel turned to go the preacher leaned across to shout at him: "God will smite you for this, August Kunkel! You can knock over the Apostles all right, but you ain't no match for God. You wait and see. He'll smite you for this!"

August Kunkel twisted his head around and sent a smooth spout of tobacco juice toward the altar. The brown liquid spattered on the pages of the open Bible.

The next morning about twenty people thought to go get their shoes fixed. They began dropping into the Wear-U-Well shoe-repair shop early. August didn't want to talk at first, but after a while he got started. He talked and talked. His blasphemies had never been so frightful. His voice rose to a great shout. The thick veins on his neck bulged. His shoe hammer thumped faster and faster, harder and harder. At last, to mark one withering sentence, he brought the hammer down with a mighty blow. The steel shoelast broke under the force of it. August Kunkel shivered and crumpled down in the leather-shavings on the floor. It was like the time at a house-burning, when the roof falls in.

They all stared at the huddle of the shoemaker. Pretty soon some of them went over and picked him up. He was still breathing. Someone went for a doctor, but none was to be found.

They loaded the hulking shoemaker into a Ford and hauled him home. They carried him into the Kunkel parlor and laid him on the couch.

When Dr. Boyd came to see August,

about an hour later, he found that the Kunkels had a big fire going in their parlor heating stove. The two girls, Ellen and Zenobia, were carrying books from the shelves and dumping them into the nickel-mounted heater.

August Kunkel lay propped up on the couch, glaring malevolently at his daughters. They were tossing the last of Ingersoll's autographed works to the flames.

"Well, August, they tell me you had a paralytic stroke," Dr. Boyd said, putting down his satchel.

"That wasn't no paralytic stroke, doctor," Mrs. Kunkel said. "God smote him."

The shoemaker's blasted tongue lolled between his lips. "Ooo-oh-oool! Ohn oo eelee uh, ahtah!" he said without shifting his baleful glare.

III

Clark Peavy

"Whenever I get up to Tulsa," Clark Peavy said, "I always look me up that Chinese restaurant they got up there, and get me a plate of *chop suey*. I like *chop suey* onct in a while. It's something different."

People made fun of Clark Peavy. They knew that he didn't have any call to put on airs like that. What they didn't understand was how he expected to get away with it. Old Man Peavy was a tenant farmer, and everyone knew that Clark, his son, never had known anything better than sow belly and navy beans before he came to town. Some people thought that the way Clark went to the top in the Minnetonka Lumber Company had gone to his head.

When he graduated from high-school, instead of going back to the farm, he got a job as a roustabout in the lumber yard. He hadn't been working there more than a year when the lumber company did some switching around among their men. Clark Peavy was made manager of the branch in our town.

Clark Peavy hadn't any more than got used to wearing store clothes instead of overalls when he subscribed to the *National Geographic Magazine*. He would go around town showing people the colored photographs of foreign lands.

Clark said, "Now how would living in a place like that strike you? Me, I sure would like to go there. It's something different."

Some of the men were jealous of Clark. They didn't see what the lumber company meant, putting an ignorant farmer's boy in full charge of their yard in our town. Everyone knew how backward Clark had been in his books. He hadn't graduated from high-school until after he was twenty-one. Before long the town was snickering about the way Clark Peavy was dogging it since he had got his white-collar job.

They didn't take him seriously until he got his social recognition. That came several months later. Lil Weatherby gave a big party at her house, and Clark Peavy was invited. A lot of people thought that Lil Weatherby was a little skittish. But Mr. and Mrs. Weatherby were the upper crust in town, and Lil could get away with things that other girls couldn't.

The night of her party, Lil gave a reading. She came out dressed in the costume of a Spanish girl. Her shoulders and back were bare, but she had a red shawl thrown around them. She wore a wide-flounced skirt and her hair was piled up on her head with a big comb in it.

She perched up on the library table and threw one leg up over the other with a carefree motion. All the people were sitting around the room waiting for Lil to begin her recitation. But first she took out a cigarette. She lighted it and inhaled, just

as if it were an everyday thing for a woman to smoke in our town.

Then she began reciting a poem. The poem asked a lot of questions about, is it right to do this, and, is it wrong to do that. At the end of each verse came the Spanish question, *Quien sabe?*

After it was over people were somewhat shocked. They clapped their hands, but after that everyone sat around in silence.

There was a stir and Clark Peavy came up and began congratulating Lil Weatherby loudly. "Well, Miss Weatherby, I sure did like that piece. It was something different. Say, who was this Queen Sade? She must of been a humdinger, smoking cigarettes and all. I wisht I knowed a woman like that. A woman like that would be something different!"

Not long after that Clark came in the postoffice to send a money-order to a firm in New York City. "I'm ordering me a box of assorted sea food," he told the postmaster. "Kippered herring, canned lobster, shrimp, cavvy-air and all the likes of that. I got a circular about it through the mails the other day, and it says it's just like they eat in them ocean towns. It sure sounds good. I thought I'd try a sample box. We don't get nothing like that out here. It'll be something different."

Clark waited and waited for his sea food to come. He bothered the life out of Postmaster Elder, asking about it. It never did come. Finally the postmaster sent an inquiry to New York City for Clark, and the Postoffice Department wrote back to say that the sea food company was a fraud.

A month or so later Clark Peavy got a notice from the government, asking him to appear as a witness against the men who had sent out the sea food circulars. They were being prosecuted for using the mails to defraud. Clark went to New York City with his fare paid both ways. He stayed in a big hotel and the government paid all his expenses.

When he got back home, everyone was asking him about New York City and what kind of a time he had had.

Clark Peavy said: "Oh, sure I'm glad to get back home. I never seen anything on my trip that looked as good as home to me. But I sure had a big time in New York City. I sure liked it there. It was something different."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Sanitation

CREMATION IN THE UNITED STATES

By George G. Whitehead

Practiced heroically, although crudely, by the ancients, the art of cremation in modern times began in 1869, "in the name of public health and civilization". Launched at a meeting of the International Medical Congress at Florence in that year, the idea spread through Germany, Sweden, France, Switzerland, Denmark, Japan and the United States and finally into Australia.

Scientific incineration was unknown in America until 1876, but since then a hundred crematories have been built and approximately 350,000 bodies have been reduced to their original elements by fire. There were more cremations (26,000) in the United States in 1929 than during the entire 27-year period from 1876, when the first crematory was established at Washington, Pa., to 1903, when 28 crematories were in operation.

California, Oregon and Washington are now cremating almost 30% of their dead, and thus pointing the way for the rest of the country where the general average is less than 2%. Forty-eight of the country's 100 crematories are on the West Coast. Los Angeles cremates 2,000 bodies annually. Oakland, Fresno, Seattle and other Pacific slope cities have crematories that are works of a considerable architectural pretension.

In the East, Brooklyn and Boston are the principal cremation centers. The United States Cremation Company in Brooklyn has been averaging almost 2,000 incinerations a year. Boston, where the Cremation Association of America met in annual convention last September, is a close contender. In Forest Hills Cemetery alone 4,915 cremations have been recorded in the last eleven years, reaching a peak of 511 in 1929.

Frank Gibson, a crematory builder who died recently in Los Angeles, witnessed and described the first modern cremation in the United States. The subject was Baron de Palm, prince of the Holy Roman Empire and a native of Augsburg, Bavaria. He had died in New York in 1875. The LeMoyne crematory at Washington, Pa., was under construction then, and his body was embalmed and placed in a receiving vault until its cremation was possible. At two o'clock on the morning of December 6, 1876, the fires were kindled and health officials and press representatives from all over the country assembled to witness the process. By 8:30 A.M. the retort had been heated to 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The remains were then placed inside for a four-hour period. At the end of that time the ashes were sprinkled with perfume and deposited in a vase for preservation.

While not performed in a crematory, the first Caucasian cremation in the United States was that of Col. Henry Laurens, president of the First Congress. One of his daughters, who had apparently died of small-pox, revived when the casket was placed in front of an open window, and ever after that Colonel Laurens harbored a fear of being buried alive. So when he died his body was cremated in his garden at Charleston, S. C. That was in 1792.

Shortly afterward, the remains of his close friend, Henry Barry, were cremated at Marion, S. C.

Three great obstacles block the more rapid progress of cremation: tradition, religious prejudice, and the financial profit from other forms of interment. Those literalists who believe in the resurrection of the physical body are—some of them—against cremation. They argue that it may throw obstacles in God's way when the time comes to reassemble the body. This seems to be rather an audacious limitation of an omnipotent God. The fact that the raising of the body would itself be a miracle and that the atoms are just as widely dispersed by earth burial as by incineration is overlooked.

While sentimental tradition and religious prejudice are being broken down, the third element, commercial advantage, remains to beset the advance of cremation. Not many undertakers support it, for it deprives them of the sale of water-tight grave vaults, metallic caskets, and similar very profitable luxuries. Cremation greatly reduces the cost of a funeral. In California, for instance, the lowest price of a perpetual care grave is $65, and to it must be added from $5 to $20 for the grave box, from $25 up to thousands of dollars for a marker, and an unlimited sum for a casket, whereas, in cremation, metallic caskets are taboo, the process of incineration costs no more than $35 or $50, and a niche with room enough for two urns may be had for as little as $22.50, or for a family of four to eight, at from $75 up, including a bronze panel. In London, where at one time twenty-four acres were required annually to bury the city's dead, the cremation of paupers has been reduced to an average cost of $1.

With the rapid growth of cities and the consequent filling of the older cemeteries, with the restrictions being made against the opening of new cemeteries close to populous neighborhoods, with the rigorous enforcement of health laws and the rapid advance in scientific thought, earth burial seems doomed in favor of cremation. Many cities now operate their own crematories. This is the case with the new Highland Park plant in Cleveland. There, in July of this year, I found that as many bodies had been incinerated during the seven months since January 1 as had been cremated during the entire year of 1929.

In Japan, cremation has become almost universal. Germany leads the nations of Europe. The Cremation Society of England numbers 1,000 members. In Vienna one-tenth of the people who died in 1929 were cremated, though only three years ago cremation was unknown in Austria. The Vienna crematory is operated by the Socialist government at cost. The fee is about $6.

The mortality rate in the United States is substantially twelve a thousand. On a basis of 123,000,000 population, we require nearly 500 acres annually for burial purposes. One acre of columbaria (chapels of urn interment) would house the nation's annual dead.

Aryan mythology and folk lore are replete with references to the funeral pyres of heroes, but it has remained for modern mechanical skill to perfect the art of cremation. Fire is now accomplishing in ninety minutes the same end that nature requires at least a quarter of a century to bring about.

The process of cremation is simple. Its foundation is the plain principle of gas combustion. The receiving chamber where the casket is placed, following the customary services, is lined with either fire brick or carborundum. Gas or crude oil produce the heat. Until recently the retort was uni-

versally pre-heated, but now the tendency is to initiate the process after the body has been placed in position.

The operation requires from one to two hours, and there is neither smoke nor odor. The moisture and gases are vented through a camouflaged flue, and on the hearth there remain from four to ten pounds of shell-like ashes. The lighter ashes from casket and clothing have been fanned away, and the metal plates and handles have been melted. All iron particles are removed from the ashes by magnets. These ashes are either buried, retained in urns or scattered. In the third instance pulverization is necessary, for the ashes are in fragments and not in a powder when removed from the retort. The urns used for interment or as repositories usually are of bronze, and measure about six inches wide and ten inches high.

The Catholic church has taken a positive attitude against cremation. On May 16, 1886, the Holy Office issued a decree declaring: "(1) It is not licit to subscribe one's name to societies that advocate cremation; (2) It is not licit to arrange for or order the cremation of one's own or any other person's body." Catholic workmen may not take any direct part in a cremation. The *Catholic World* has declared that cremation is: "(1) Contrary to divine or natural law; (2) Inclined to diminish reverence for the dead; (3) Counter to the ancient and traditional usage of the church; (4) Associated almost exclusively with the aims and spirit of unbelievers who question the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body."

Modern Jews generally agree that the Old Testament does not demand earth burial, but Orthodox Jews do not practice cremation. So long ago as 1892 the Central Conference of American Rabbis resolved that they would not refuse to officiate at cremations on the ground that the process was anti-Jewish or irreligious.

Among those, past and present, who have approved and, in many cases, requested cremation are: George Ade, Maud Ballington Booth, Charles W. Eliot, Clarence Darrow, Eugene V. Debs, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, Zona Gale, John Galsworthy, George W. Goethals, Wilfred T. Grenfell, H. Rider Haggard, Norman Hapgood, Burton Holmes, David Starr Jordan, Charles Rann Kennedy, Jack London, Robert E. Peary, Edward A. Ross, Garrett P. Serviss, Charles M. Sheldon, Upton Sinclair, Lorado Taft, Augustus Thomas, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Gertrude Atherton, Frances E. Willard, Bishop Samuel Fallows, Victor Herbert, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Hugo Münsterberg, Viscount Bryce, Bonar Law, Henry James, Herbert Spencer, Ellen Terry, Lillian Nordica, Frau Cosima Wagner, Fridtjof Nansen, Maud Powell and Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Robert J. Guthrie of the Valhalla crematory in St. Louis says that the reason cremation in the East is not progressing as rapidly as in the West is because, for the most part, the Eastern crematories are not made attractive to the public. In general, Eastern cremations are a preparation of the body for the ground, while Western cremations are chiefly for urn burial in columbaria. Curiously enough, in the Southern States, where, because of wet soil, interment below the surface is often impractical, cremation is least practiced. South of Cincinnati and east of San Antonio, the only Southern crematory is at Orlando, Florida. New Orleans has no crematory.

The original LeMoyne crematory at Washington, Pa., has been discarded, but the nation is dotted with other crematories, located as follows: Buffalo, Detroit (3),

Los Angeles (5), Cincinnati, St. Louis (2), Philadelphia, Troy, N. Y., Davenport, Iowa, Waterville, N. Y., Chicago (5), San Francisco (3), Boston, Pasadena (2), Milwaukee (2), Washington (3), Ft. Wayne, Ind., St. Paul, Cambridge, Mass., Cleveland (2), Portland, Oregon (2), Oakland, Calif. (2), Denver, Seattle (7), Indianapolis, Baltimore, Linden, N. J., Tacoma, North Bergen, N. J., Minneapolis, Sacramento, Springfield, Mass., Pittsburgh (4), Rochester, N. Y., Omaha, Fresno, Pendleton, Ore., Spokane (2), San Diego (2), Salem, Ore., Des Moines, Kansas City (2), Stockton, Calif. (4), Salem, Mass., Glendale, Calif., San Bernardino, Calif., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Hollywood, Calif., Rockford, Ill., Berkeley, Calif., Bellingham, Wash., (2), Cedar Rapids, San Antonio, Phoenix, Toledo, Santa Barbara and Pomona, Calif., Orlando, Fla., Long Beach, Calif. (2), Atascadero, Calif., Redondo, Calif., and Wenatchee, Wash.

Canadian crematories are found in Montreal and Vancouver. Hawaii has three in Honolulu and one each in Hilo, Kauai and Maui. And there is a United States crematory in Ancon, Panama.

Philology

THE ARGOT OF THE RACKETEERS

By James P. Burke

In this list I omit much of the slang that is common to all American criminals, and confine myself mainly to words and phrases used only by the new race of racketeers. Some of the terms are merely adaptations of older terms; others are quite new. A few very pungent ones have had to be omitted on grounds of decorum.

A

Alky, *n.*: Alcohol.
"He's in the alky racket."

Airdale, *n.*: One who is employed on the waterfront by bootleggers.
"Pay no attention to the airdale."

An in: An introduction; to place in a position to bribe.
"Get me an in with the skipper of that precinct."

Angle, *v.*: To scheme.
"We angle so the monkey takes the fall."

B

Bad news, *n.*: Trouble.
"Sucker, stay out of me district! It's bad news if you don't."

Baloney, *n.*: An automobile tire.
"Go glom me two baloneys for me boat."

Bat, *n.*: A prostitute.
"The bat's copper-hearted."

Bend, *v.*: To steal.
"We bend a boat to hist the hooch."

Blot out, *v.*: To kill.
"Blot out the lousy stool."

Blow off, *n.*: The culmination; finis.
"Two loads jacked. That's the blow off. You're through."

Blow wise, *v.*: To grasp the meaning of; to become informed on.
"Blow wise to what I'm spieling."

Boiler, *n.*: A still.
"Get a boiler an' muscle in on the alky racket."

Bouncer, *n.*: A worthless check.
"I think he's regular and he slips me a bouncer."

Breeze, *v.*: To leave.
"Breeze, monkey, or get guzzled!"

Bug, *n.*: A burglar-alarm.
"The casa's bugged."

Build, *n.*: Preparatory work.
"We build the sap for the scare an' the shamus queers the play."

Bunk, *n.*: Synthetic liquor.
"Say, this ain't McCoy; it's bunk."

Buried, *v.*: To be held incommunicado by the police.
"We try to spring him, but they got him buried."

Buttons, *n.*: A uniformed police officer.
"There's the buttons."

Buzz, *v.*: To give confidential information; to whisper.
"Lay off on the buzz."

C

Cab-joint, *n.*: A house of prostitution which gets its patronage through taxicab drivers.
"Me moll an' sister-in-law is workin' a cab-joint."
Camera-eye, *n.*: A retentive memory for faces.
"Put him on the door. He's camera eye."
Case-dough, *n.*: A very limited amount of money.
"Aw shamus, have a heart! I'm down to case-dough."
Catholic, *n.*: A pickpocket.
"Work? Hell no, me broad's a catholic."
Caught in a snow-storm, *v.*: To be drugged with cocaine.
"Me broad gets caught in a snow-storm an' goes meshuga."
Chisler, *n.*: A small operator; a petty thief.
"We got to run the chislers out. They ruin the racket."
Clerk, *n.*: An employé of a gambling house.
"I get me a job as clerk in a creep joint."
Cold-meat, *n.*: A corpse.
"Get me, sucker: lay off or you'll be cold meat."
Cold-meat cart, *n.*: A hearse.
"Ambulance hell! It's the cold-meat cart you want."
Collar, *v.*: To arrest.
"What do you think? The lousy bull makes a collar on me."
College, *n.*: A reformatory.
"Say, I'm no punker. Wasn't I in college?"
Cook, *v.*: To reclaim denatured alcohol.
"We cook this alky so it's as good as McCoy."
Copper-hearted, *adj.*: To be by nature a police informer.
"Is that broad copper-hearted? And how!"
Creep-joint, *n.*: A gambling house that moves to a different apartment each night.
"Nothing's going but creep- and steer-joints."
Cut, *v.*: To dilute liquor with water and alcohol.
"Naw, we don't cut hooch any more; we make the bunk with malt."

D

Declare in, *v.*: To obtain an interest by force or threat.
"I declare meself in on the cleaners' racket."
Dinah, *n.*: Nitroglycerine.
"We got to get dinah for them pine-apples."
Doughnut, *n.*: An automobile tire.
"We clout ten doughnuts an' call it a day."
Drill, *v.*: To shoot.
"Go drill the mutt. He's strictly stool."
Dropper, *n.*: A paid killer.
"We got to send East for a couple of droppers."
Dance-hall, *n.*: The death house of a penal institution.
"I'm layin' in the dance-hall when he sends me a lifeboat."

E

End, *n.*: Share.
"I muscle in for an end of the beer racket."

F

Feelers, *n.*: Questions asked for the purpose of extracting information.
"I put in the feelers an' find they are cuttin' in."
Finger man, *n.*: A person who obtains detailed information.
"He's finger man for a mob."
Finger's end, *n.*: Ten percent of the take.
"Say, you gees, I want more than the finger's end on this."
Foolish powder, *n.*: Heroin.
"The mutts bang up on foolish powder an' go on the hist."
Fog, *v.*: To shoot.
"They fixin' to hist me load, so I takes me heat an' fogs 'em."
Freight, *n.*: Liquor in transit across the border.
"The wholesaler gambles the freight; I gamble me boat."

G

Give up, *v.*: To turn informer.
"That mutt! One sock in the puss and he'd give up."

Go for, *v.*: To have implicit confidence in.
"I go for that gee. He's a righto."
Gofor, *n.*: A dupe.
"Listen monkey, don't be a gofor all your life."
Goy, *n.*: A gentile.
"The mob's strictly goy, see?"
Grease, *n.*: Money paid for protection.
"With all these new monkeys on the river the grease's too stiff."

H

Heat, *v.*: Trouble.
"Either take our beer or it's plenty of heat for yours."
Herder, *n.*: A guard in a penal institute.
"That herder's strictly wrong."
Hide out, *n.*: A place of refuge.
"A hide out? I'll give you a kite to Old Lill in Toledo."
Hist, *v.*: To hold up; to hyjack.
"We hist the mutt's plant for fifty cases of skee."
Hood, *n.*: A criminal.
"None of those St. Louie hoods are going to cut in here, see?"
Hot grease, *n.*: Trouble.
"That broad put me in the hot grease with the law."
Hot-seat, *n.*: The electric chair.
"He draws the hot-seat for taking that rat."

I

In line, *adv.*: Amenable; in accord with the prevailing standards or code.
"Get in line or we smoke you."
Inside, *v.*: To be incarcerated.
"He's inside with a ten space hitch."
Italian foot-ball, *n.*: A bomb.
"He gets out of line, so they kick an Italian foot-ball round his dump."

J

Jake, *adj.*: All right.
"Five skins a case freight is jake by me."
Jiggabo, *n.*: A Negro.
"Me broad's squawkin' the jiggabo hop tries to make her."
Jinny, *n.*: A blind pig.
"From here out this jinny takes ten half barrels a week, see?"

K

Kabitz, *n.*: Unwanted advice.
"Ixnay on the kabitz. Get me?"
Kick back, *v.*: To return to the victim that of which he has been robbed.
"Kick back with that hooch or we give you the works."
Kick over, *v.*: To rob.
"We kick over the spot for five yards."
Knock off, *v.*: To raid; to arrest.
"The feds knock off the scatter."
Kosher, *adj.*: Not guilty of; above reproach; clean.
"Listen shamus, you got me wrong. I'm strictly kosher."

L

Labor-skate, *n.*: An official of a labor union.
"So I says to the labor-skate, 'Screw, monkey! I'm a noble on this job, see?'"
Larceny, *n.*: Dishonest cupidity.
"A sucker's heart is always full of larceny."
Light artillery, *n.*: A drug addict who uses a hypodermic needle.
"Lay away from him: he's light artillery."
Lifeboat, *n.*: A pardon or commutation of sentence.
"He goes stool for a lifeboat."
Lip, *n.*: A lawyer.
"So I says, 'Get a lip for a writ an' I'll lam.'"

M

McCoy, *adj.*: Genuine liquor.
"This is McCoy. You can't fake Quebec wrappers."
Meshuga, *adj.*: Crazy.
"He draws sol till he's meshuga."
Muscle in, *v.*: To secure a share by force.
"Broke? Go muscle in some beer-joint."

N

Needle, *v.*: To make near-beer intoxicating by injecting ether or alcohol.
"This beer knocks you for a loop. It's needled with ether."
Noble, *n.*: A guard for strike breakers.
"Me work? Don't be foolish. I'm a noble, I am."
Nose, *n.*: A police spy.
"On the Erie it's a nose."
Nut, *n.*: The cost of an operation; overhead.
"I quit freightin'. Too much nut."

O

On the cuff: Credit.
"The mutt puts me on the cuff for the drinks."
On the Erie: Shut up; someone is listening.
"The best way is to go on the Erie."
On the muscle: Angry; quarrelsome.
"He busts up to me strictly on the muscle. So I let him have it."
Out, *n.*: An alibi.
"The lip comes through with a swell out for me."
Out of turn: Not in accord with the code.
"You're strictly out of turn. Get in line."

P

Patsy, *adj.*: All right.
"The mutt offices patsy and we walk into a collar."
Pay-off man, *n.*: The cashier of a mob.
"Leave it to the pay-off man to do the squaring."
Piece, *n.*: A share.
"He muscles in for a piece of the cleaners' racket."
Plant, *n.*: A cache where liquor is stored; a place where synthetic liquor is made.
"He's got a thirty-case plant in a Hudson."
"That mob has a hundred-gallon boiler in their plant."
Play, *v.*: To scheme; to rob; to gamble.
"We make a play on their plant, but don't score."
Promote, *v.*: To steal.
"We got to promote a boat to run the stuff in."
Puller, *n.*: A smuggler of liquor.
"The pullers use faster boats than the feds."
Put in the middle, *v.*: To place in an untenable position.
"What's the idea? Trying to put me in the middle with the law?"
Put the cross on, *v.*: To mark for death; to place on the spot.
"Lay off, Smoky, or we put the cross on you, see?"
Putt-putt, *n.*: An out-board motorboat used in liquor running.
"A sneaker's no good. Water's too shallow. Got to use a putt-putt."

R

Racket, *n.*: A criminal vocation.
"That gee's in the Association racket."
Ranked, *adj.*: Gone awry.
"The play's ranked."
Rib, *v.*: To beguile.
"We rib the sap that it's McCoy and he goes for it."
Rosco, *n.*: A hand gun.
"They settle him on a rosco rap."
Runner, *n.*: One who transports liquor from the border to inland towns.
"He's a torpedo for a big runner."

S

Scare, *n.*: The extortion racket.
"That torpedo is with a mob on the scare."
Scatter, *n.*: A resort. Usually refers to a blind pig.
"The feds just knock off Bill's scatter."
Set in, *v.*: To be protected.
"Don't let the law worry you. I'm set in, I am."
Settle, *v.*: To be sentenced to prison.
"He goes to the counter and gets settled for a nickel."
Shackester, *n.*: An extortionist.
"The shackesters put the town on the fritz."
Shake, *v.*: To extort money by torture or threat of death.
"Tony puts all the creep-joints on the shake."
Shag, *adj.*: Worthless.
"The white stuff we run off is shag."
Shamus, *n.*: A police officer; a stool pigeon.
"Ewscray sitay shamus."
Sister-in-law, *n.*: When a man has two women working for him he is said to have a sister-in-law.
"His broad won't go for the sister-in-law thing. She turns him in."
Skiboo, *n.*: A gun-fighter.
"The monkey's a skiboo for a mob."
Skipper, *n.*: The officer in charge of a precinct.
"I goes to the skipper and fronts for the mutt."
Slam off, *v.*: To die.
"Here we think him a big shot and he slams off with a cold."

Sleeper, *n.*: A night watchman.
"We case the spot and peg the sleeper."
Slim, *n.*: A police spy.
"They make the slim and put the cross on him."
Sneaker, *n.*: A motor-boat used in liquor smuggling which depends on stealth rather than speed.
"We pick a sneaker up at the fed auction and get goin' in the racket."
Sneeze, *v.*: To kidnap.
"They sneeze the booty and get ten grand."
Spear, *v.*: To arrest.
"They spear Micky with a transport rap."
Spill, *n.*: A railway station.
"He makes the spill but they swamp him."
Spot, *n.*: A place; usually refers to a landing place for liquor.
"You got to work strictly on the sneak. All the spots are hot."
Squeeze, *n.*: Graft.
"The border patrol are strictly off the squeeze."
Stool mark, *n.*: A brand put on the face of a stool pigeon, made by a cut on the face from the cheekbone down to the jaw.
"Lay away from that gee. He's stool-marked."
Swamp, *v.*: To arrest.
"Our motor goes hay wire and we get swamped by the feds."

T

Tip over, *n.*: A raid made on a blind pig without a warrant.
"We'll be open in an hour. It was only a tip over."
Tommy, *n.*: A machine-gun.
"They got a tommy in the boat."
Tommy gee, *n.*: A machine-gunner.
"He's tommy gee for the mob."
Torpedo, *n.*: An assassin.
"They bring a torpedo here from St. Louie."
Trap, *n.*: A place of concealment for liquor in the body of an automobile or truck.
"Pipe this. Ain't it a honey of a trap job?"
Trigger man, *n.*: An assassin; a body guard.
"He's trigger man for Big Tony."
Turret, *n.*: A steel sheeted cage used to protect the guards of a gambling house, or of a bootlegger's warehouse.
"They build a turret in their plant."
Turret man, *n.*: A guard.
"That scragger? He's a turret man for Whity."

W

Ways, *n.*: Shares.
"We cut the gelt three ways."
Weed, *v.*: To steal from the loot more than one's share.
"This dough's been weeded. The sheet says the score was three gee an' there's only two here."
Whip over, *v.*: To smuggle liquor.
"We got some freight for you to whip over."
White (or white stuff), *n.*: Alcohol.
"We boil fifty gallon of white a day."
Wiper, *n.*: An assassin.
"They got a St. Louie wiper in Spike's mob."
Woody, *adj.*: Insane.
"They give him sol till he's woody."
Wrong, *adj.*: Contrary to the code of the underworld.
"That broad's strictly wrong."

Y

Yentz, *v.*: To cheat.
"They try to yentz me out of me end."

AMERICAN CHURCH BUILDERS

BY F. R. WEBBER

An old axiom assures us that we may read a nation's history in her architecture. Like all axioms, this one stands in need of careful editing. Obviously, we cannot read a nation's history in her banks, public libraries, office buildings or fire-engine stations. These things are never allowed to stand long enough to enable us to make comparisons. They are demolished and rebuilt on a bigger and better scale, and this is done quite frequently.

In the case of churches the matter is somewhat different. Churches are allowed to stand far longer than cigar-box factories, theatres, or post-offices. Churchwardens are a thrifty lot at best. If their place of worship is built well enough to resist the ravages of time, it has a good chance of surviving indefinitely. We have one church in the United States that is just short of 300 years old, and still in use, and we have two or three others that are nearly 250.

It is true, of course, that many a church vanishes every year. Some are struck by lightning and burned. Tornadoes demolish others. Fire takes its toll. Many are so poorly built that they do not last very long. Still others are overtaken by encroaching steel mills, pretzel factories, or foreign-born populations. In other cases the land becomes so valuable that the shrewd vestrymen sell out and move to the suburbs. And yet a surprising number of the churches of earlier generations remain to this day. From their mossy walls and mildewed basements one may read the story of the nation's changing social mind, and the gradual change in its æsthetic tastes.

It is a wonder that more attention has not been paid to this matter in America. A whole truckload of excellent books exists on church building in England, and French church building is well represented in all the public libraries. Every high-school boy is taught the names, at least, of the Norman Period, the Transitional, the Early English, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular. But who ever hears of our own American Colonial Period, our Swedish and Pennsylvania Dutch versions of the Gothic, our Georgian Meeting-House episode, our Victorian Gothic, our Richardsonian Romanesque, our Theatre-Plan style, or the American Rottenesque of the Rooseveltian Age? Yet we have gone through all these, and other periods of church building, and every epoch from Colonial days onward has left us examples for comparison. Their planning, their manner of construction, their materials and general design speak eloquently of the people who built them, to say nothing of the spirit of the age.

II

The oldest existing place of worship in America is said to be St. Luke's Church at Smithfield, Va. Ralph Adams Cram says that it is "a pathetic reminiscence of

Gothic in its square tower, stepped buttresses and pointed windows." It was built in 1632.

The Old Swedes Church, in Wilmington, Del., is said to be the oldest building that has been in continuous use since pre-Revolutionary days. It was built in 1698-1699. The first pastor, the Rev. Ericus Tobias Biorck, seems to have been the architect. He was a man of diplomacy, for he convinced his people that they ought to build a much finer church than they had originally planned. As a general rule the clergyman plans a fine church and his building committee persuades him to build on a much more economical scale. The Wilmington Swedes wanted a building 20 x 30 feet in size, with walls 12 feet high, but Pastor Biorck persuaded them to build one 30 x 60 feet in interior dimensions, with walls 20 feet high. He organized his men into groups, and they hauled great quantities of blue granite to the building site. The walls are no less than three feet in thickness up to the window sills; from there on they diminish to two feet. The building remains in excellent condition to this day. The belfry and the two curious pseudo-transepts are later additions. There is no basement for oyster suppers and pinochle games, for the stone pavement is laid directly upon the ground in true European fashion. Some of the pioneers are buried within the church, under this pavement. The Lutherans used the building for many years.

Gloria Dei Church in Philadelphia is the closest contestant with Wilmington for years of service. This old church was built a year later. It is of brick, 30 x 60 feet in size, with a polygonal chancel. It was built by Andrew Rudman, another early Lutheran pioneer. It was used by the Lutherans for 130 years, and services were held in English, Swedish and German. About a century ago it was taken over by the Episcopalians.

These three churches are said to be the oldest places of worship in America, outside the Spanish areas. Their design and construction reflect the pioneer spirit. They are severely plain, with but few attempts at ornament. And yet there is a solidity about them, especially in the case of the Wilmington church, that is very impressive. The early church builders were plain, solid men, and they built plain, solid churches. They did much of the work with their own hands.

The early churches in Eastern Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey and New York were usually built after the same style as the Smithfield, Wilmington and Philadelphia churches. Sometimes they were of logs, again of brick or stone. Whatever the material, the design was simple. It was a rectangle, and unbroken as a rule by transepts or subsidiary rooms. A small sacristy for the clergyman was the only minor part. At first there was not even a belfry or vestibule; where these exist one will usually notice that they are not bonded into the wall of the church itself. Parish records reveal the fact that they are later additions.

It was a day when religion was a stern business. There was a complete separation of worship and social relaxation. The modern sauer-kraut supper and Friday night bridge party were unknown. There was no long list of parish organizations, each demanding a separate clubroom. There were no church gymnasia, for the young men of those pioneer days got sufficient exercise felling trees and digging out white oak stumps. The church had no shower baths, for the creek was near at hand. There were no basements under the first churches, and heating plants were lacking. In the earliest days the people

took hot bricks to church with them in Winter to keep their feet warm. Later the red-hot stove in the end of the church put in its appearance. It was a primitive age, and frills and ornaments were unknown. The fact is reflected in the plain old buildings with their thick, solid walls.

The Colonial Period was followed by the Georgian Meeting-House episode. This type of building, like most American church types, was brought over from England. Sir Christopher Wren was in his glory from about 1670 to 1723. He filled London with such triumphs as St. Michael's Cornhill, St. Clement Danes and St. Martin's Ludgate Hill. James Gibbs built the famous St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in 1721-1726. The style was brought over to America, and before many years every New England village was proud of its Georgian meeting-house.

The typical Georgian church was a perfect index to the spirit of those days. It was made up of a bare, square room, as devoid of religious atmosphere as the thrifty Colonial dame's well-swept kitchen. Galleries ran around three sides. There were large windows filled with plain glass. The groined ceilings were constructed not of stone, but of lath and plaster. The whole interior was whitewashed. No money was wasted anywhere except upon the end of the building facing the street. That usually boasted classical columns made of planks neatly nailed together, painted white, and sanded in order to make the old ladies and children think they were stone. Above these hollow columns was a classic gable, also of wood, and rising above it was a spire done in setback style, which telescoped its way heavenward until it ended triumphantly in a weather-vane.

These Georgian churches expressed most admirably the nature of the men and women who built them. They were a severely plain group of people, thrifty, unimaginative, detesting any outward appearance of feeling or emotion, and proud of the final whitewash of a meticulous morality. Their great classic columns, made of thin planks nailed together, painted and sanded, were logical products of an age that concerned itself largely with outward appearances. It was an age in which church deacons dared not drink, at least in public. Every old saint who had endured for forty years the gatling-gun tongue of a high-tempered wife, said hollowly after her departure, "It is an awful blow, and one that I must learn to bear with fortitude."

III

Early in the Nineteenth Century there was a Gothic revival in England. A noted French architect, Augustus Pugin, was then practicing his profession in London. His equally gifted son, A. Welby Pugin, was his right-hand man. The two gave the world the most remarkable series of volumes on Gothic art that has ever been published. Scores of other works on the same subject appeared soon afterward. Students were sent all over England and set at work making careful measured drawings of old buildings. The result was a great revival of interest in the Gothic style, which had died out in the days of Henry VIII.

America, always on the alert to imitate England in all things pertaining to ecclesiastical art, welcomed this revival. Important churches showing its influence appeared in Philadelphia, Louisville, Rochester, Hartford, New York and elsewhere. These buildings were soberly called Gothic. In reality they were nothing more than versions of the old meeting-house

wearing a medieval false face. The square nave was retained, with its high side walls and plaster vaults. The chancel was still a mere niche for an inconspicuous communion table, or else for a cheap pipe-organ with numerous make-believe pipes. But the windows became long and pointed, with mullions and tracery jig-sawed out of wood, and painted to look like stone. Wooden crockets were nailed to the spire, and sheet-metal corner turrets stuck upward like spikes threatening to impale the circling pigeons. By far the best thing that appeared during this Gothic revival was Old Trinity, at the head of Wall street in New York. It was built about 1842 by an able architect named Upjohn, and stands to this day, looking reproachfully down Wall street as it has done for almost ninety years.

The Gothic revival casts an important light upon the state of American civilization in those stirring days of James Monroe, the Missouri Compromise, Nullification, beaver hats and trouble with the Injuns. It was an age when the smug Puritan whitewash of outward holiness had begun to give way to a rising ostentation. People were beginning to "put on style". The railway train and the prairie schooner had been invented. The pointed, crocketed spires of wood which Americans built upon their churches were economical imitations of the stone spires of England. The Yankee wanted the same effect, but he wanted it in a hurry, and with the greatest amount of show for the least possible outlay of money.

As time went on some of the liturgical sects, such as the Roman Catholics, the Episcopalians and the Lutherans, attempted to adapt the new Gothic meeting-house to their needs. The churches that they built came to be known as Victorian Gothic. Almost every large American city still has one or two of them. The nave of the Victorian church was generally longer than in the meeting-house type. The roof was steep in pitch. There was a west tower on the main axis of the building, but it was a ridiculously thin thing, pushed apologetically back into the nave to the extent of half its ground area. At the other end was a shallow chancel, always with two corners lopped off so as to form half an octagon. In each side wall were four or five windows about two feet wide and twelve feet high, with pointed heads. Glass of the crudest color filled the windows.

In the chancel of a Victorian Gothic church was a wooden altar painted white. Back of it towered a lofty reredos, splendid with a veritable forest of vertical spikes and coarse crockets. Plaster images often filled the niches of the altar. In Episcopal and Lutheran churches these were generally of unpainted plaster, and were confined to the Four Evangelists. In Roman Catholic churches later saints were often admitted, and given vestments of gorgeous blue, green and red paint.

The typical Victorian church, regardless of denomination, had an elaborate system of wood beams neatly painted upon the plastered ceiling, shadows and all. The panels formed by these painted beams were adorned by stencil borders in bold color, and the side walls also got due attention from the man with the stencil and paint pot. Above the altar were heavy, salmon-colored thunder-heads, out of which issued flushed angels holding palm leaves. Other huge symbols were often painted in strategic places on the walls.

Victorian Gothic was the natural product of its age. We all recall the silly efforts at domestic adornment in those days. Houses appeared with towers, iron railings on the roof, and porches that ran around all sides. The living-room was called the

parlor, and was never opened except in case of such calamities as a funeral or unexpected company. This parlor had padded chairs, a center table with a marble slab, and a rack in one corner filled with sea shells. There were crayon portraits on the walls, numerous vases and jars on the mantel shelf, a glass case filled with dried funeral flowers, a framed picture of a child lying in a casket, a vase full of peacock feathers, and an old square piano upon which stood the scores of "General Sigel's Grand March," "The Philadelphia Quickstep," "Old Dan Tucker" and other masterpieces of the age that came to an ignominious end when cake-walks and tandem bicycles were invented.

Today these embellishments of life no longer exist, but many old Victorian churches remain, with their imitation ceiling beams and plaster columns marked off to look like stone. But they have lost most of their slender spires, because these were made of wood, and their exterior ornament in sheet metal has long since rusted away. Their walls, however, still stand, and so do their thin buttresses and their lofty western choir lofts. An old theatre was recently demolished in Cleveland. When the surface veneer of yellow brick was removed, the astonished populace discovered a Victorian Gothic church.

IV

Before the Victorian Period had come to an end two other styles waged a brief battle for supremacy. The fates must have been in a merry mood, because the protagonist of the one was an architect of outstanding ability, and pitted against him was a small-town Methodist Sunday-school superintendent.

In the year 1866, Lewis Miller, superintendent of the Sunday-school in what was then the little town of Akron, Ohio, worked out a new idea. Why not build a religious plant after the fashion of a railway round-house, letting the various classes retreat into their separate classrooms for the lesson, and then come out again for a general service after the lesson was over? He broke the idea to an architect named Jacob Snyder, and the First M. E. Church in Akron was the result. It was the product of an age that was dissatisfied with existing things, and hankered for something different.

While the Akron Plan was struggling for recognition, an architect of unusual creative genius appeared in Boston. He was Henry Hobson Richardson. Likewise dissatisfied with existing things, he created a new style since known as the Richardsonian Romanesque. Just why it is called Romanesque is not clear, unless it is because Richardson chose to use the round arch. His plans were certainly an innovation. His use of immense arches, with blocks of rough stone of gigantic size for the arch voussoirs, his crushing central towers, his red granite walls of rustic ashlar, combined with his picturesque piling up of masses, his fine sense of scale and his feeling for astonishing detail stamped him at once as a creative artist and not a mere copyist.

He was widely imitated. His new style was welcomed in an age that was eager for something out of the ordinary. In a few years there were Richardsonian Romanesque churches, public libraries, college buildings and even railway stations throughout all the Eastern States. The Pittsburgh Court-house, Richardson's own work, is one of his best things. His famous Trinity Church, on Boston's Copley Square, is known the world over.

His career was short. He built Trinity Church in 1876 and died about ten years

later. Popular as was the style that he originated, it was destined to give way to its rival, the Akron Plan, which had been spreading malignantly in every direction from what was later to be the Rubber City.

It held sway from 1866 to about 1906. The church of this period is laid out on the plan of a Greek cross with very shallow arms, or else as an octagon. The main floor is perched a dozen or so steps above grade. There are thin, low towers of unequal height on the two corners facing the street. Flights of stone steps lead up to doorways in these towers. The floor of the church slopes sharply downward toward one corner. In this corner is a small stage-like platform, with a great expanse of organ pipes back of it. There is a table with a pitcher of water and a tumbler on it. There is a pedestal-like pulpit and half a dozen high-backed chairs. The platform is —or used to be—covered by a bright ingrain carpet. A quartette choir is located on a second platform a few feet above the preaching platform.

This preaching platform, at the start, was built on an arc of a circle. To the right of it was a huge door that rose up like a drop curtain in a theatre, revealing the round-house stalls of the Akron Plan Sabbath-school beyond. The platform continued itself around the corner and extended into the Sunday-school unit. This scheme was supposed to take care of the overflow on Christmas Eve, when even the town atheists turned out to get their candy and fruit.

There were huge openings in three sides of the church. They were glorified by means of picture windows, depicting Bible characters done in heroic size in opalescent glass. Each window bore a conspicuous panel with the name of the donor in large lettering.

The clergyman of those days wore a frock coat of the sort popular with undertakers. In the late eighties he also wore a silk hat, but by the opening of the present century this gave way to a peculiar high derby with two black eyelets in either side. He wore a standing collar, a white bow tie, patent leather shoes, and cylindrical rubber cuffs with round cuff buttons that looked like boiler rivets.

It was an age of political, social and philosophical unrest. Business was expanding. The Philadelphia Centennial was still a pleasant memory. The great railways were extending their lines. The telephone had been invented. There were labor troubles, strikes and lockouts. The McCormick harvester strikers had assembled in Haymarket Square and had been routed by Captain Bonfield, with considerable bloodshed. Some of the leaders had been hanged: others sent to Joliet. It was the day of the Bland Silver Bill, cheap postage, trouble with the Mormons, Grover Cleveland, and base ball.

People were tiring of the old forms of hooey in politics, religion and ethics. The orotund word-trafficking of the Beecher-Talmage school was growing stale. The be-whiskered old gentlemen of dainty words who had used the American school book industry to build up for themselves mighty reputations as poets were dying one by one. In such an age Richardson's spectacular towers and rough walls of Dedham granite and Longmeadow freestone might have established a new and lasting style, had he not died so soon, and had not the rubber-collared evangelists from the midlands succeeded in making the Theatre Plan church so popular among the brethren.

Among the unsung heroes of that period was the late Sidney R. Badgley. He was one of the first to apply structural steel

to church building. He would cause consternation in a midland town by raising eight gigantic columns that were bent inward like a bushman's boomerang. They rested on concrete bases, and were held together by an octagonal collar of steel at the top. Upon this he erected a great octagonal lantern, capped with a dome. The plan was somewhat like the Theatre Plan, with its radiating aisles, bowled floor and curving lines of pews. But his idea still had pleasant novelty in it, for the interior of his octagonal church could be left open far up into the dome. The Badgley episode was a brief one, but several of his churches are still standing.

V

Shortly before the opening of the present century, two revolutionary youths appeared upon the scene. One of these was Ralph Adams Cram and the other was Bertram G. Goodhue. Associated with them was Charles Francis Wentworth, who died before his two associates had achieved fame.

Cram and Goodhue were young architects who had grown tired of the sham and the hollow swagger so characteristic of the churches of their youth. Cram was a ready writer and an entertaining speaker. At the start they worked out a scheme or two for churches that retained traces of the auditorium idea, for which they were to say *pater peccavi* later on. But about the year 1892 they built the first church on a new plan, and it attracted wide notice. It was All Saints, in the Dorchester-Ashmont part of Boston.

This church was something entirely novel in America. Instead of showing a wide auditorium with curving pews and radiating aisles, it was long, narrow, rather lofty, and had a level floor. It had rows of sturdy stone columns parallel with the side walls, with Gothic arches resting upon them, and long ranges of clerestory windows. There was a deep chancel with a true altar as its climax. There was a massive western tower quite as wide as the nave itself. The side aisles, between the stone columns and the outside walls, were narrow; otherwise the plan suggested strongly the ancient parish churches of England. To this same period belong Cram and Goodhue's All Saints in Brookline, unfinished for many years, and the Church of Our Saviour in Middleborough, Mass.

Cram and Goodhue thus introduced a new idea into American church building. Hitherto most American architecture, whether ecclesiastical or secular, had been mere stage carpentry. The old Puritan idea of outward appearance had survived. The hollow wooden columns and hollow pediment of the Puritan meeting-house had been abandoned, to be sure—for down to the close of the century every church had to have a fine street elevation, even though its side walls were of common yellow brick—but architects thought nothing of using false arches, false ceilings, hollow columns that supported nothing, sham buttresses that took no thrust, and imitation roof trusses made of seven-eighths yellow pine. It was common also in those days to build a bank or a museum of skeleton steel, and then erect a Greek façade on the side that faced the street.

Mr. Cram began to write books and magazine articles, and to deliver stirring lectures, in which he attacked all manner of architectural sham with language as racy as it was convincing. Of the two score and more books that he has written during the past thirty years, "The Gothic Quest" is perhaps the spiciest, and "The Substance of Gothic" the most thoughtful.

Possessed of a vigorous vocabulary, he laid on with all the energy of an old-time prophet. He knew his Gothic thoroughly, and it was not a second-hand knowledge gained in the lecture-room. He visited the old churches of Europe, studying them carefully in three dimensions. He was always more than an architect. Had he never erected a single building, he would have been famous as a philosopher and a writer. His influence in America has been profound, while in England one needs only to mention his name, and doors closed to the American tourist will be opened with alacrity. Young draughtsmen and designers, desiring to obtain privileges not usually extended to strangers, simply murmur, "but Mr. Cram told me to be sure and see this building."

Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue was of a different type. When little more than a boy he won the competition for a cathedral in Texas, much in the same manner that an obscure boy named Scott was selected as the architect of Liverpool Cathedral. More than thirty years ago he arose to fame because of the marvellous beauty of his pen drawings. Many of the astounding Gothic churches that he used to picture so brilliantly were never built, but architects and draughtsmen everywhere began to imitate his renderings, and countless sheets of illustrator's board and gallons of Higgins ink were used the country over in attempts at imitating him.

Cram loved all things medieval, but Goodhue soon showed a restless desire to break away from things as they had been. For a decade the two worked side by side. When they were asked to erect the new West Point buildings in 1904, Goodhue established the New York office of Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson, while Cram remained in charge of the older Boston office of the firm. It was then that their difference of style became apparent to the outsider. Cram built churches of massive, severe beauty, such as Calvary in Pittsburgh, the Church of the Covenant in Cleveland, the Detroit Cathedral, and the New York Synod Hall. His plans of this period, say from 1905 to 1910, show the results of his study of the Cistercian abbeys, for he demonstrated the fact that architectural beauty may lie in sheer perfection of masses and proportions as much as in beauty of ornament.

Goodhue started a revolution about the same time by building such things as the South Church in New York, St. John's in West Hartford, the First Baptist Church in Pittsburgh, and the Sage Memorial at Far Rockaway. These churches are unquestionably Gothic, but it is not the Gothic of the Pugin books. He narrowed his side aisles to mere passageways through which a vested choir must walk almost single file. He used low, massive stone piers without either base or capital. Upon these he placed curious segmental arches of exactly the same contour as a barrel stave. His nave arcades were extremely low, and his clerestory windows as huge as those of Sainte Chapelle. He filled his vast French Gothic windows with English Gothic tracery of distinctly Goodhuesque character. His doorways were deep and cavernous. Goodhue was a master of color and ornament, which he focussed upon effective spots, rather than spreading it over the entire building. Shortly before his death he began to design churches with buttresses that resolved themselves into human figures as they ascended upward. He seemed to detest straight lines, for everything that he did had a graceful entasis.

In the hands of such a master artist all these things were gloriously beautiful. In the hands of his army of imitators the re-

sults were frequently ludicrous. Every obscure architect who had got his start in the old Akron Plan days began to design churches that he imagined were after the Goodhue manner.

As a rule these men had no sense of proportion, no feeling of scale, and no taste in matters of ornament and color. They imitated all of Goodhue's mannerisms in exaggerated form, but of his real genius they had none. They pored over the plates of measured drawings of his early work, clipped from the architectural periodicals of 1905 to 1915. They imitated his massive square piers with their angular inner faces. They copied his segmental arches. They cribbed his huge clerestory windows with their blunt upper terminations. They aped his cavernous, tunnel-like portals. They swiped his ornament wholesale—and applied it to the surfaces of buildings that were constructed of skeleton steel and a four-inch veneer of Indiana limestone.

Every settlement from Uniontown to Spug Rapids prided itself in a new Baptist or United Evangelical meeting-house with mighty buttresses that transformed themselves into heads and torsos of human beings. Presbyterians and Methodists fitted up canopied niches over their doorways and filled these with whiskered Calvinist and Wesleyan saints, dressed in frock coats and cylindrical trousers, and carefully done in cast concrete. Copper-covered flèches pierced the sky in a hundred cities. Bible texts in Goodhue blackletter adorned spandrels, cornices and the parapet of many a tower.

The movement extended to the crafts. Ralph Adams Cram and Henry Adams had praised the glass of Chartres. Now every opalescent glass manufacturer in the country started to turn out blue glass by the acre. Unfortunately, it was seldom the blue of Chartres and Canterbury. More often it was the terrible blue of the globe of vitriol in the old-time druggist's window, or the hue that one sees when a quart bottle of office ink is held to the light. Narrow windows were crowded with French medallions, or again one might see gloomy-looking saints fifteen heads high.

Krasser, Koralewski and Samuel Yellen had done much glorious iron work for the churches of Cram and Goodhue. Almost overnight antique iron came into vogue, and whole books of stock designs appeared. The lighting-fixture men fell in line, offering designs that they assured their customers were originally done by the Boston office. Seating men made surreptitious trips to Pittsburgh and Montclair, and before long the characteristic bench-ends of the Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson churches were to be found in every catalogue. Lee Lawrie had done some remarkable sculptures in low relief, and low-relief sculpture of the Lawrie sort was soon being done throughout the country.

This fashion for clerestoried churches with deep chancels brought about a decided change in liturgical customs as well. It was not many years ago that a real altar was not tolerated in most American meeting-houses. Had the average Protestant parson dared to read a prayer from a book, he might as well have written out his resignation after the benediction. But today churches of every denomination are installing real altars, and some of them have conspicuous brass crosses, and even candlesticks upon them. Credence shelves, piscinæ, recessed clergy stalls, surpliced choirs in the chancel, concealed organs, fonts, lecterns, processions, processional crosses, church flags and banners, chants that are almost Gregorian, collects read from books, introits, pericope lessons,

clerical robes, altar paraments, sacristans and vergers have appeared upon the scene in a score of different denominations.

A number of new words have been added to the American ecclesiastical vocabulary. The old foyer of the Akron Plan church is now the narthex. The side vestibule is the south porch, the rostrum has disappeared and the chancel has taken its place. The old auditorium is now the nave and the old lecture-room the morning chapel, with its own altar. Such things as aumbries, vestment cases, parish registers, visitors' books, books of remembrance, missal stands, altar books, litany desks and communicants' rail are listed in the catalogues of the commercial church furnishers. People have begun to talk about grisaille, Moravian pavements, crypts, antiphonal chants and Nunc Dimittises. The side aisle, once merely an unpewed space next to the wall, has taken on a new meaning. Today it is a space from four to sixteen feet wide between the clerestory columns and the outside walls, and often it is fitted out with pews.

Ten years ago one might have searched an American dictionary in vain for such words as piscina, sedile, antependium, superfrontal and flèche. Today these words are familiar to every village vestryman.

Together with all this medieval terminology and medieval architecture has grown up, somewhat incongruously, the social annex idea. Every new church of any importance must have its supper-rooms, its assembly-room fitted with a motion-picture booth, its bowling alleys and its basket-ball floor. Many an old Eighteenth or Nineteenth Century country church may be seen today with a social unit, in new red brick, attached. Folks have come to harbor the strange idea that eating sauerkraut and playing bunco are vital parts of religious devotion, and on Sunday morning the nave is pungent with the smell of the coffee and cigar smoke of last night's card party.

The current phase of our architectural development offers a striking commentary upon the decay of Evangelical Protestantism. The return to medieval standards in church building has kept pace with a remarkable revival of interest in scholastic circles in medieval history, philosophy, theology and literature. A generation ago college professors often told the boys to skip the thirty pages devoted to the Middle Ages. Today every American educational institution gives attention to the study of the Great Thousand Years. The Medieval Academy of America, with such men as John Nicholas Brown, Edward Kennard Rand and Charles Rufus Morey among its leading spirits, shows how far the interest in medievalism has gone. It would probably have been impossible so recently as in 1900.

The social annex, with its bowling alleys and card tables, is likewise a proof that American sectarianism is degenerating. Thirty years ago boys were paddled in a painstaking fashion if caught with playing cards in their possession. Today many a church features its mid-week bridge party, as it once featured its prayer-meeting. Two decades ago only tough young men shot pool and rolled skittle balls: Calvinism was hot against it. In those days conscientious clergymen in white lawn ties warned their young men against the seductive influence of Lady Nick O'Teen. Today many an evangelical church has its own pool table and bowling alleys, and in many the pastor and vestrymen cannot hold a meeting unless there is a thick layer of smoke that suggests the city room of a daily paper. Several ultra-modernistic parishes have gone so far as to include a Thursday evening dance in their printed

bulletin. Shades of the old Wesleyans! The Genevan church started out with the idea of transforming the world. Today the world is jolly well transforming the church.

And there matters stand, architecturally and socially. Many of the Gothic pioneers have died, due to overwork and impossible building committees. Renwick, Vaughan, Wentworth, Goodhue and Corbusier are dead. Cram is alive and vigorous, doing his best work today and exerting a mighty influence upon the nation in more ways than one. When he, Goodhue and Ferguson completed St. Thomas's in 1913, and then dissolved partnership, the nation sighed. It was believed that nothing as good as St. Thomas's could ever be done again. Architects said solemnly that only when Cram and Goodhue worked together could they do their best work. But Goodhue straightway produced the Chapel of the Intercession, St. Vincent Ferrer, the Chicago University Chapel, the Nebraska State Capitol, and a number of other brilliant things, and Cram built such masterpieces as Bryn Athyn, the Sacred Heart in Jersey City, the great churches at Mercersburg, Newport and Princeton, St. John the Divine, and a score of others.

Today people are tiring of tall, blocky churches with roofs of low pitch and dinky side aisles. They look too much like building bricks set on edge. It was not Goodhue, but his army of small-town imitators, who created this style. Cram, Philip Hubert Frohman, Frank Cleveland, Wilfred Anthony, E. Donald Robb and other such men never departed far from sound precedent. They avoided the extreme modernistic Gothic of the Middle West. It is due to their influence that Gothic arches are once more pointed, that vertical columns are equipped with bases and capitals once more, that doorways look less like tunnels, that side aisles are broadening out to ten or fifteen feet instead of four, and that roofs nowadays have a pitch of more than 45 degrees.

The Gothic church of today has the traditional moldings and tracery of olden times, but there is a handling of masses, scale, planning and proportion that suggests William of Wykeham and William the Englishman rather than the caricaturists who leaped into action when Bertram Goodhue died in 1924.

WHITE ON BLACK

BY TESS SLESINGER

One of the private schools attended by the nicest children from the West Eighties and Nineties fifteen years ago followed not only the liberal practice of mixing rich and poor, Gentiles and Jews, but also made a point of including Negroes; not many, but just enough so that when one ran one's eye over the neat rows of pink and white faces collected each morning for assembly, it stumbled here and there—perhaps three or four times in all the auditorium—on an equally scrubbed black one sticking out like a solitary violet in a bed of primroses. For, except in the cases of two sisters, or of a brother and sister, these black children never made friends among themselves, even to the extent of choosing seats side by side in assembly.

As is usually the case where all whites are freely admitted to the same institution, the Jewish children had, long before my time, become the majority. I do not know what policy the school would have adopted had there been enough children of wealthy Negroes in New York for them to follow the example of their more fortunate minority brethren; but, fortunately for the open-to-all policy of the school, Negro children of means are rare. So, to maintain that policy, the school sent its teachers each year to comb Harlem for half a dozen of its nicest and brightest black pupils, and invited them to be transplanted on scholarships. Thus the school was never without its handful of Negroes.

I suppose that the effect upon the rest of us was, as it was intended to be, on the whole good. It must have taught us well-bred little boys and girls at the least the untruth of the common slander that Negroes have an unpleasant odor; for certainly none of the Johnsons and Whites and Washingtons in our school ever smelt of anything but soap. And we were brought up, through weekly ethics lessons and the influence of the inevitable elderly lady teacher who had never got Harriet Beecher Stowe out of her mind, to the axiom that all men were created equal.

The few scattered colored children in clean clothes, then, contributed practically to our liberal education. But what effect we, in our more than clean, our often luxurious clothes and with our pink and white faces, had in turn upon them, it is impossible for one of us to judge. Although I can tell you to-day what has happened since to a number of my old schoolmates, even to those in whom I have long ceased to be interested, and although I run every year across gossip concerning still others, none of us has any idea what happened to our colored classmates. Some of them left school before the high-school years were over; some of them were graduated and stood at our elbows with their rolled-up diplomas; but all of them have equally dropped out of our common knowledge since. Where are they now? Did they drift back to Harlem, those Johnsons and Washingtons and Whites? How do they now look upon their ten years' interlude with

white children? I cannot imagine. But I remember vividly the school careers of the two who were in my class.

II

The Jacksons, brother and sister, joined us in the sixth grade. Solomon was formed like a small bronze god, his face perfectly chiselled and without fault; a pair of delicately dilated nostrils at the end of a short fine nose, and an aureole of dim black curls. Elizabeth was bigger, coarser, more negroid; darker, her lips were thick, her nose less perfect; but still she was a beautiful child, luxuriously made, and promising to develop into a refined type of the voluptuous Negro woman at her best. Elizabeth was older than Sol; but her brain, like her nose, was less sharp, and both were put into the same class.

For the first week or two our kind teachers paid them the surplus attention which was always extended to Negro, or crippled, or poverty-stricken children. They suggested that Sol be chosen when the boys were choosing up sides; they asked the girls to take Elizabeth as partner. The children stood off from them no more than they stood off from any newcomers. We were not adultly snobbish; we merely glared at all newcomers in our world until they should prove themselves worthy. But by the end of the month, there was no longer any question of choosing Sol: Sol himself was the chooser and the permanently chosen; likewise Elizabeth was besieged with requests for the seats on either side of her in assembly, and it became an honor to have a seat in the same row; and the teachers turned round, and were given rather to suppressing the colored Jacksons than to bringing them out.

For after a certain natural humility had worn off, Sol and Elizabeth were not merely taken into the group; they took over the group. Including the faculty. They were a smashing success. For one thing, they feared nothing; furthermore, they proved marvellous athletes; and they were born leaders. Electing Sol to the captaincy of the basketball team was a mere formality; even if he hadn't richly deserved it, he would have permitted no one else to have held it. Elizabeth was as strong as a horse, less skillful, less graceful than he, but easily outshining, by her animal strength and fearlessness, all the white girls in the class. Beside their athletic prowess, which alone would have won them popularity in a class of eleven-year-olds, both of them were gifted with an over-powering jubilancy and a triumphant bullying wit, which inevitably made them czars.

They ruled the class with a rod of iron, chose their intimates, played with them, dropped them, and patronized the teachers. Their power spread to politics; by the end of the first year Sol was president of the class, and Elizabeth, who could not spell, secretary. Their class-meetings were masterpieces of irreverent wit and bedlam, subtly dominated by the tacitly authoritative Sol. The teachers turned over to them the difficult business of controlling the class after recess, and Sol, in his double capacity of legal president and illegal czar, easily succeeded where they had long failed. Even his sister, who was no small power among the girls, feared and adored him. If her authority was for one moment questioned, she had only to say, "I'll call Sol . . ."

I remember myself—and probably not a few others of the dazzled little white girls did the same in secret—going home to dream about marrying Sol and taking Elizabeth to live with us. I remember a moment of certainly unprecedented and of almost unsurpassed voluptuous pleasure on an oc-

casion when Sol, twisting his wiry body into one of those marvellous knots from which he unrolled himself to shoot a basket, stretched so far that his shirt left his trousers and revealed a few inches of coffee-colored skin glistening with sweat, which caused me to gasp with delight. We girls chose to play against the boys of the class rather than among ourselves, and I was surely not the only girl who had voted favorably for the pure delight of being tossed on the ground and swung round the hips by the jubilant Sol, who had, beside his lovely body and fierce little nostrils, not the slightest inhibition.

For two years the noisy Jacksons demoralized the entire class into a raucous group that was never tired of wrestling, playing basketball, shouting jokes, and merrily defying the teachers. Not even the famous Seventh Grade Trouble, which involved the Jacksons as central figures, subdued them. Not even the visit, upon that terrifying occasion, of their mother. All of us made a point of walking past the principal's office to view Mrs. Jackson, who sat there, dressed in black and with her face held low and ashamed as though she were the culprit herself. We whispered afterward, among ourselves, of what a lady Mrs. Jackson was; we had never before seen a colored lady.

The high-school years loomed ahead. We were to be joined by another section of the same grade, and we were determined to maintain our solidarity with Sol at our head. Our reputation as a champion class had preceded us; but with it, we soon noticed, a reputation for rowdiness. Sol was instantly elected captain of the basketball team. But he was just nosed out of the presidency by a white boy belonging to the other section, who must have gained some treacherous votes from among our own. Although the other boy occupied the chair, Sol managed, for half a year, to bully even the new section into slowly waning submission to the last echoes of his power.

Elizabeth's popularity remained limited to the girls in our own old section. The others adopted her at first as a novelty, but they had not been trained to her loud hearty jokes and her powerful wrestling, and soon tired of her and left her to her old companions. These dwindled slowly, as we girls gained consciousness of our status as girls and wished to dissociate ourselves from anything rowdy. Of course it was our fault—we could have pushed Elizabeth forward and remained loyal to her—but we had so many things to think of in those days. And I think something of the sort was bound to happen to Elizabeth anyway; she did not have the native personality to warrant and sustain the unlimited popularity which had fallen on her partly because of her strength and partly because she was her brother's sister. There was a quiet girl in our class, less mature than the rest of us—who were, in that first year of high-school, more fiercely mature than some of us are to-day, which is ten years later. This girl, Diana, fastened upon Elizabeth as a chum, and from now on the curious pair were inseparable.

I remember the early days when it became the thing for the boys to take the girls to the corner soda-store after basketball games, and for each boy to treat one girl to a fudge sundæ. We couldn't help noticing that the boys, so eager to roughhouse with Elizabeth in the classroom, hesitated among themselves as to which should treat her, and that the same one never treated her twice. We noticed too, that the soda-clerk stared at the dark blemish in our small white group. Elizabeth never seemed to notice anything; she developed a habit of kidding the soda-clerk in a loud professional voice, and soon our

indignation was shifted to her, and we told her to lower her voice and not fool around with soda-clerks. Toward the end of the year, Diana and Elizabeth dissociated themselves from our group, and began to occupy a little table by themselves in a corner. Here they would sit and pretend to be alone, and we could hear them giggling and whispering happily. Sol, of course, was still too young and too "manly" ever to join these parties.

III

In the course of that first year in high-school, many things beside the soda-parties happened to us. Wrestling between boys and girls was outlawed, the girls began to loop their hair in buns over the ears, and the boys began to appear in navy-blue long trousers.

I remember Sol in his first longies. Instead of navy-blue, he appeared in a sleek suit of light Broadway tan, nicely nipped in at the waist, which harmonized with his clear mocha skin and showed off his dapper little figure to perfection. But it didn't quite fit in our school. I noticed that day, standing in line behind him to buy lunch tickets, that he wore brand new shoes: they were long and very pointed, and polished a brilliant ochre; they were button shoes, with cloth tops; they squeaked like nothing else in the world. I remember staring at them, and wondering where I had seen shoes like those before: was it in the elevator at home?

We were so grown-up that year that instead of shooting baskets in the twenty-minute recess that followed lunch, we got one girl to play the piano and the rest of us danced. Only about half of the boys were bold enough to dance; Sol still belonged to the group which stood in a corner and laughed and imitated their bolder friends, waiting for younger girls to be imported into the high-school department next year. With one boy to every pair of girls, it was not surprising that Elizabeth danced more than half of her dances with her friend Diana. The rest of us paired off with our girl-friends equally often.

But for no reason that anyone could see, Elizabeth's friends still diminished week by week. She had occasional spurts of her old popularity, but these were chiefly occasioned by reaction against some more stable idol, who would soon be restored to her post. Elizabeth's one permanent friend was Diana, the quiet little blonde girl who had no other friends. As far as I know, Diana was the only girl who ever invited Elizabeth to her house, and it was rumored that Diana was the only one who had seen the inside of the Jackson house, but Diana could be made neither to say whether it was true, nor what it was like if she had seen it. As for the rest of us, we were a little uncomfortable about omitting Elizabeth at afternoon parties at our homes; but somebody's mother settled it for us by saying that she thought it would be an unkindness to the little colored girl to invite her to a home where there would be none of her own people. This conflicted, of course, with the lesson of our ethics classes, but we were thirteen-going-on-fourteen, and we had too much to think about, so we let it go at that.

Meanwhile Sol, who had remained captain all the first year, failed to be elected for the second. Some of his classmates started propaganda to the effect that, while still their best player, he was no good as a captain, and they self-righteously elected the second-best player in his stead. Sol took out his anger in refusing to coöperate with the team, and developed into a poor sport, that worst of anathemas in school, successfully hogging the ball so that no one else

had a chance. The epithet poor sport began to be whispered about the classroom, and when class elections for the second year were held, Sol was not even nominated for an office. Our section had sworn to stand by him when we had suffered defeat at the beginning of the year, but when the time came we simply sat and held our tongues, and elected another boy from the hostile section.

When the Jacksons returned for the second year after vacation, they looked a little different to us. Solomon had turned into something resembling an uptown beau, and Elizabeth's face had grown coarser. Elizabeth joined her friend Diana at once, and their companionship remained unbroken. Sol, however, held in considerably less esteem, remained aloof, making no effort to regain his lost popularity, and pursued his way sullenly and almost defiantly among us. He met our reproaches with indifference.

That year evening dances broke out among us. For the sake of girls who might never be asked, there was a rule that everyone must come unescorted and unescorting. It was easy enough, of course, to break the rule. Most of the girls came regularly attended by boys from the upper classes. Elizabeth came the first few times with her brother, which was as good as coming unattended. Sol stood in a corner with the stags; Elizabeth sat with the other girls who had come unattended or attended by brothers, looking very dark and strange in her short-sleeved light dresses, and accepted gratefully her few opportunities to dance.

There began to be whispers among us of what we would do if Sol asked one of us to come to a dance with him, or offered a treat to a soda. We admitted to feeling uncomfortable at the thought of being seen on the street with him. At the same time we realized that what we were contemplating was horribly unfair. But Evelyn—Evelyn, who led our class in social matters because at fourteen she wore a brassière and baby French heels—said, "School is school; it's not the World; it's not our Real Lives," and we let it go at that. As we had tacitly adopted policies toward Elizabeth, we now officially adopted one toward Solomon; we were to be extra nice to him, but not in the way that one treats a boy; and we were to dance with him when he asked us, but to very kindly refuse his invitations to escort us anywhere outside the school walls. Fortunately for our peace of mind, ethics lessons were that year changed to weekly lessons in elocution for the girls, and public speaking for the boys.

But none of us was given the chance to refuse him. So far as I know, he never asked a girl to go anywhere with him, never left the stag-line at our Friday night dances, and after the first half-dozen, he never even came with Elizabeth. He scrupulously avoided even the careless physical contacts in the elevator, of which the other boys took modest advantage. Also, when we followed our policy of being nice to him in school, we found ourselves politely ignored. Sol grew increasingly sullen, even occasionally rude, and one girl reported that he had passed her on the street and pretended not to see her, neglecting to lift his elegant tan felt hat.

In the middle of that year Elizabeth's friend Diana was withdrawn from the school by her parents and sent to a boarding-school in the South, rumor said to get her away from the black girl and teach her a proper sense of color.

With her friend gone, Elizabeth picked up smaller fry and dazzled them, because, unlike Sol, she seemed never to want to be alone. But even with these she learned to disappear at the school door, or at most to walk no further with a white classmate

than the end of the school block. There, making some excuse about having to hurry, or going in another direction, she would dash away with a good-humored smile. I remember watching her running away from us once and wondering to what strange world she disappeared every day after school.

Of course, not one of the nice girls in our school would have dreamed of hurting Elizabeth's feelings by suggesting that she leave them on the street, but there must have been some hesitating on the corner before Elizabeth so effectively learned that her position with her white schoolmates ended with the school door. Or could it have been that dark lady, who had sat in the principal's office with her head lowered as though she were the culprit, that time of the Seventh Grade Trouble? But no matter, we were in our third year of high-school now, and had forgotten the seventh grade as we had forgotten the famous trouble, and were used now to seeing our dark classmate hurry off after school and run down the long block, leaving us standing on the corner, discussing our this and that, which was so awfully important to us . . .

In the third year of high-school, Sol simply did not appear. We were, I suppose, faintly relieved, in so far as we thought about him at all. He removed, after all, such uncomfortable questions as playing other schools with a Negro on our first team. And our own old section, our merry, rowdy section, of which Sol had once been undisputed king, had imperceptibly melted away, the boundary line was wavery, our old loyalty vague, a thing of the past; Sol, so far as he was anything in our minds, was a memory belonging to our lost section. When we asked Elizabeth what had happened to him, she told us he was going to another school because he didn't like girls and considered our private school sissy. She carried it off rather well, I think. One or two of us suggested that he might have been fired, because we all knew that his work had gone off badly in that last year.

Elizabeth herself, in those last two years, toned down considerably. Her prowess in studies had never been great, and she seemed now to be devoting more time to them. Her athletic ability had not lived up to its promise, because she had been after all primarily interested in rough-neck play, and seemed unable or unwilling to tame her strength and spirits into rules and skill. She abandoned the bright colors she had worn as a child, and came to school in neat and modest dresses. She dropped without reluctance into the common order of students, learned to toady as she had once been toadied to, and managed to keep up a decent sober reputation which ensured her a mild amount of companionship, restricted, of course, to within the school walls. On committees Elizabeth volunteered for unpleasant jobs and carried them out cheerfully and efficiently. She grew generous and sweet-tempered, and a little like a servant; and like a servant, she was thanked for her services and forgotten.

Sol had dropped out of our existence.

IV

The last time I saw either of them was at our graduation dance. Elizabeth had long ago given up coming alone to our dances, but she came, of course, to this one, looking rather too burly and black in the prescribed white dress, with bare arms which hung like bones from her ungainly shoulders. She was the whole of the committee on refreshments, and all during the first part of the evening she stood behind a table with her diploma tucked on a rack over her head—nobody from her family

had come to see her be graduated—and cheerfully dispensed sandwiches and ice-cream.

Everybody was mingling proudly in the big assembly room, waiting for the chairs to be removed for dancing; everybody was very nice to Elizabeth and even took down her address as a matter of form, but in the rush of taking addresses that really meant something and comparing notes about future colleges, she was forgotten, and if it hadn't been for a teacher who came to her rescue, she might have been completely alone. When the dancing began, the teacher led her away from the buffet table with her arm around her, to bring her to the row of chairs where girls sat waiting for partners.

Some of us must have had compunctions —I know I did—floating by her in our partners' arms, for on that night the least popular girl had achieved a faithful escort, if only by importing boys from classes below who felt it an honor to be there at all. But none of us felt badly enough to urge our partners to leave us and dance with Elizabeth. Later one or two boys danced a waltz with her, because a waltz was the least difficult thing to sacrifice. She sat all evening and talked cheerfully to the teacher. She looked uncomplaining, as though she had quietly learned her place. She even seemed to enjoy watching the rest of us dance.

The evening broke up on a high-note of "See you again," "Don't forget," and "Oh, the most marvellous time!" and I remember emerging from the dance-room in a fever of happiness, walking on winged feet. I pushed my way through the gay crowd outside the door. Somebody tapped me on the arm: "Miss!" I turned and saw, for the first time in three years, Solomon Jackson, the king of our old section! I smiled eagerly, delighted to see him again. "Why Sol!" I exclaimed, holding out my hand.

He was as beautiful as he had been three years before, but his face was different, hardened perhaps, so that the dapper tan clothes he wore made him cheap and flashy. He still wore pointed button shoes with cloth tops. He was standing by the wall with his hat pulled down over his eyes. "Why, Sol!" I said.

He looked up, caught my eye, and shifted his away as though he had failed to recognize me. He looked down at the floor and spoke in a low voice. "Miss, would you mind finding my sister Elizabeth Jackson inside and say her brother is waiting for her?" He stuck his hands suddenly into his pockets with something of his old sullen gesture.

I remember turning from him with an over-powering sense of guilt to spare him embarrassment, and going back with tears burning my eyes to find Elizabeth. I left him standing there against the wall, with his hat over his eyes, snubbing his former classmates, while they passed their former god and leader, some of them too happy to distinguish his features under that hat, others no doubt turning from him to prevent his embarrassment, and even, on that happy night, to spare themselves . . . This should have been his graduation.

TOM PAINE

BY WILLIAM E. DODD

Peoples show the transitoriness of their principles by the changing treatment which they accord to their benefactors. Of all the men who wrought desperately in the formative struggles of the American Republic, Thomas Paine was perhaps the most sincere. His contributions were little less than those of Washington or Franklin or Jefferson. But there is not a monument to him in Washington or in the capital of any State or elsewhere in the United States erected by official order.

The present form and democratic procedure of the English government are modeled almost exactly after the form set up and argued by Paine in the last decade of the Eighteenth Century. And the present drift of the modern world toward liberty of conscience and away from the religious autocracy of the Eighteenth Century follows the lines marked out by the man whose bones were not permitted decent sepulture either in England or in the United States. He whose ideas and precepts were written into the constitutions of all modern states and are observed in the behavior of liberal men everywhere today was before his death, and is now, an outcast—his memory unwelcome in a world which he did so much to create.

In the little village of Thetford in the ancient county of Norfolk, in southeastern England, there appeared in the late Winter of 1737 an ill-clad child whose father, an humble, pious Quaker, took him early to the meetings of a score of his fellow worshippers in the little church by the doors of the jail, filled in those days by the victims of religious and governmental intolerance. After a varied experience as a staymaker at Dover, a private on a ship of war, an unpopular revenue collector, the husband of an early deceased wife and the victim of a second unhappy marriage, Paine appeared in the year 1774, at the age of thirty-seven, at the door of Benjamin Franklin, the wise and far-seeing representative of half a dozen American colonies in London, penniless, uncouth and nearly hopeless.

Like many another poverty stricken subject of the British crown, he sought passage across the stormy Atlantic, and the generous philosopher of Pennsylvania gave him a letter of introduction to his son-in-law, Richard Bache, who might introduce him to a better world than he had ever hoped to enter on terms approaching equality. It was the last of November, and in six months the immigrant was the editor and maker of a monthly magazine with fifteen hundred subscribers.

The new world was entrancing. The Quakers were in command of the government of Pennsylvania. Baptists, New Light Presbyterians, German Dunkards, Episcopalians and even Catholics all lived and worshipped freely without persecution; and on the hills and in the valleys beyond the Schuylkill there dwelt a race of hardy Germans and Scotchmen who

practised the democracy they preached. But the new world was astir in a struggle for free trade, for free lands for all who could improve them, and for free speech everywhere. On April 17, the British soldiers on a doubtful mission to Lexington, Mass., came into bloody conflict with New England farmers; in November of the same year the British Governor of Virginia called upon the slaves of his domain to rise against their masters. It was war. And the immigrant of twelve months' residence, out of his own consciousness and without aid from any other hand, formulated the thought of the thirteen infant States, and suggested the procedure of the seven years' war which was to follow.

On January 10 the somewhat stooping figure which bore the head of genius, according to John Adams, gave to the world the fifty-page pamphlet, "Common Sense," which arrested the attention of rich and poor, of Quaker and Catholic, and speedily attained a circulation of two hundred thousand in a country that could hardly have had a million people able to read. Washington pored over its pages when he had a moment to spare in his desperate circumstances; and John Rutledge took it to the South Carolina Legislature where great aristocrats wondered whether to proclaim it as a challenge to the King of England, whom they hated, or to suppress it lest its pages corrupt the masses of South Carolinians, whom they feared.

But the little book stirred the world with its bullet-like epigrams: "Society in every state is a blessing, but government at best is but a necessary evil; Kings look upon themselves as born to reign, soon their minds are poisoned by importance; the palaces of Kings are built on the ruins of paradise; the birthday of a new world is at hand and a race of men, perhaps as numerous as all Europe contains, are to receive their portion of freedom." Such a writer had never been seen or heard in the colonies. Older and more learned men had long striven to voice American feeling. Here was the voice of a new and a simple people seeking what Locke and Rousseau and the rest had described as the natural rights of men. The half-educated but industrious student, just released from the hard life of peasant England, usurped the place of philosophers and statesmen.

Paine was a universal spirit. But unlike philosophers and statesmen he took upon himself the character of a private soldier and joined the ranks of Washington's army at the moment when thousands of older Americans were running away to their homes in New England or in the South lest they be caught in the doom that overhung Washington's courageous head. And Washington made the private an officer; and the officer, between marching and fighting, found time to write at the end of the sad year, 1776, "The Crisis," an appeal which began with these historic words: "These are the times that try men's souls." It was read at the head of every lieutenant's command in the bedraggled army before it crossed the Delaware at night and captured from the English army in a day as many troops as it counted in its own ranks. The sales price of this widely read pamphlet, like that of "Common Sense," was contributed by its poor author to the great cause he advocated.

At the end of the Revolution, with a home at Bordentown, N. J., and a three-hundred-acre farm in Westchester county, N. Y., the gift of the people, he felt the urge to join his fellow liberals in France and seek to repeat there what he had done in the United States. It was 1787, the year of the American and the French conventions. With a little money in his wallet

for his aged mother, a secret allowance for his strangely ignorant wife, and with the blessings of Washington and Franklin upon his head, he arrived in Paris to talk with Jefferson and to plan the regeneration of Europe.

II

In a little while the rumblings of the great revolution in Paris were heard across the channel and the Atlantic; and Paine took ship for the land of his birth and impoverished youth. In London he became an intimate friend of Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox and other friends of the American cause and champions of a newer and better order in England. They formed a society in order that their influence might be spread, Paine the while building the first iron bridge that had ever been seen anywhere. But English statesmen feared the ideas which every traveling American brought across the Atlantic; and Burke was beginning to hesitate when those ideas flowered into the Revolution of France.

On November 1, 1790, the great English champion of popular rights in America published "Reflections on the French Revolution," which was at once taken as the greatest possible defense of the old and unjust régimes of the Bourbon and the Hanover Kings of France and England. It was read as gospel in every reactionary home of the time; it was bought, handsomely bound and circulated as the precious literary possession of the crowned heads of the Continent. Fox hardly knew what to say to his fallen friend; Paine declared war. The people of England were astir as the people of the thirteen colonies had been in 1774. The social system of centuries was under attack. England was ripe for regeneration; and Thomas Paine undertook to write for the country of his birth the unanswerable gospel of the United States.

"The Rights of Man" appeared in 1791. It was his reply to Burke; and in a year a hundred thousand copies of the pamphlet were circulated, and the entire proceeds of the sale at two shillings six pence a copy were given to the cause he advocated. Burke's answer was a demand for its suppression and the prosecution of its author —as great a tribute to its effectiveness as might have been asked. The traitor of Pennsylvania was now as well known in England as he had been known in North America. The members of Washington's Cabinet sought to recall their famous friend and make him postmaster-general. The French translated "The Rights of Man," and Sieyès, Lanthenas and Condorcet read the new book with enthusiasm, and its author's name became a household word.

But the year 1791 brought danger of arrest and imprisonment in England to the man who recommended and outlined the very reforms which England now accepts as the highest scheme of human government, and which most of the world takes for granted. "The Rights of Man" proclaimed a new freedom, a freer trade with all the world, friendly association between nations, the abolishing of war, the maintenance of sound money, a kingship without the veto, a House of Lords without power to thwart the House of Commons, representation of all the people in legislation, popular suffrage and a Cabinet responsible to the people's representatives. There was not a radical idea in this system, as men look at government today, not even the abolition of war; and the masses of England were strongly inclined to take the Paine as against the Burke view of things. William Pitt said to

Lady Hester Stanhope, "Tom Paine is right; but what am I to do?"

He determined to arrest and try the troublesome author for treason; and Paine, unwilling to retreat from a trial before a jury, prepared for the ordeal. As the news of English treatment seeped into France, the American writer rose in popularity to the rank of a statesman. Burke and his friends in the British Cabinet now outlawed him, set a price on his head and scoured the country in the hope of bringing him to the gallows. Twenty minutes before the King's posse hurried into the town of Dover to prevent their victim from taking ship for Paris, a hurrying traveler stood before the customs officer. Paine's baggage was seized; but the inspector came upon a letter from George Washington and hesitated to arrest a man with such credentials. The traveler was allowed to take ship and the King's posse hurried to the wharf a little later only to see the traitor's boat disappear. It was a narrow call.

Elected to a seat in the French constitutional convention, then gathering in Paris, from Calais and Versailles, the author of the terrible English book chose to sit for the northernmost borough of France and on September 19, 1792, took his place in the famous convention. Paine, Sieyès and Condorcet were promptly appointed to draw a constitution for France. The author of "Common Sense" would now write the law for the United States of Europe! Before the constitution was drawn the Jacobins, whom Paine distrusted, took steps to behead Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

The *Américain* protested that the death of the King would anger Washington and alienate the American people, the only allies of France. But all the efforts of the English Quâker proved vain. The King was beheaded on January 21, and henceforth the life of Paine was at the mercy of his bitter enemies, Gouverneur Morris, the minister of the United States, seeking by shrewd indirections to bring his fellow revolutionist of 1776 into prison, if not to the guillotine. Strangely enough, members of the American Cabinet encouraged Morris and furthered their party cause by deceiving Washington as to the facts.

III

Despairing now of the republic of Europe which he endeavored to model upon that of the United States, the aging liberal turned once more to his pen. He took an obscure house in St. Denis, associated himself there with a few Americans who loved him, and set about the last of his great books, "The Age of Reason."

As the Spring and Summer of 1793 advanced, Paine saw his greater French friends go to prison or to the guillotine. His writings were anathema in England; his friends there were in jail; his own effigy was hanged or burned in a score of market places; while the appearance of his "Rights of Man" in the United States all but caused a Cabinet crisis.

Every day he expected the agents of Robespierre to hurry him off to prison; and Robespierre was not unwilling to have him assassinated if Gouverneur Morris and George Washington were unwilling to claim him as an American citizen. Even the unparalleled optimism of Thomas Paine faltered. It was then that he took to his cups and gave opportunity to Morris to call him a filthy drunkard, which an American President of our day dinned into the ears of a generation that had forgotten the benefactor of their fathers.

As the first part of "The Age of Reason"

was taking shape in the mind of the author, he wrote: "My friends were falling as fast as the guillotine could cut their heads off and, as I expected every day the same fate, I resolved to begin my work. I had not finished the first part more than six hours before I was arrested and taken to prison." The text of the new book was: "The moral duty of man consists in imitating the moral goodness of God; and everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, and everything of cruelty to animals, is a violation of moral duty." The book began thus:

> To my fellow citizens of the United States. I put the following work under your protection. I have always supported the right of every man to his opinion. He who denies to another this right makes a slave of himself to his present opinion. The most formidable weapon against error is reason. I have never used any other.
>
> Your affectionate fellow, the Luxembourg prison, Paris.

Sick and imprisoned, the minister of the United States steering clear of his cell, Paine sent these pages to the press of New York, which soon put them before the audience which had eagerly read his "Common Sense." There was an immediate cry of horror. Eminent deists, whose faith was that of Paine, turned upon him with a venom which delighted at the prospect of his approaching death. John Adams, whose popularity in Europe had been enhanced in 1779 because he was supposed to be Paine, could hardly call his name but in wrath. Washington refused to claim as a citizen the man who had shared his own privations at Valley Forge. It is one of the sorrowful tales of American history. A change had come over the country of Franklin.

"The Age of Reason" was a destructive criticism of the Old Testament. It made scornful attack upon the cruelties and superstitions of a book which religious leaders till that time thought they must revere and defend *verbatim*. It also dwelt upon the beauties and the tenderness of the career and teachings of Jesus, who, he thought, had never proclaimed Himself a messiah. The reasoning of Thomas Paine in his last book was the reasoning of William E. Channing and Ralph Waldo Emerson thirty years later. Paine was always impatient with those who impose upon, and profit from, the credulity of simple folk, and he hated superstition dressed in ecclesiastical authority. Channing and Emerson felt the same impulses, but spoke gently, and worked out for a limited sect a deistical creed and practical faith identical with that of the author of "The Age of Reason."

The former appealed to the masses to overthrow arrogant church authority; the latter appealed to a circle of educated men to do the same thing. The former was anathematized; the latter were proclaimed great thinkers and friends of the race. His method was his fault, but it was not the crime for which insincere men crucified him. Paine's ideal of religion was that man's relation to the deity was single. No priest or intermediary was necessary or even admissible, and no man should affect to pray for another, least of all set up a hierarchy or charge a fee. To think clearly, live simply and do good to men and animals was the whole duty of man.

IV

Ill and in bed, the physician visited Paine one afternoon and, noting the chalked sign on the sick man's door that he was to be taken out for execution that night, he by accident or design left the door open and the sign was not visible when the agents of death came. Thomas Paine was

thus spared the fate of a thousand others, and a few weeks later the new American minister, James Monroe, a slave master of Virginia, claimed the author of "Common Sense" and the first secretary of the first American committee of foreign relations as a citizen of the United States; and he was free. He was nursed to health again in the family of the minister; but angry that Washington had not inquired during the ten months of imprisonment, he wrote that terrible indictment of the first President which will ever be read with distress by the friends of both.

When Bonaparte was about to become Napoleon, Paine's loyal friend, Nicholas Bonneville, a friend in the convention of 1792, now editor and owner of a paper in Paris, was put under surveillance by the police, and France became again a dangerous home for such as Paine, Monroe having been recalled for his sympathy with radical Europe. On the other side of the Atlantic Thomas Jefferson rose at last to the presidency and offered to send a ship to bring home the weary and homeless champion of liberty. Unwilling to subject his presidential friend to the criticism of his passage at public expense, Paine waited till the peace of Amiens, and then slipped off in a private vessel to Baltimore, the English now unable to seize him at sea. It was October 30, 1802.

Paine hurried to the President's house. A happy Winter followed, Jefferson and he walking and riding about the little capital, all the world looking on and hesitating to attack the generous act of a great man. But the tide of a cultivated public hatred could not long be resisted. Paine felt that the cause of his friend was injured by his presence; and I think Jefferson himself did not press him to remain longer the guest of a nation which loved the one and hated the other. One sometimes abandons a friend for a cause and yet wins the verdict of history.

Paine journeyed to Philadelphia, the scene of his early exploits. There Dr. Benjamin Rush, friend and radical of earlier days, refused to meet or greet him. He went to his own house in Bordentown, where Kitty Nicholson, now the wife of the retired Georgia Senator, William Few, and an intimate friend in 1787, refused so much as to acknowledge his existence. He sought to mount a stage for New York, but the passengers pushed him off. On another stage that did take him toward the new metropolis, he was obliged to look upon placards along the roadside picturing himself in the clutches of the Devil taking him off to the lake of everlasting fire.

In New York he was as unwelcome as he had been in New Jersey. Neither Hamilton nor Burr, fellows in the days that tried men's souls, and themselves deists of his own faith, paid him the honorable devoir of recognition; and lesser men threw mud where the greater scowled. He went to the farm in Westchester which represented the generous act of 1787 and there went to the polls in 1806 to cast his ballot.

Elisha Ward, a Tory who had lived under the English flag in New York while Paine fought for the country, presided at the election. He denied Paine citizenship and cited Gouverneur Morris's conduct in Paris to sustain the denial. As much the author of modern political civilization as any man then living, Paine was thus outlawed by England, pushed out of France by Napoleon, and denied a rightful place in the United States. More angry than he usually allowed himself to become, he applied to Congress for proof of his service as the secretary of foreign affairs in 1777; and although the proof was on every page of the official record, a committee of the national Legislature declined to

authenticate the fact. One of the authors of the Declaration of Independence thus remained an Ishmael on a tract of land given him for that service.

As the weary years wore on, Madame Bonneville migrated to New York and came to nurse Paine in his last illness as she had nursed him when he was released from the Luxembourg in Paris. As the end approached, pious Christians looked daily for a recantation of his "Age of Reason" or for the physical presence of the Devil hovering about his room in New York City. It was the Spring of 1808. Father Fenwick, later the Bishop of Boston, tried to approach his bedside to hear and record the recantation or to report the presence of Satan himself. There was a Quaker churchyard in Westchester county. Paine requested the brethren of that gentle sect to permit his bones to rest in their hallowed ground. The brethren refused.

V

He died as he had lived, faithful to his ideal of the deity, an honorable physician witness to the disputed fact. Father O'Brian, of the red nose, knelt over the dead body of the great man to say: "Oh, you ugly drunken beast." And the Presbyterian divine who had proclaimed the sanctity of Alexander Hamilton said: "Ah, Tom, thou'll get the frying in Hell; they'll roast thee like a herring."

> They'll put thee in the furnace hot,
> And on thee bar the door:
> How the devils will laugh
> To hear thee burst and roar.

On June 8 a little cortège wound its way to a corner of the farm at New Rochelle. Madame Bonneville and Willet Hicks, the reformed Quaker, some Irishmen of little wealth, and two Negroes, walked or rode behind the corpse: humble men taking the remains of their friend to the grave which they had prepared on the remnant of Paine's land. It was not to be the end. Eleven years later William Cobbett, a former enemy who had himself denounced the author of the "Age of Reason," to make amends and to serve the cause of human freedom in England, took up the coffin, carried it to Liverpool, whence he hoped to carry it at the head of processions, and then place it under a fitting monument among plain people who had never quite repudiated him. But Richard Carlile, the friend of Paine, was that year put into prison and fined $7,500 for selling "The Rights of Man." The town crier of Bolton went to jail for nine weeks for announcing the arrival of Paine's dead body.

Cobbett failed in his endeavor. The government and the churches of England refused the remains of the reformer sepulture either in hallowed or unhallowed ground; and his bones were in the possession of an old day-laborer in 1844, from whom they passed into the storeroom of B. Tilley, a furniture dealer, at 13 Bedford Square, near the British Museum and a little way from the bronze effigy of Paine's more lucky friend, Charles James Fox, at the entrance of Bloomsbury park.

Such in brief is the story of one of the makers of modern history. Denied a resting place in the land he loved most, his bones were scattered about the country of his birth, Christian men everywhere willing that it should be so. But wherever man looks about him thoughtfully today, he beholds something of the work of Paine and more of the spirit of "Common Sense" and "The Rights of Man."

IRON MAN OF THE SAGINAW

BY JAMES STEVENS

Joe Fournier was a man of iron. He won that high name in the Summer of '71, when Bad Ax Growly, the champion chopper of the Thumb country, swung an ax squarely on his chest and only shattered the blade. The news of this tremendous event grapevined through all the Michigan pineries and was hailed around the camboose fires in the shanties. Joe Fournier had never been licked, the shanty boys agreed, and now he never could be. There was far too much iron in him. When bullies came down the Saginaw to perform in his saloon they had better leave their fighting humors and tools on the river.

Joe deprecated his own fame. He even denied the truth of the Growly story. When his customers brought up the subject he told them fairly that the ax blade had not really struck his chest and shattered there; instead, he had seized it in his two hands and simply twisted and stretched it into a lightning-rod. But the shanty boys figured that he was too modest. They insisted that he was a man of iron. His fame increased. He became the undisputed king-jack of Hell's Half-Mile, which was the name given to Bay City's river front by the lumberjacks. They considered it their private thoroughfare.

In that decade Michigan was a country of lumber rivers and saw-mill towns. Through twenty million acres of pineries coursed the Muskegon, Manistee, Menominee, Cheboygan, Thunder Bay, Au Sable, Rifle and Saginaw and their countless branches and creeks. The lumberjacks brought down two billion feet of logs a year to the towns on the shores of Lakes Michigan and Huron. Bay City, at the mouth of the Saginaw on the Huron side, was the red and roaring chief of all of them. Its king-jack fighter was *ex officio* the champion of the whole region. For four years Joe Fournier lived a life of peace.

There were, of course, reckless men who entered Hell's Half-Mile in that time with the declared purpose of mopping the sawdust off the floor of his saloon, using its proprietor for a swab. But these were all fools. Often Joe subdued them by simply lifting a beer mug and calmly munching a slab from its side before their bulging eyes. If one persisted, he would march out from behind his bar, suddenly hook the obstreperous party with his incredible hands and toss him to the top of the ice-box to cool off. The box was fourteen feet high. Being pitched up there cooled off the average man every time. After Bad Ax Growly's experience no other plausible aspirant challenged Joe Fournier until the Summer of '75. He was considered invulnerable and impregnable by all the big bullies. They fought among themselves and left him to carry on his humane and necessary trade.

The owner of Bay City's star saloon asked for nothing better. He was a genial and munificent host who outdid all com-

petitors in entertaining a barroom congregation. When there were no fools to annoy him he would juggle, or jig, or spin yarns. He was the swiftest rolling beer-barrel juggler the Saginaw had ever seen. One night he birled a barrel of lager so fast and long that he churned it into butter. His favorite trick was to keep three fifty-pound boxes of dynamite bouncing in the air at a time. When he spun yarns it was to tell big jokes on himself. There was, for example, the incident that caused the tugboat men to nickname him Joe de Ba'tiste.

"I was joos' cross de rivaire on de logs," he would say, holding his slabs of hands edgewise on the bar, "when I come to de tug, *La Rose*. 'Hey, Joe Fournier!' de captain 'oller down. I stop on de log an' look up to her. '*La Rose* is stuck in de mud;' she's 'oller some more. 'What you wan'?' I say. 'De pool or de poosh?' 'De pool, Joe Fournier,' say de captain. So, by Jules, I grab hol', me, by de bow with both de han's. Mojee, I pool an' I pool, an' what you t'ink? By Jules, me, Joe Fournier, I pool de bow off dat tug by de roots, an', mojee de batan, I pool so hard I dive to de bottom of de Saginaw an' get stuck in her mud! By gor, dey call two more tugs to come help, one for pool *La Rose* from de mud, an' one for pool Joe Fournier! So now all tugboat men she's call me Joe de Ba'tiste. By Jules, she's good joke on Joe Fournier! I set 'em up a roun' for dat one."

Taking him by and large, Joe was a prince of his tribe. No lumberjack ever left his saloon without something rich to talk about. But it was his fate to get too big a reputation as an unlicked fighter for any man to bear in the Saginaw country and keep his life. In the Spring of '75 a rumor that he had a weak spot somewhere in his iron frame was talked through the pineries. It brought Rough Red of Thunder Bay river, Silver Jack of Muskegon, and a crowd of lesser champions down the Saginaw to Hell's Half-Mile on Water street. There was also an unknown, a tree of a man named Duncan McFay. He was a jam-breaker from Rifle river. The Saginaw men grinned when they learned that he was a Presbyterian deacon. Who ever heard of a deacon taking a saloon apart?

"That's jest the reason Duncan McFay is comin' down to make Fournier back up," argued the Rifle river men. "He claims this here saloon man is a profane Papist who needs to be showed whose side the Lord is on. Only other time he come down was to lick a Papist named Murray. That one went out to the Birney Cemetery with a jug of whiskey and drunk it a-settin' on a Presbyterian's grave. Duncan McFay heard about it, and he come down and hammered this here Murray in the name of John Knox. You jest don't know Presbyterians."

"Is that so? Well, who wants to know 'em? Anyhow, why has he waited so long to try this doctern of hisn out on Joe Fournier?"

"He has jest learnt Fournier's weak spot, that there's why. Seems it's a weak spot which is made to order for a jam-breaker."

The Saginaw men still laughed. Silver Jack and Rough Red were in town, and they were the champions to work on Joe's weak spot if he actually had one. But the majority doubted the rumor's truth. Many shrewd ones believed that Joe had started it himself to decoy a horde of fighters down the Saginaw and so make a big Summer's business. Sixteen famous bullies had reached Bay City with the drives. Duncan McFay was the seventeenth. But as yet no one but the Rifle river lumberjacks counted him among the champions. He was forgotten as the hosts piled in from the woods to make the first big night of the season.

II

A hundred saloons were ready for the shanty boys. The smell of fresh pine sawdust rose from the floors to mingle with the mellow odors from the bars. Lady beer rustlers, dance-hall blondes and portly burlesque queens of the Varieties girded themselves to withstand rib-cracking hugs and love taps from slablike hands. Elegant bartenders plastered their hair and curled their mustaches as they waited for the parched and potent men to crash through the swinging doors. As twilight deepened there was a heaving stream of mackinawed shoulders and bearded faces moving before the glowing windows of the saloons. Water street roared.

Blinding colors flashed under the gas lamps. The shanty boys were shaggy and ragged when they worked the drives into the booms. Their first move in town was to buy new togs. Then they got themselves bathed and barbered and rigged up. The lumberjack styles were French. The brilliant tasseled headpiece of the Canadians shone everywhere. The scarlet sash of knitted silk, wrapped about the waist and knotted so that its fringed ends dangled just above the left knee, was also a prime article of apparel. Black breeches with fancifully braided seams were stuffed inside socks of colored wool and high-topped boot pacs with spiked soles. Double-breasted red shirts glittered with buttons the size of saucers. Mackinaws blazed with huge checks of all the rainbow's colors. Bandanas were flaunted from side pockets. Every grin revealed a mouth decorated with gold. The dentist was a jeweler to the shanty boys.

Glossy and laundered, their whiskers trimmed like a parson's or a gambler's, their hair plastered and parted, the men from the woods felt all gloried up when they invaded Water street. They bought bottles, primed them with wedges of plug tobacco to give the liquor the proper sting, passed them around, and swapped items of news as they solemnly drank. Wiping their whiskers with the backs of hairy hands, they promenaded on, looking for the likeliest place for the first night of their blow-in.

They had a vast variety of places to pick from, ranging from the ornate and austere sample-room of the Fraser House to the dives of the grisly Catacombs. The latter stood in the shadows of the bridge approach on the east side of the river. There Polly Dickson, the Loreli of the Saginaw, lured weak men into her toils and took their hard-earned gold.

The same building that housed Polly's palace of pleasure had also a bawdy burlesque show and a gambling saloon. Under the foundations were caves that penetrated the river bank. There cock fights, rat mains and bare-knuckle bruising matches were pulled off, beyond knowledge of the local pastors and police. Drunken greenhorns were fetched to the caves by the promise of French peep shows, and there blackjacked, and robbed, and heaved out. Victims who happened to die were dropped through a trapdoor into the river.

The sinister Catacombs were one extreme of the Summer life of the roaring lumber town, just as the revivals, socials, prayer meetings and temperance bazars of the pious citizens up Center street were another. The main stream was that of a robust and primitive masculinity at play. Only greenhorns and weaklings succumbed in the deadly dives. In the big high-toned saloons of Water street the lumberjacks were honored and served. There they settled their feuds, celebrated their exploits, fertilized their legends, and engaged in their prodigious amours.

Behind them were ten months of hard brute travail through the chopping, skidding and driving seasons. The last was the worst. When the rivermen brought down the logs they worked twelve hours a day in the icy water of the freshets. Their shoulders got raw from peavying logs out of the shallows. Their feet bled from the grind of the river sand that worked into their boots. Gaunt, shaggy, ragged, work-sore, thirsting for liquor and love, they at last ran the drive into the booms. At sunset smoke rolled from the mill stacks that lined both banks of the Saginaw for sixteen miles.

The roaring whine of the big saws was endless. Dock wallopers packed the holds of lake schooners with lumber for Chicago and Detroit. But this was no concern of the shanty boys. The Saginaw was a river of logs. That ended their job. All they wanted now was to make Water street roar for awhile, and then head back for the tote roads and shanty trails of the North Woods. . . .

"Which way, lad? Where's the place to perform tonight?"

"Rough Red and Silver Jack are makin' for Joe Fournier's. There's the place, if you ain't skeered of Hell bustin' up through the sawdust floor there! . . ."

III

The king-jacks of the Saginaw pineries had taken Fournier's saloon for their own. Tough, scarred veterans of the shanties lined the bar. All others were crowded out. The congregation was held down to a hundred. A lot of room would be needed when Hell began to break through the floor.

The barroom was vastly wide and high. Once it had served as a dance hall, but Fournier had shut the girls out. He was a solid saloon man who despised the side issues of his trade. He served only beer and whiskey straight. His entertainments were as lustily male as his drinks. There were plenty of other places along Water street for men who wanted wine, women and fiddle music. Everything had whiskers on it in Fournier's saloon.

So the one-time dance hall was now an arena devoted strictly to affairs of men. Coal black threads of gas pipe emerged from the smoky gloom of the high ceiling, each one suspending two jets that cast a white flare over the crowd at the bar. In the shadows of the back wall rose three tiers of beer barrels. The huge swinging doors were thickly spiked on both sides. For Joe Fournier had a French passion for petty economies. The lumberjacks had a habit of knocking saloon doors off their hinges to display the toughness of their fists, so he protected his with bristling spikes.

The bar was built of pine planks six inches thick. There were no cuspidors and no foot-rail. A thick layer of sawdust was packed before the bar. Two hundred calked boots tramped it into the floor. Behind the bar gas jets sputtered from the wall. Waving tassels and the checks of heaving mackinawed shoulders shone in the white light. Silver shillings jingled as knotty fists hammered them on the bar. Through the roar of chesty voices sounded the gurgle of red liquor as it was poured from bottles to jiggers, the hiss and purr of beer gushing from spiggots to foaming mugs, the clink of thick glasses, and the gusty sighs that followed the downing of drinks.

A heavy haze of pipe smoke rose slowly into the gaslight. The smells of sawdust, liquor and men got richly thick. Now and then a king-jack cocked an ear and listened and breathed hard, while he stared blinkingly into a tilted glass. The fiery liquor

looked back at him with a round, shining smile. It was no dream here. Timber beasts and river pigs were down from the woods. Free from the old life for a spell. Blowing in. Bellying up to the bar of a saloon at last, watching with Joe Fournier for Hell to pop through the sawdust floor. . . .

The renowned proprietor loomed majestically behind his four sweating bartenders. He was clad in the most glittering garb of the North Woods. The tassel of his Canadian cap waved and shone from coaly hair that bristled like burnt stubble on a hill. His arms were folded across a tremendous red-shirted chest. Now and again he lifted the forefinger and thumb of his right hand to caress a sweeping mustache, while he inclined his head in a solemn nod of greeting to some favored king-jack. So the famous Joe Fournier waited behind his bar.

Never before had he been so sober and solemn. He would not be doing any of his big tricks tonight. Every member of his hard congregation realized that. Joe was saving himself up. For once he had mighty trouble on his hands. The drinkers eyed him shrewdly and wondered if it was a fact about his weak spot now. He certainly was powerful serious about something or other there. Not a jig step from him tonight, not one story had he told. The boxes of dynamite he used for juggling gathered cobwebs in a corner. He simply stood with his arms like cross-beams, and waited. The lumberjacks squinted shrewdly across the bar at him, then passed wise remarks behind callous-caked palms. . . .

"There might be something to it, yes, sir. Maybe Joe Fournier *has* got his weak spot after all." "Begins to look sure as shootin', hey, Cal? I won'er could it be his eye? Maybe Joe Fournier ain't got a iron eye like I allus thought he had." "Filer Crumley declares to Hell 'n' back she's in his heel, the weak spot is." "Filer! Him!" "Ejercated, Filer is. Went to school clean through aller McGuffey's readers, yes, sir! Well-posted and fuller idies." "That's an ejercated idy, right enough, about the weak spot of a fighter like Fournier bein' in his heel! Who ever heerd of the like? Who but a ejercated ijut like Filer Crumley? Fournier's weak spot in his heel! Holy old mackinaw, Cal, you oughter have more sense! . . ."

Thus fifty pairs of men argued behind their palms as the battle hour ticked near. All the king-jacks had at last decided that Joe Fournier's weak spot was no fake. With this agreement, the argument centered entirely on its location. Some figured it was in his knee. But Joe certainly was not weak-kneed; any man who had seen him jig would vow to that. All agreed that he couldn't have a weak stomach, either—not a man who could gnaw a beer mug like it was a radish! No, sir! It was simply a mighty mystery. No one looked above his neck for the answer. Too many had seen heavy fists bounce like a hammer striking an anvil when they landed on his jaws. The arguments got nowhere as the night began to age. It was plain that nothing would be settled until the champions swung through the doors, yet the talk roared on as liquor and silver flowed over the bar.

No one heeded a dark and thorny tree of a man who loomed dimly in the deep shadows at the upper end of the bar. This was Duncan McFay of Rifle river. In his drab Scotch cap and black ox-hide jacket he was like a somber fir among maples and elms in Autumn. Alone and aloof, Duncan McFay bided his time. He was the only man who did not turn to stare as the voice of Silver Jack thundered through the doors. His chilled steel eyes glittered after every move of Joe Fournier.

IV

Silver Jack of Muskegon tramped to the bar, thundering the battle song of the North Woods. Every verse fumed with profanity, lust and blood. At the sound of it shoulders stiffened, eyes glared with fighting fire, fists thumped time on the pine plank of the bar, and the stout floor quaked from the drive of spiked boots. In the refrain a hundred voices crashed to the ceiling:

Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!

The Muskegon champion seemed mighty sure of himself. His was the biggest fist along the bar and he swung it from his shoulder with every blow. With every chorus he jutted his head over the bar and bared his teeth in a wolf's grin at Joe Fournier. At last the saloon man began to glower and scowl. No one had ever seen him show wrath before. Even when he munched glass and tossed challengers over the ice-box his mustache never failed to spread in a grin. But his mustache was not spreading now. It beetled from jaw to jaw. Knots and ridges of muscle swelled from his reddening neck. Under his lowering scowl his eyes glowered and darkened until hunters in the crowd thought of smoking gun muzzles. Joe Fournier was taking a fight seriously at last.

"Bung yer eye!" roared the king-jacks for the last time.

They roared it solemnly, feeling a cloud of mighty trouble settling fast in Fournier's saloon. Now Silver Jack waved them to the tiers of beer barrels against the back wall. The congregation made room, keeping their glasses in their hands. A space of sawdust floor twenty feet wide and forty long was left before the bar. The space was left for Silver Jack and Joe Fournier. It was their floor.

"Maybe they'll stand in one spot and slug till their spikes chew through the planks," muttered somebody from a beer barrel. "I seen Shot Gunderson and Red Sash Duval fight through to the river like that in the old Green Bower. The floor was over the Saginaw, and they stood and slugged till they fit through to bottom water, yes, sir!"

Scowls for silence were the only answer. It was no time for stories about third-rate fights when such a nonpareil was on the boards. The news snaked in that Rough Red was just outside the doors, with fourteen men behind him. Silver Jack and the Red had drawn straws to see who would start the trouble with Joe Fournier. Now it was beginning to thunder up.

Joe had waved back his bartenders and stepped forward. His red-shirted chest bulged like a fire barrel over the liquor-beaded bar. He hunched his shoulders, spread his elbows, and leaned on hands so matted with black hairs that they appeared to be gloved in bear hide. His chin jutted like the head of a sledge, and a wild growling roar issued from his bristling mustache. Nobody could doubt now that the famous Fournier was at last swollen and inflamed with a fighting rage.

The Muskegon man backed up from him, but it was only to drop into a fighting crouch. Silver Jack was seeming mighty sure of himself. He sashayed, he pawed sawdust with both feet, he jerked his mackinaw and sent it whirling at the beer barrels. Then he pumped his fists and growled.

"The trouble with you, Joe Fournier, is you never been licked," growled Silver Jack. "Come over yer bar there and I'll mend that trouble up."

"Mojee, I come!" bellowed Joe Fournier. "An' dis tam I nail up you' hide. I nail up you' hide wit' you in her, by gor!"

Then an instant's terrific silence settled in the barroom. Every man in the congregation was holding his breath as he gaped at the sash of Silver Jack. It was carrying a blacksmith's eight-pound hammer. Jack's hand was weaving close to it, ready for a grab. The silence ended in an enormous gust of a sigh as the lumberjacks exhaled as one man. They blinked at one another with a wild surmise. A mighty mutter shivered through the congregation.

"He's got it in his head!" the mutter said. "That's the weak spot of Joe Fournier, by the old mackinaw!"

V

In the same instant Joe was roaring and plunging over the bar. He lit, and lunged into a tremendous charge. The blacksmith's hammer swung up in Silver Jack's right hand. Joe Fournier stopped as suddenly as if he had butted into a thunderbolt. The crowd yelled with wonder.

"He's skeered of gettin' his skull caved in!" "Who'd ever thunker that, now?" "She's in his head, his weak spot is, by the old Deuteronomy! Lookit him a duckin' there!"

Every voice roared wonder, for hardly a man could believe his eyes as the famous Fournier backed up, sidestepped, sashayed and ducked and jerked his head away from the hammer swings of Silver Jack. Five minutes ago every drinker at the bar would have sworn that Joe Fournier could take a dozen such licks on his skull without twitching an eyelid. This was so powerfully believed that no bully had even tried an ax on his head up to now. But Fournier's weak spot had been found out. Here it was. The great man was weak in the head, and Silver Jack of Muskegon had him on the run with a blacksmith's eight-pound hammer. It was as amazing to the lumberjacks as though the weak spot had actually been in his heel.

But it was not in the cards for Fournier to go down yet. Instead, they were running at their highest for him here, to give him the biggest night of his life. The spiked doors parted. The Rough Red snarled down the barroom. He had seen an easy victory for Silver Jack. His own envy and greed for glory were too much for him. He simply had to have a hand in the downfall of Joe Fournier himself. So he snarled down, the squattest, bushiest ape of a timber beast in seven counties. The Rough Red from Thunder Bay river was all hair, shoulders and arms. He came swinging a post maul.

" 'Way fer the Red!" he snarled at Silver Jack. "I'm havin' a lick at that there head of his'n myself!"

Then Hell broke through for fair. The other fourteen champions had swarmed in after Rough Red, hungry for their shares in the certain triumph. They bunched and collided as they swung at Joe's weak spot together. The barroom crashed and clanged with hammers, mauls, pikes, peavies, sledges, elm clubs, railroad irons, hitching posts and other head-breaking tools, all smashing together and tangling. Into the tangle charged Joe Fournier.

Seventeen of the biggest men of the Michigan woods were jammed into a fighting mob on the sawdust floor of the saloon. A furious human mass, three and a half tons of bone and brawn, seethed and thundered there. Sixteen parts of it were raging for the one in the center. It was a mælstrom of men circled by fallen weapons. Joe Fournier was the center of it. He was taking the others down.

The sight was so tremendous that the congregation went nerveless and limp. All along the three tiers glasses fell from fingers that had lost their grip. Pipes

dropped from sagging mouths. Every chin waggled above a convulsively bobbing Adam's apple. Sweat popped from the toughest brows and trickled in cold beads. All eyes were bulging. There was a rasping monotone of forced breath. Joe Fournier was humped over and hooking them down. The champions were going like logs on a broken rollway.

On the other side of the bar the four bartenders in white shirts, vest and aprons were like waxworks under the gas jets. They stood side by side. Each one planted his hands flat on the bar, leaned on them, and stared without blinking an eye. Their glossy hair shone. The deserted bottles sparkled on the board. In the deeper shadows, forgotten, unseen, loomed the Rifle river jam-breaker, Duncan McFay. He was as still as a tree.

The ring around Joe Fournier was thinning out. At last the congregation could see that he stood on a pile of men. He no longer hooked them down. Now he was heaving them up. The crooked black shapes of arms and legs began to whirl against the white gas flare. They hardly seemed to belong to the dark blurs that held them together. But these were men flying around the barroom, right enough. Champions to boot. Any two of them more than a quarter-ton in heft. And Joe Fournier was heaving them in pairs. Four shot up like sky rockets to the favorite old spot on the ice-box's top. Another pair spun through the air like pinwheels, landed on the bar, and draped themselves there. Others soared straight up, then flattened on the floor in spread-eagle style. Then a shaggy human ball sailed toward the doors. That was the Rough Red. Joe Fournier had knotted him up and pitched him with both hands. This was the beginning of the end. Only Silver Jack was left. The man from Muskegon was swooping to the circle of weapons, reaching for his hammer.

His fingers brushed the handle, and that was all. Fournier was behind him, with both hands hooking him under the short ribs. Silver Jack's feet jerked from the floor, they swung in a rising curve until the polished spikes of his boots glittered under the gas jets, then they flashed over and over as the Muskegon champion hurtled for the spiked doors. When he struck he stuck. The Thunder Bay champion was already there. The Rough Red and Silver Jack were nailed up side by side.

"Tol' you, by gor!" sounded the fighting growl of Joe Fournier. He faced the congregation. "There is you' Silver Jack. Joe Fournier has nail up her hide, and she is in her, mojee!"

The lumberjacks were still smitten dumb. Joe was a fearful sight to behold. His hair was unplastered and unparted, his red shirt was in rags, his hairy hands blood-streaked and his black eyes glaring and bulging like a mad bull's. He was not through yet. Duncan McFay was not a forgotten man to him. He swung for the upper end of the bar, but the jam-breaker was already out of the shadows. He made the congregation think of a stalking tree. And there seemed to be no more fight in him. He lifted a palm like a chair bottom toward Joe Fournier.

"I'll be lookin' fer no trooble this night, Mr. Fournier," he said. His voice was a cold, burry rumble. "Aynither time, if ye dinna mind. I'm but observin' now. Anither time—wi' the right an' proper tool to hand."

Without another word or look behind him the man from Rifle river tramped to the door. He plucked the Rough Red and Silver Jack from the nails, dropped them calmly, and pushed through to Water street. The congregation laughed. Some-

body said you'd expect a play like that from a Presbyterian deacon. That broke the spell. Chesty voices roared again. The beaten champions were carried out by their friends. Once more knotty fists hammered the bar. The bartenders came to life. The mighty victor returned to his old stand.

But Joe Fournier was not jubilant over his victory. Trouble clouded his eyes. He tapped his head heavily, as though to test its strength. Gloom deepened around him. The night roared on in his honor, but he did not respond. He knew too well that a champion whose weak spot had been discovered could not hope to last long on the Saginaw.

VI

He lasted, in fact, until the sunset of the next day. That was a Sabbath. On Sundays the saloons of Water street were closed. The White and Red Ribboners of Center street were foiled, however, by excursion boats which carried the shanty boys to bay towns where the Presbyterians were a minority among the citizens.

On these Summer Sunday excursions Joe Fournier was as famous a figure as he was in his saloon. He performed his big tricks for applauding crowds on the sunny decks. He did his jigs on the paddle wheel, with the engines racing at full speed. In the smoking-room bar he told his best stories and roared ballads brought down from Petite Chaudiere as the boat returned through the sunset. A Sunday excursion was nothing without Joe Fournier.

He seemed to be his old self on the one that followed his biggest night. He bore his scars of battle lightly. All day his shouts of laughter rolled from stem to stern of the boat. But he certainly knew what was coming. Joe Fournier had simply made up his mind to take it like a man.

Twilight was clouding down when the crowd returned to the home dock. Suddenly part of it broke into a furious milling mob. It surged into the dark shadows of a lumber shed, then swiftly scattered. Joe Fournier, it suddenly appeared, was done for. Twenty men picked him up and carried him away. His head was completely caved in. It was his weak spot. The coroner proved that. Joe Fournier's skull was only a scant inch and a half thick!

But neither the coroner nor the police ever proved any more than that. The murder of Joe Fournier became a great mystery.

"Hammers," declared the police. "All the men Joe had ever licked got together and went after his weak spot with hammers."

But in the twilight hour a half-ton anchor had vanished from the dock and was never found again. Against this fact the police were stumped.

"That there anchor was the insterment of the fatal blow," affirmed the partisans from Rifle river. "Duncan McFay knowed it would take sech a insterment after seein' Joe Fournier fight off hammers and mauls. So he laid for Joe with the anchor, slayed and slaughtered him, then dove into the river and swum off with the everdence. There's the only answer to your mighty murder mystery, now."

The men of the Saginaw shook their heads.

"It was on a Sunday Joe Fournier's weak spot was tapped and caved in," they declared. "And this here Duncan McFay of yourn was too strict a Presbyterian to of murdered anybody on the Sabbath. Talk about his log-tossin' all you like, you Rifle river men, but don't you try to pump up Duncan McFay's reppitation by givin' him credit for killin' Joe Fournier, and it on a Sunday and him a Presbyterian. Ridic'lous! No, sir, that there murder is due to be a mighty mystery to the end of time."

MISSISSIPPI PLEDGES HER FAITH

BY RICHARD F. O'TOOLE

WHEN, in 1838, the American government had acquired, through purchase, considerable areas of Indian tribal lands, it forthwith promoted our pioneer fixed-type investment trust, known as the Indian Trust Fund. Having agreed that the proceeds of their realty venture should constitute the capital of the fund, for investment in State securities under direction of the Great White Father, the Indians were guaranteed *in perpetuum* a minimum annual return of 5%. Accordingly, by 1840, the entire fund, amounting to almost $3,000,000, had been converted into obligations backed by the "faith" of various sovereign members of the American Union.

As manager of the portfolio, the White House tenant got off to a rather poor start, for in a surprisingly short time so many States had defaulted that the Indian Trust Fund was in grave difficulties. A benevolent board of directors, in the guise of Congress, thereupon originated, and permanently established, the custom of appropriating the amount necessary to keep faith with the aborigine. Thereafter, through compromises with the States involved, and by occasionally seizing and applying monies appropriated in their favor, that branch of the government, through the treasury, had, by the end of 1929, reduced such holdings to less than $400,000. It thus took nearly a century for the American government to secure liquidation of the major part of a few million dollars in defaulted State securities. Meanwhile, the private holders of the same obligations, unable to enforce their rights, have been left to whistle. Today, their descendants and assignees hold some $75,000,000 worth of the defaulted obligations of eight Southern States, none of which were issued by the Confederacy or had to do with the debts of the Civil War.

Remarkable for the deliberate and ingeniously sustained repudiation of $7,000,000 of its bonds, the State of Mississippi, like Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest. In 1830, the Legislature of that State, hearkening to a current yen, chartered a commercial banking establishment called the Planters' Bank, and to provide it with capital funds authorized the Governor of the State to subscribe for $2,000,000 of its stock with the proceeds of the sale of a like amount of State bonds. The security behind the bonds consisted of a pledge of Mississippi's faith, which at that time rated Aaa. Hence John Delafield, cashier of the Phenix Bank in New York, gladly underwrote the bonds at a premium of $250,000, and, fortunate in his rôle of underwriter, passed them on to trusting European investors.

The State, represented in the directorate of the bank, had an important voice in its management, while a paternal and ever watchful Legislature greased its legal ways. Thus, in 1833, the Mississippi Senate industriously considered, in the leak-proof language of legislation:

> An act supplementary to an act entitled an act further to amend an act entitled an act to establish a Planters' Bank in the State of Mississippi, approved February 10, 1830, and acts supplemental thereto.

Notwithstanding such overwhelming guardianship, the Planters' Bank managed to prosper for nine years, to the lucrative advantage of the State of Mississippi, mainly at the rate of 10% per annum.

But when, in 1837, there occurred a country-wide suspension of specie payments, Mississippi, then the largest producer of cotton, faced almost certain ruin. The Legislature, convened to take appropriate action, had become convinced that more banks meant more specie, and accordingly launched the State into a second banking venture. It chartered an institution called the Mississippi Union Bank and pledged the State's credit for $15,500,000 as a subsidy for raising the new bank's capital. This plan proving ineffective, the old idea of having the State subscribe directly for stock was revived, and in 1838, $5,000,000 in State bonds were issued. Nicholas Biddle, then a director of the Bank of the United States at Philadelphia, became the underwriter, and a short time later sold most of the issue to Europeans.

Unfortunately, this new Union Bank, with ten of its directors chosen by the State, commenced operations under highly unfavorable circumstances. The Mississippi Legislature had been on a jamboree of bank chartering, and private credit institutions dotted the landscape like modern filling-stations. Their management, for the most part, was unskilful and speculative, so that the depression in the wake of suspended specie payments brought many of them to an abrupt and disastrous end. Concurrently, Andrew Jackson was doggedly gunning for the Bank of the United States, while Mississippi's new Governor, one McNutt, was lambasting all banks, with special emphasis upon the Planters' Bank. Before the close of the year he was worrying the Union Bank also, and in January, 1839, brought to the Legislature serious charges against both banks, only to have them refuted by that body.

Meanwhile, the Union Bank, in which the State's status of stockholder had been augmented by that of borrower, commenced to bog down badly. A restorative, in the form of an additional $5,000,000 in State bonds was handed to the management for conversion into cash. Unfortunately for the bank, though not for investors, the Eastern underwriters gave a glassy, knowing look and slowly shook their heads.

Simultaneously, the State swapped its Planters' Bank stock for shares of a volatile venture called the Mississippi Rail Road Company, which agreed to assume payment of the Planters' Bank bonds. As the year drew to a close, the Governor played the dual rôle of moderator and anxious observer in a fervid debate between the Planters' Bank management and that of the Mississippi Rail Road Company over the question of who was responsible for redeeming the first series of Planters' Bank bonds, maturing within a few months.

The sorry dialogue terminated in February, 1840, when the railroad company admitted that it was neither willing nor able to meet the obligation, and $2,000,000 worth of Mississippi faith found a permanent resting place in the graveyard of default, to be joined within a few months by an additional $5,000,000 when McNutt cancelled the Union Bank charter and drove it into a receivership.

This default of the State got generous publicity both at home and abroad, and indignant bondholders bombarded the

Governor with simmering notes of protest. Mr. McNutt now found himself floundering in deep, hot water, for in addition to having signed most of the bonds, he had also approved the Union Bank project. Moreover, the State's finances, under his ægis, had come to such a pass that Mississippi could meet neither interest nor principal on her own obligations. He well knew the alternative, for in 1838 he had admonished the Legislature that in the event of either bank failing to meet the service of the bonds, "the persons and property of all our citizens would be subjected to taxation." Yet to invoke that course would subject him to the fury of an electorate already burdened with the cost of political mal-administration and unwarranted tinkering. There was, he discovered, an easier way of saving his political skin, and he resolved to try it.

The groundwork was laid in his message to the Legislature in January, 1841. Bitterly attacking the Union Bank management, but craftily avoiding mention of the defaulted Planters' Bank bonds, he urged that those of the Union Bank be repudiated, on the pretext that their sale was fraudulent and unconstitutional. After a thorough and painstaking investigation, the Legislature passed resolutions proclaiming the validity of both bond issues, after rejecting by a vote of 66 to 17 a repudiating amendment offered by the Governor's accomplices. The resolutions terminated in these words:

> The insinuation that the State of Mississippi would repudiate her bonds and violate her plighted faith, is a calumny upon the justice, honor and dignity of the State.

But not to be thwarted, the Governor exercised his right of veto, and returned the resolutions with so abusive a message that the Legislature refused to have it printed in its journal of proceedings.

II

The State elections, now in the offing, afforded a timely and convenient opportunity for the Governor and his partisans. They saw to it that repudiation was made the issue, and, by stirring up the voters of the back country, swept their candidates into office. Now amply fortified in his dishonest project, the Governor strutted out the balance of his term of office with the bluster of victory, and on January 4, 1842, in the twilight of his régime, addressed a voluminous message to the Legislature to remind it that the bonds had to be repudiated in the light of the election. He said:

> An appeal has been made to the sovereign people of the State on this question, and their verdict, from which no appeal can be taken, has triumphantly sustained the principles for which I have long contended. No power can compel them to pay a demand which they know to be unjust. This result has gloriously sustained the sacred truth that the toiling millions never should be burdened to support the idle few.

The toiling millions, no doubt, were largely represented by 197,000 slaves, then constituting 57% of Mississippi's population, while the Governor's long-contended-for principles must have had their genesis after that day in 1839 when he had admonished another Legislature that

> The faith of the State is pledged for the redemption of $2,000,000 of bonds sold to take stock in the Planters' Bank, and for the whole capital of the Union Bank. A just regard for the honor of the State demands that these institutions should be managed with great prudence, in order that ample provision be made for the punctual payment of interest, and of the bonds at maturity.

Early in 1842, Governor Tucker, the successful candidate of the repudiationists, assumed office, and in his first legislative message recommended repudiation of the

Union Bank bonds, but singularly enough, expressed the opinion that the Planters' Bank issue was a valid obligation of the State, and urged its redemption. The repudiationist Legislature duly repudiated the Union Bank bonds within a few days, but, like McNutt, ignored the question of the defaulted Planters' Bank bonds.

For the next twelve years this topic of repudiation bedeviled Mississippi politics. Thus Governor Brown, in 1846, spoke his mind in these words:

> But it is asserted that one generation can not bind another to pay a public debt. The argument, if plausible, is not applicable to our condition. We are not the posterity of the men who lived thirteen years ago, but if we were, I should maintain that if we transmit to those who come after us our lands and the fulness thereof, it will be no grievous hardship if we transmit with them such debts as we cannot, without serious privation to ourselves, pay off and discharge. The fairest way, however, to answer the argument that posterity is not bound to pay our debts is to pay them ourselves, and that is what I recommend.

But this clear and logical reasoning failed to arouse the conscience of the State.

Finally, in 1852, one Hezron Johnson, holder of a Mississippi Union Bank bond, sued the State in its own courts for interest and principal, and secured judgment. In its decision the Superior Court of Chancery said:

> The State does not raise any question touching the validity of the sale of the bond sued on. The facts would not admit of any such question. The position assumed by the Attorney-General is that the bonds were issued in violation of the fundamental law, and that the faith of the State has never been constitutionally pledged for their payment. . . . The court is of the opinion that the complainant in this case, who is an innocent and bona-fide holder or assignee of the bond sued on and exhibited, is entitled to have his decree against the State.

Concurrently, a State referendum was held on the question:

> Will you submit to a direct tax for the purpose of paying the Planters' Bank bonds?

Again the conscience of the State was unable to rise to the occasion, for there were four thousand less ayes than nays. The State, in the meantime, had appealed the Hezron Johnson decision to its own Supreme Court, and that body, in the following year, sustained the decision of the lower court in this language:

> Every member of the court has bestowed upon it the most anxious investigation and the result has been an entire concurrence of opinion, confirming the decree of the Chancellor.

Thus, the liability of the State for payment of the Union Bank bonds had been confirmed by its own courts, while the validity of the Planters' Bank bonds had never been questioned. Yet the victorious holder of the Union Bank bond was not to have his pound of flesh. The State Constitution provided that no expenditure of State funds could be made without legislative appropriation, so the law-making body, preferring to sustain repudiation, nullified the decision of the Supreme Court by refusing to appropriate the necessary money.

Finally, in 1875, to escape the importunities of tenacious bondholders, and at the same time to protect the State treasury from any future effervescence of conscience, the State Constitution was amended in the following language:

> Nor shall the State assume, redeem, secure, or pay any indebtedness claimed to be due by the State of Mississippi to any person, association or corporation whatsoever, claiming the same as owners or assignees of any bond or bonds now generally known as Union Bank Bonds or Planters' Bank Bonds.

The effect of this amendment, which is still in force, is to exclude from legislative consideration the question of payment of the bonds. It is a plain violation of Article I, Section 10, of the Federal Constitution, which provides that:

> No State shall . . . pass any bill of attainer, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts.

The Federal government, however, with its customary apathy towards State violators of the fundamental law, has refrained from bringing Mississippi to book, while the bondholders are debarred from so doing by operation of the Eleventh Amendment, which provides that:

> The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States, by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State.

Thus non-observance of the law by the State of Mississippi, and non-enforcement by the Federal government effectively prevent holders of Mississippi's repudiated obligations from pressing for their legal rights.

An immediate result of the State's repudiation was to make its name taboo in the money-markets of the world, a status which continued until 1903, when fleeting time and faded memory enabled it to resume borrowing—this time, exclusively in the American market. Since then, the investing public, apparently ignorant of its record, has bought some fourteen million dollars' worth of its bonds, all of which Mr. Moody rates Aaa, a symbol signifying "first grade obligations in all essential respects."

The holders of Planters' Bank and Union Bank bonds have persistently sought redress over the years, and still continue to do so. The Peabody Trust Fund, an American philanthropic organization, held a considerable amount of Planters' Bank bonds, and for nearly a quarter of a century repeatedly appealed to the State to settle. During all that time Mississippi children were recipients of the Fund's benefactions. Finally, in 1884, the trustees announced that, in justice to other States, they would halt the distribution of its philanthropy in Mississippi until that State should recognize its obligations. Upon the dissolution of the Fund in 1914 the defaulted Planters' Bank bonds were ironically turned over in trust to the Mississippi State University.

Nor did royalty fare any better. The Dowager Queen Cristina of Spain had sunk considerable pin-money in the repudiated bonds, and her descendants, who still hold them, must often wonder whether the market for Mississippi faith will ever come back. Some three million dollars' principal amount, of both issues, have been deposited with the Council of Foreign Bondholders, London, on the chance that this efficient and untiring protective organization may one day find a way to collect for the owners.

III

For years, these unpaid and repudiated obligations of Mississippi (along with those of other American States) have proven an unpleasant and highly irritating factor in our international relations. Every now and then the matter crops up in the English Parliament, as some indignant member clamors for diplomatic action. Again, Congress or the State Department is asked to do something about it. Or, it may be some already harassed American diplomat who finds the embarrassing subject poked under his official nose. Even

our investment bankers have felt its sting. More than once, when one of their agents has chided some spiggaty Minister of Finance for the sin of tardiness, an adroit reference to our own blackened pots has muffled the voice of the emissary.

The dispute was heard of at Versailles, and whenever the question of our adherence to The Hague, the League of Nations or the World Court has reached discussion in the American Senate, some Southern member has never failed to sponsor a reservation wherein it is stipulated that the subject of unpaid State debts shall not become a matter for discussion without the prior consent of the United States.

Thus, on January 14, 1926, when Senator Dill of Washington sought permission to have placed in the *Congressional Record* an editorial commenting upon repudiated State debts, an old-fashioned shindy broke loose, and the Hon. Lee Overman, Senator from North Carolina, scurried to his feet and said:

> Mr. President, it is a well-known fact that in foreign countries there is an association owning bonds of this country which it is trying to collect and has been trying to collect by diplomacy and otherwise. In 1899 I was a member of this body, and one of the greatest debates I ever heard in this body took place on the Hague Court treaty, and the very resolution that was then adopted by the Senate I have introduced as a reservation to this treaty.

The painful subject has a habit of coming to the surface under the most unlooked-for circumstances. Thus, in 1929, when the original scope of Mr. Wickersham's commission of the long name was stretched sufficiently to encompass the subject of Law Enforcement generally, the Council of Foreign Bondholders in London addressed that body, requesting that it consider

> the question of affording some means of enforcing a claim in law which has received judgment, confirmed on appeal in the proper courts appointed to hear such causes.
>
> We also beg that the breach of Article I, Sect. 10 of the Constitution of the United States, which was committed in 1875 and since has been repeated by the inclusion in the Constitution of the State of Mississippi of an *ex post facto* law impairing the obligations of two lawful debt contracts, may be considered.

The secretary of the commission wrote a perfunctory acknowledgment, and in April, 1930, the council again wrote the commission, enclosing additional material in support of its case, which Mr. Wickersham acknowledged in the following words:

> I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 14th ultimo, with accompanying pamphlets, and to say that the subject of the responsibility of the State of Mississippi upon obligations alleged to have been issued by it in the past is not within the competence of this commission.

The council, on June 4, 1930, thereupon wrote Mr. Wickersham, pointing out that

> neither the subject of the responsibility of the State of Mississippi, nor that of any allegation in regard to the issuance of obligations, have been raised by this Council in its application to your commission, since both these matters have already been determined by judgments of the highest courts of the State itself.
>
> Basically, our application seems to fall strictly within the titular description of your commission, in that it seeks a means whereby observance and enforcement may be insured for the laws upon which those judgments were based, and for the provisions of the Constitution of the United States in regard to the sanctity of contracts.

The council will have to learn that our constitutional styles have been changing. Not only observance, but enforcement, too, has come to be optional.

MUSIC

EYE MUSIC

By Winthrop Parkhurst

The term *Augenmusik*—literally, in the vulgate, eye music—is used almost always as an insult. It is an epithet hurled at any composition which waltzes prettily enough across music paper but limps with rheumatic fever in the concert hall. It is a derisive term flung at music which looks sweet to the eye but, invoking the vulgate again, listens sour. Compositions replete with cleverly contrived discords, admirable to behold but to hear horrible; compositions shot through with a dozen rhythmic figures with criss-cross in visible patterns of the fairest beauty but audibly become a maze of drunken dancers; compositions of polyphonic intricacy that shame man's ambition for complex utterance but drive the auditor forth in a daze after a pair of earmuffs—these are typical examples of *Augenmusik*. Nor do I deny that *Augenmusik*, when so defined, is a musical insult. Such music as I have just described deserves getting in the nates any word in the German tongue you care to plant there.

It is exceedingly unfortunate, however, that this term *Augenmusik* has been associated with musical monstrosities; for it is very seriously needed—I am not familiar with any adequate substitute—as a label for works of a different calibre. It is needed as a label, in fact, for all tonal works of first-rate calibre. Why? Simply because a first-rate musical composition, for all that it must address the ear and win its favor, addresses the intellectual faculty in a number of devious and subtle ways which the examination of a score alone makes evident. In other words, a first-rate musical composition inevitably fails to get a full hearing when we merely hear it.

It suffers this disability in its gravest form, of course, when the auditor is innocent of aural discipline. But even the thoroughly trained musician is practically certain to miss, at any given performance, a large number of small but significant details. The mere sensuous intoxication of sound itself conduces to the neglect of these details; moreover, with respect to highly organized compositions like fugue and canon, it is to be questioned whether any musician who ever lived has been able, as an auditor, to fix his attention with equal firmness on the activity of all the voices at every moment. It is a psychological necessity, indeed, that his attention should either waver or be diluted. Even to the musician, inner voices are less conspicuous than outer and, consequently, the alto needs more emphasis than the soprano, provided both are to have a common share of importance. In an orchestral work, to be sure, the *timbre* of various instruments reduces the need of dynamic stress to a minimum; polyphonic compositions are therefore set forth best on a polychromatic instrument like the orchestra: on a monochromatic instrument like the pianoforte contrapuntal activity must lean on dynamic emphasis and thus, ideally speaking, needs constantly to be perverted to become evident.

It may be replied, by critics of the doctrine I am advancing, that music is

just as good as it sounds, and no better. Merits not audible—audible, at least, to the musician—are hence non-existent. If a composer puts more into his work than the most skillful performer can get out of it at any moment, by so much (so it is said) has the creator wasted his time and his genius. If, for example, no auditor in the world could possibly tell, by listening to the *finale* of Mozart's Jupiter symphony, that quintuple counterpoint is packed into that movement, Wolfgang indulged in a useless labor; if, again, no auditor in the world could possibly follow with his ear the motion of five separate voices which weave themselves into a magical pattern at the close of the twenty-second fugue in Bach's "Wohltemperierte Klavier," then Johann's genius also was wasting itself. And, to the fleshly ear, this is true certainly. There can be no doubt at all that such instances of dexterity are audibly wasted. On a monochromatic instrument the crossing of voices is quite impossible, for example, and can be simulated only by false dynamics.

The point nevertheless remains that a thousand niceties of invention, a hundred thousand refinements in the art of counterpoint, are awaiting the ear of the intellect, concealed though they assuredly are from a cruder organ. And, since first-rate music of every species harbors these refinements and niceties, *Augenmusik* becomes musically indispensable. Instead of being a term of reproach for tonal barrenness, it is, or should be, the name of a fertile instrument for probing into the rich life of a masterpiece which, after addressing the ear and winning the esteem of that organ, still would pour forth its gifts in rich abundance.

I do not speak of compositions that are exclusively, or even largely, contrapuntal. I speak of the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms which are largely, though not exclusively, homophonic. I speak of Wagner's operas which, standing an historic jest on its head, are in truth very much better than they sound, and should feel proud to be. I maintain that here, as certainly as elsewhere though less continuously, there are a multitude of stylistic niceties which remain hidden; I maintain that here we are in the presence of *Augenmusik*.

It is undoubtedly in the domain of the most highly organized types of polyphonic writing, however, that the virtue of *Augenmusik* is most manifest. For in this domain are to be found such astonishing complexities as to elude the human ear altogether—such examples of tonal dexterity as to remain eternally unnoticed by the ear alone, wrought into the very fibre of audible eloquence though they are admittedly. An example—one out of hundreds—is Mozart's Requiem in which a quadruple canon proceeds apace, virtually unnoticed by the ear even of the trained musician but lying there imbedded in anticipation of being disclosed to a more sensitive organ. Another example, Bach's organ prelude "In dulci jubilo," is a canon at the octave for two subjects; as audible music it is compact with radiant energy, but only as *Augenmusik* is it fully appraised at its musical value.

Finally, when we enter the field of such amazing subtleties as retrograde canons, the fleshly ear of the most sensitive type is made stupent. For here, in order to relish the refinement of the counterpoint, it must hold the subject in mind until the very end of the composition, at which time, *thereupon proceeding backward*, the same subject will be imitated by another voice. Let him who can, with his ear-drum alone, savor to the full, or savor at all, such an example of retrograde canon as the following:

Now, jumping ahead to the end of the composition, the lower voice repeats the upper voice in reversed order, while the upper voice does likewise to the original lower voice:

Was Bach wasting his genius when he wrote this? I personally must deny that he did so. If the foregoing example is regarded simply as a first-class trick, then let the whole art of counterpoint be derided—for it is simply a refined instance of canonic principles. If, on the other hand, compositions of this nature are properly esteemed, then let *Augenmusik* be hailed and hymned accordingly. Let it be named what it essentially is and inevitably must be—that music which only Heaven's atmosphere could hope to carry.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

GREGORIAN CHANTS. *The Monks of the Abbey of Saint-Pierre de Solesmes*
Traditional. *Victor*
Camden
$24 Two albums of 6 12-in. records each

The 24-page pamphlet that accompanies these albums is a succinct treatise upon the peculiarities of the chant, insisting upon its quality as prayerful song, as pure monody conceived without thought of accompaniment, as transition between the music of the ancients and that of the moderns. (Not the modernists; although there is a rhythmic and melodic freedom in Gregorian chant that affords a psychological parallel to certain modernist practices.) Father Joseph Gajard, O.S.B., leaning upon the half century of research carried out by Dom Mocquereau, whose book on "Le Nombre Musical Grégorien" is shortly to be published in English, deals in his pamphlet especially with the rubrics Modality, Rhythm and Expression in Gregorian chant. There are four chief modes, built respectively upon D, E, F and G. These are each subdivided into two modes. To each of these modes is given, by the pious, an esoteric significance. With a stray exception all melody is diatonic, and there is transition within the graceful melodic lines from one mode to another. There is no syncopation. Though binary and ternary rhythms are freely intermingled, there are no strong beats or four-square measures. . . . The singing, in no sense professional, is marked by an unostentatious piety. The set should be welcomed by every student of the evolution of European song.

"A NIGHT ON THE BARE MOUNTAIN." *A Symphony Orchestra*
By M. Moussorgsky *Columbia*
$4 2 12-in. records *New York*

The fourth face of this set is devoted to the adagietto from Bizet's "L'Arlésienne," played by the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Mengelberg. The Russian tone-poem is done sensitively by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Philippe Gaubert. It is not possible to have too much of Moussorgsky perpetuated in wax. So, optimistically, as is not our wont, we hereby ask for a complete version of the opera "Boris Godunoff."

MARCH FROM "THE LOVE OF THE THREE ORANGES."
By Serge Prokofieff. *Orchestra*
"INTERLUDIUM IN MODO ANTICO."
By Alexander Glazounov. *Columbia*
$2 12-in. record *New York*
"PSYCHE," No. 4. "PSYCHE AND EROS." *Orchestra*
By César Franck. *Columbia*
$2 12-in. record *New York*

A pleasant and effective pairing of two Russians, one of the older school and the other, Prokofieff, of the younger; the latter, indeed, stands preëminent among living Russian composers. Desirée Defauw

and his orchestra of the Brussels Royal Conservatory do justice to both composers and to their respective styles. . . . The same combination presents a luscious reading of Franck's characteristic tonal amorosities blended with an unctuous spirituality that lies usually on this side of Heaven, Franck's musical mysticism—if it is profitable to mix criticism with theology—is always honest enough to reveal the sensuality behind the exaltation.

"AÏDA": *"Ritorna Vincitor" & "Patria Mia."*
Soprano with Orchestra
By Giuseppe Verdi. *Victor*
$2 *Camden*

"AÏDA": *"Ah, No! Fuggiamo!" & "Ma, Dimmi." Duet and Trio with Orchestra*
Ibid. *Victor*
$2.50 *Camden*

"AÏDA": *"Ciell Mi Padre!" & "Su, Dunque!" Duets with Orchestra*
Ibid. *Victor*
$2.50 *Camden*

Perhaps we overemphasize, in history as in æsthetics, the matter of types in art. What is important is the content of the type. Italian opera, as a category, has long been banished to musical limbo by the ardent devotees of Wagnerian music drama, who, in turn, have been niched by the post-Wagnerians. Yet vitality is vitality, whatever the mold into which it is poured, and certainly "Aïda" lives on because of its forthright melodic interpretation of moods as forthright. There is much of Wagner, especially his padding in the Ring, that one would unhesitatingly exchange for good, honest, garlicky Verdi. These three records are a sample of what is meant. Elisabeth Rethberg, Giuseppe De Luca and Giacomo Lauri-Volpi are the artists; the orchestra, unnamed on two of the records, is in the case of the soprano solos that of the Berlin State Opera under the baton of Fritz Zweig. (The phonograph, incidentally, is performing a service—as yet undervalued—in bringing so many foreign orchestras and conductors to domestic hearing.) With the exception of a rare suggestion of strain, the recordings are a delight, and communicate the thrill of the stage. Verdi's music, of course, lends itself beautifully to phonographic transcription; the melodic lines are not too long and the climax is therefore within the present range of a single disc surface. . . . These are high marks in operatic reproduction.

STRING QUARTETTE *in G Major.*
The Marie Wilson String Quartette
By Arnold Bax.
The National Gramophonic Society
$2 each 3 12-in. records *London*

SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS.
Ethel Bartlett & Rae Robertson
Ibid.
The National Gramophonic Society
$2 each 3 12-in. records *London*

Bax belongs to the middle generation of English composers, having been born in London in 1883. Like his fellows in the field of fiction, he reveals, among other traits, a marked influence of the Russians, companioned in his case by a temperamental affinity to Gaelic romanticism. He has a fair following in the United States, where his two-piano sonata has been heard at the hands of the highly talented pair who play it for the National Gramophonic Society. We have heard, too, his Symphony in E Minor and C, which, with certain reservations, we nicknamed the Shell-shock Symphony. Curious phonophiles have collected recordings of his "Moy Mell," "Phantasy" sonata for viola and harp, oboe quintette, "Tintagel" and "Mediterranean," the last-named having been recorded by His Master's Voice (London) and the others by the National Gramophonic Society. To this distinguished list are now added a string quartette composed in 1918 and a new sonata for paired pianos. . . . Bax, a musician of sound attainments and well-assimilated eclecticism, strikes a fairly even balance between melodious romanticism and pleasantly discordant modernism. Certainly the two new offerings are not only easy to listen to, but are solid in facture. The quartette (Marie Wilson, Gwendolyn Higham, Anne Wolfe and Phyllis Hasluck, led by and named after the first) interprets the delicacies and the vigors of the piece without effeminacy. It is a fresh, melodious composition, at times even sweet; let others descant upon its psychological programme,

as the musico-literati are wont to do. These selfsame literati discover a happy hunting-ground in the sonata, what with its vernal mood, its Celtic echoes, its folklorishness. The sonata (it is enough to content us) is good music, well made, well played. Both of these pieces should be issued for the United States; they should do much to establish Bax here, and the man is worthy of a far larger audience.

"THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE," (*Paul Dukas*) & "BABA YAGA" (*A. Liadow*).
Orchestra Brunswick
$3 — 2 12-in. records — *New York*

"ROSAMUNDE": *Ballet Music* (*Schubert*) & AIR *from the Suite in D Major* (*J. S. Bach*).
Orchestra Brunswick
$1.50 — 12-in. record — *New York*

The adventures in sorcery are played by Albert Wolff and his Lamoureux Concerts Association orchestra of Paris; the excerpts from Schubert and Bach are done by the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwängler. All the recordings are eminently satisfying. Dukas's scherzo may sound, to some ears, a trifle rowdy, but no doubt Goethe's apprentice who came near drowning the world because he forgot the magic formula had a wet and rowdy time of it; the composer's flood of sound is most enjoyably appropriate. After it, Liadow's witchery does not too much impress one. The Schubertian ballet music has found a permanent home in the cinema houses, which are helping popular taste with just such forays into the lighter classics. As for Bach's celebrated air, we have heard it whistled by flappers on the way from work. Johann Sebastian would not have been displeased with the tribute.

SHEET MUSIC

"DIE WUNDER BAR"
Musical Comedy (*German*)
By Karl Farkas & Geza Herczeg (*Words*), *& Robert Katscher* (*Music*).
Ludwig Doblinger
10½ x 13½; 3 pp. *Vienna & Leipzig*

American popular music—the best in the word, as Deems Taylor once remarked—has affected European style for the better and for the worse. The Continental symphonists have, in their own fashion, adopted the rhythms and the harmonic hues of ragtime and jazz; they have recognized the presence of a crude virility and have sought to make it over in their image. The theatrical hacks, seeking formulæ rather than forms, do not fare so well. Their jazz speaks a foreign accent; they are behind the times; they are, 90% of them, sequacious bunglers. "Die Wunder Bar" has already been bought for the United States; beyond a doubt it will suffer the regular sea-change of our musical comedy importations. . . . On the side of the music alone, after eyeing the themes of some seven songs from the production, one wonders why any domestic purveyor of entertainment should have bought these coals (rather ashes) for our own Broadway Newcastle. "Das Lied vun der Wunder Bar," "Wenn die Elisabeth 'nicht so schöne Beine hätt'," "Kannst Du mir noch einmal verzeih'n," "Wunderschöne Frau, wir beide kennen uns doch?," "Ein Slow-Fox mit mir," "Liebe blüht wie rote Rosen" and "Wer wirft in mein Herz ein Goldstück hinein" comprise the available numbers. Nothing to set the East river or the Hudson afire.

RECUEIL DE MAZURKAS (1891-1928).
By Alexandre Tansman.
Editions Max Esching
4 francs — 9⅞ x 12¾; 20 pp. — *Paris*

VINGT PIÈCES FACILES.
Ibid.
Editions Maurice Senart
4 francs — 10½ x 13¾; 15 pp. — *Paris*

Tansman is a Polish Jew domiciled in Paris; he has visited America, where his major compositions have been played by leading symphonic organizations, and notably by Koussevitzky and his Boston band. As a pianist he makes a winning interpreter for his pieces. The two collections call for no special attainments on the part of the executant; they will appeal, indeed, especially the twenty easy pieces, to those who desire a blending of originality and moderate facility in playing. The mazurkas are interesting for their adaptation of

Chopin (in some instances Grieg) to an unobtrusively modernistic technique; the other collection is built, and very agreeably, upon popular Polish airs.

SONGS (*Second Series*).
By T. Carl Whitmer.
The Dramamount Association
$1.75 9¼ x 12¼; 39 pp.
Volwein Bros (Agents)
Pittsburgh

Eleven songs, set to words by Emerson, Wordsworth, Hagedorn and lesser lights, comprise this collection. There is less here, as someone remarked of a play by Maeterlinck, than meets the eye. The correlation between words and music, not only in expression but in the technique of syllabification, leaves something to be desired. It may be significant that the simpler the verse is, the less unsuccessful is the composer.

PAMPHLET

TRUE STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS.
By E. M. Wickes.
De Sylva, Brown & Henderson
$1 5⅜ x 8¼; 32 pp. *New York*

Mr. Wickes is the author of one of the few useful *opera* on the writing of popular songs. He has been associated, for a long time, with the journalism of Tin Pan Alley and is therefore well qualified to tell the stories of the sixteen hits recorded in this brochure. It is always interesting to discover how much of the accidental there is to monetary and artistic success. The vicissitudes of "Yes, We Have No Bananas"—a terrible perpetration—are paralleled by song-adventures in the higher reaches of minstrelsy. The men—and the few ladies—who write our contemporary synthetic folk-songs of the metropolis take their work seriously, even when they pretend not to. Mr. Wickes makes chatty copy of their milieu and their methods. One is sometimes dubious about his figures. Did "Smiles" really sell 3,000,000? The story of "Sonny Boy," too, though essentially true to the facts, may require revision. There is good reason to believe that the melody originated with Lew Brown, and not with Ray Henderson. The pamphlet is especially recommended to "art" composers. It will at once amuse them and provoke them to tears; but they should know how the underworld of music lives and has its being. They may—who knows?—even learn something!

JUVENILIA

"RING THE BELL."
For Children's "Rhythm Band"
By Helen L. Cramm.
The Oliver Ditson Company
50 cents 9¼ x 12¼; 3 pp. plus individual parts. *Boston*

This is one of a series of eight; the other compositions, arranged in similar fashion, are "Hurry Up," "Jack And Jill," "Oh, Dearie Me," "The Circus Comes," "March of the Brownies," "Black-Key Dance of the Japanese Dolls," and "Lollipop March." The score is for four-hand piano, bells, triangle, cymbals, tambourine, rhythm sticks and drum. Each of these has its own printed part, and there is a conductor's score as well. . . . It is a happy notion, and should do much to implant in children a feeling for rhythmic differentiation. It should train them, too, in ensemble work. The tots love noise; playing thus together they achieve the important illusion that they are creating music, and the noises—little more than time-beats—acquire a pleasant significance. They are trained in elementary sight-reading and in coöperation. Schools should find the series especially attractive.

SINGING TIME. *Songs for Little Children*
By Satis N. Coleman & Alice G. Thorn.
The John Day Company
$2.50 11 x 8; 48 pp. *New York*

The words and music of this excellently printed collection are especially designed to capture the imaginations of the youngest children. The authors have had a long experience with children's needs in music; indeed, their charges, from the ages of three to six, have been collaborators in the work. In a short "Word to Grown-Ups" Misses Coleman and Thorn suggest the most effective manner of interesting prospective audiences and singers. The accompaniments are left to the discretion of the parents; the melodies are of the simplest

type, adequate to the juvenile voices. The illustrations, done by Ruth, daughter of Jay Hambidge (of "dynamic symmetry" fame), are especially attractive and original. They catch admirably the spirit of the little ditties, and everywhere add to words and music a pictorial charm.

SCORE

"VENISE" (*Poème Sérénade*). *Op. 36.*
For Chamber Orchestra
By Lazare Saminsky. *Maurice Senart*
40 francs 10½ x 13¾; 19 pp. *Paris*

"LITANIES DES FEMMES," Op. 34.
Voice and Orchestra
Ibid. *Maurice Senart*
40 francs 10½ x 13¾; 20 pp. *Paris*

Mr. Saminsky, since 1924, has resided in the United States; he is the musical director of the Temple Emanuel in New York, which has become famous the world over for its special programmes of Hebrew music. Saminsky, born some forty-seven years ago near Odessa, traveled widely in almost every part of the globe, making intensive study of Oriental, and especially Jewish music. A rounded mind as well as a rounded personality, he is the author of treatises upon mathematics, of symphonies, ballets, operas and songs; he is a conductor; he has done pioneer service in musical research; he has lectured here and abroad; his compositions have been heard, if too infrequently, from the finest bands in this country and in Europe. . . . In these short pieces he is characteristically atmospheric, seeking effects, as it were, within concentric circles of subtlety. They are intensely personal, and make not the slightest concession to a modernistic sensationalism that Mr. Saminsky, with his vast erudition, might easily simulate. The songs, with the right singer, prove peculiarly effective. They were presented for the first time in America by the Boston Chamber Orchestra under the baton of Nicolas Slonimsky. . . . Saminsky is shortly to achieve something like proper recognition with the publication of a book of essays, by various hands, devoted to the multiple aspects of his career.

COLLECTION

YE OLDE NEW ENGLAND PSALM-TUNES (1620-1820).
For Voices, in Four Parts
Edited by William Arms Fisher.
The Oliver Ditson Company
$1 10¾ x 7; 56 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Fisher has made a most interesting selection from the sacred music of the New England fathers. Some twenty-five composers are represented, English and American, with an occasional Italian such as Vincenzo Puccita, who lived for a few years in England during the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, and wrote there a number of operas. The more familiar names are Ainsworth, Billings, Holden, Holyoke, Law, and Ravenscroft. Though the music, considered as a whole, is not unfailingly inspiring, it has more than one point of attraction as a brief adventure in Americana; it traces, too, the gradual liberation of the colonists from the domination of the mother-country in music as well as in other things. Mr. Fisher, in his well-considered introduction, provides a fine background against which to appreciate these tonal offerings to the Lord. The peculiar attitude of the worshippers toward singing,—their objection, very slowly overcome, to organs in churches,—the fantastic equipment of certain native composers,—the make-up of the church orchestras,—these and other *curiosa* enliven his little essay. There are bibliographical and biographical notes, and hints upon the proper interpretation of the psalm-tunes. One selection alone, by the irrepressible Billings, is worth the price of the entire collection: "Lamentation Over Boston," which begins thus:

By the rivers of Watertown we sat down and wept
When we remembered thee, O Boston.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

A Primeval Uplifter

LUCY STONE: *Pioneer of Woman's Rights*, by Alice Stone Blackwell. $3. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 313 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

If this biography is a shade partial the fact is surely not surprising, for Miss Blackwell is not only Lucy Stone's daughter but also a firm believer in all of the reforms that she advocated, excluding, I believe, Prohibition. Indeed, it would be natural for any biographer who knew Lucy Stone to be her advocate, for despite the touch of acid that always goes with the passion to serve, she must have been a very piquant and charming woman, and so it is no wonder that the handsome Henry B. Blackwell fell violently in love with her, and pursued her all over the nation with amatory epistles in the best Victorian manner, and then married her triumphantly and spent the next thirty-eight years squiring her about, and admiring her vastly, and unearthing new evils for her to put down. Henry was himself a reformer of no mean technique, but his main business in life was acting as herald and manager for his wife. When, in his old age, she left him a widower, "he had," as his daughter naïvely puts it, "more leisure than in former years." In her heyday he must have been busy indeed, for she had a hand in every reform that engaged the country between 1835 and 1890, and of most of them she was a leader, always on the go. She began her melodramatic tours in stage-coaches and canal-boats, and if she had lived a few years longer she would have ended them in automobiles and airships.

When she first set up her booth reform was a dismal business. The gentlemen who pursued it all arrayed themselves in the contemporary garb of ministers of the Gospel, with white neckclothes, plug hats and long-tailed coats. Two-thirds of them shaved their upper lips and wore their beards in the manner of Dunkard elders. They avoided alcohol save to counteract snake bites and the night air, and pronounced their anathema upon smoking, though some of them stealthily chewed. As for the ladies of the movement, they wore black bombazine over crinolines, and spoke of themselves, very delicately, as females. Their virtue was of a granitic, almost a basaltic character. Traveling alone, as they sometimes had to do to save the world, they wrapped themselves in ten or fifteen petticoats, and offered silent prayers to God. When one of them, united in holy marriage to one of the chin-bearded brethren, honored him with offspring, the event became a national indecorum; just how it was achieved remains unknown, indeed, to this day. Life in that age was real and earnest, and sensuous indulgence was not its goal. The ideal was a world devoted exclusively to moral indignation.

Upon such scenes the saucy Lucy Stone burst with paralyzing effect. She was a pink-cheeked little country girl with a turned-up nose, and it is impossible to believe, as her daughter heroically hints, that she was not pretty. A daguerreotype of the 40's gives the lie to that judgment. It shows a young woman who was pretty indeed—not in the florid, Hollywoodian fashion of today, but in the sedater but just as danger-

ous manner of those times. Beaux began to lurk about the home farm at West Brookfield, Mass., before she was well into her teens, and by the time she set off for Oberlin to wolf the whole corpus of human wisdom she was the belle of the countryside. The Oberlin professors, though all of them were dour reformers, at once discovered another charm: Lucy had a low-pitched and very agreeable voice. So they made an orator of her, and presently she was on the stump, whooping for Abolition and woman's rights. No greater knock-out, as the vaudevillians used to say, has ever been recorded in the annals of the uplift. Mobs that fell upon the male reformers with horrible yells, pulling off their coat-tails and uprooting their chinners, received lovely Lucy with loud huzzahs, and listened to her politely to the end. Often she would make a speech against slavery, and then launch straightway into another for temperance, female emancipation, or some other such fantastic novelty of the day. But no matter what she denounced or advocated, the gallery was with her, and when she finished one harangue it was always ready for another.

Miss Blackwell tells her story in a clear and interesting manner, and incidentally throws some new light upon the history of the woman's suffrage movement in the United States. As everyone knows, it split into two halves in 1869 and for more than a generation thereafter it was represented by two distinct national associations and published two national organs. The schism was due in part to Susan B. Anthony's weakness for such clownish allies as Victoria C. Woodhull and Citizen George Francis Train, and in part to Elizabeth Cady Stanton's tolerance of the extremer sort of radicals, including even Stephen Pearl Andrews, who believed that marriage ought to be abolished, and that a few superior men in every community should be told off to become the fathers of all its children. Such doctrines greatly outraged Lucy Stone, who, despite her refusal to use her husband's name and her three years' experiment with bloomers, remained a high-toned Christian woman at heart, and she was also opposed to the monkey-shines of Train and La Woodhull. So the movement divided, and for years the suffragettes belabored one another almost as fiercely as they belabored the antis. But all the while Jahveh Himself was watching over them, and they triumphed everywhere in the end, and brought in the millennium that we now enjoy. Lucy herself lived to see it, though most of her old allies, by that time, were dead. She reigned in her last years as the mother superior and cherished museum piece of all the suffragettes, and was greatly honored and respected.

It is marvellous to observe the success of all the reforms that she advocated. Slavery has been abolished in the South, and the meanest Afroamerican in Arkansas or South Carolina now basks in the sunlight of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, to say nothing of the Bill of Rights. In his choice between working hard and saying nothing or pressing his views and getting lynched he is as free as the King of England. Even the whites down there are now liberated: a citizen of Jackson, Miss., may choose freely between believing in Genesis and having his house burned down, and the lowest linthead in a Georgia cotton-mill may quit whenever he pleases, and starve at his will. Meanwhile, Prohibition is everywhere in force, North, East, South and West, and all the evils of rum have been obliterated. So also, international peace has come into effect, and the nations no longer suspect one another and prepare for battle. Finally, the human female has been emancipated and her vote

has purged our politics of evil; nay, she has promoted herself from voter to stateswoman, and in the person of such idealistic sisters as Ma Ferguson and Ma McCormick she has shown the male some varieties of Service that he never thought of. All these great reforms Lucy Stone advocated in her day, tramping up and down the highways of the land. Other females derided her, but she hoped on. Where is her monument, reaching upward to the stars? For one, I believe that it is too long delayed.

The American Cuisine

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL COOK-BOOK, by Fannie Merritt Farmer. $2.50. 8⅛ x 5¼; 831 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

Miss Farmer, I take it, has long since joined the angel host, but her cooking-school in Boston still goes on, and so does her cook-book. First published in 1896, in the heyday of the late Edward W. Bok, its circulation to date, including the initial printing of the present revision, runs to 1,436,000 copies. No other latter-day American book can match it, save maybe "The Specialist"; it surpasses all ordinary best-sellers as they surpass the novels of Henry James. Obviously, a technical work in such heavy and long demand must have some merits. A glance shows them here: clarity, comprehensiveness and common sense. The book is planned, not for professional chefs with hordes of potato-peelers, beefsteak-beaters and fish-flayers to help them, but for housekeepers sweating in their own meagre kitchens, and on every page the difficulties and limitations of such modest virtuosi are remembered. Most of the dishes described are simple, and even the more elaborate ones are made as simple as possible. The measures called for are not those of the laboratory, but ordinary teacups and tablespoons, and practically all of the processes set forth are possible of execution on a kitchen stove.

The weaknesses of the work lie in two directions. First, it is written by a woman and addressed to women, and hence a certain tea-table preciosity gets into some of its récipés. What male with a normal respect for his pylorus, even in America, would actually eat a rasher of celery fritters? Or one of cherry fritters? Or one of sponge fritters? Clam fritters, yes, and apple and banana fritters perhaps, but who could imagine peach, apricot, pear or orange fritters? Yet the heirs and assigns of Miss Farmer list all of them. Such preposterous rubbish, plainly enough, is not to be taken seriously. It can never form part of a decent Christian meal, eaten with due gratitude to God. It is what women devour at their private feasts, to the enriching of doctors and beauty doctors. It is the sort of thing that Dr. Bok used to whoop up in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in the days when he was warring on the fried beefsteak. The cosmetic effect, to be sure, may be excellent—though not on the feasters!—, but when one has said so much one has said everything.

The other defect of the book apparently flows out of the fact that it was hatched in Boston, where lower middle class British notions of cookery still prevail. Thus it deals very badly with the great dishes of more cultured regions. The récipé for terrapin *à la* Maryland, with its use of flour, cream and eggs, would make a true Marylander howl, and so would the récipé for fried soft crabs—not soft-*shell* crabs, but simply soft crabs—, which prescribes frying them like doughnuts in deep fat, with a coating of crumb batter. This last is an obscenity almost beyond belief. The only really right way to deal with soft crabs is to transfix each one on a large fork, add a slice of bacon, and then hold it over a

charcoal fire until the heavenly smell wrings hosannas from the whole company. If no charcoal fire is handy, one may fry them decently in butter, but to plunge them into boiling fat is a villainy, and to smear them with batter is a villainy doubly damned.

The formula for *bouillabaisse* is also a strange one, for though it includes the saffron it omits the white wine. *Bouillabaisse* so made would be like terrapin *à la* Maryland without either sherry or madeira. The récipé for *Wiener Schnitzel Holstein* (here Americanized as Veal Holstein) is even worse, for it adds brown sauce and omits the *Sardellen*. The poached egg is remembered, and so are the beets cut into fancy shapes, the slices of lemon and the capers, but the dill pickles are transformed into cucumber pickles, whatever they may be, and there is no mention of the small German flag—the old *imperial* flag, not the hideous rag of the Republic—that ought to top the whole mess, nor of the large plate of rye bread that ought to go with it. Of boiled beef with horseradish sauce, one of the noblest dishes known to man, I find no mention at all, though perhaps the récipé for so-called braised beef on page 251 may be an occult allusion to it.

Such are some of the defects of a very worthy work. It is too feminine and it is a shade too Yankee. But there are merits to balance these defects, and so I recommend it. If it were followed as widely as it seems to be read American cookery would improve—not a great deal perhaps, but still some. And in that field any improvement, however small, is a national boon. I should add in parting that the new edition embraces 3,059 récipés, as against 2,677 in the last one. There are many illustrations. Some are really helpful, but others are merely pretty pictures. A good index is at the end.

Portrait of an Idealist

A BIOGRAPHY OF EVERETT WENTWORTH HILL, by Rex Harlow. 7½ x 4⅞; 115 pp. Oklahoma City, Okla.: *The Harlow Publishing Company.*

One thinks of Oklahoma as a wilderness swarming with oil men daffy on golf, gin and women, but in truth it has begun to hatch idealists, and even to nourish a literature. Of the latter the author of the present work is a talented ornament, and of the former its subject is a shining star. When I say that Mr. Hill has been president of Rotary International I have said enough to indicate his measure. It is an honor that could go only to a great dreamer—one inflamed and even tortured by a vision of human perfection, with peace reigning in the world, every radical behind the bars, and the Boy Scouts as ecumenical as the Universal Church—, but he must be a dreamer with a gift, also, for practical affairs. Mr. Hill is precisely such a man. He is, on the one hand, the Ice King of Oklahoma, with vast and growing interests, not only in a great chain of colytic ice-plants but also in a multitude of other humane industries, and he is, on the other hand, an impassioned and relentless laborer, in season and out of season, for the good of his fellow-men. It is instructive to read about such a character, for in his career there is inspiration for all of us.

The rising town of Russell, Kansas, nurtured him, and he came into the world on "a cold, bleak day" in 1884. His father, John Harris Hill, affectionately known as Harry, was a man of substance, and what is more, a man of exemplary habits.

> Everett early evidenced similar instincts. . . . Observing that both his father and mother were always careful of their persons, dress and home, he too learned to keep his clothes clean, his teeth brushed and his hair combed. . . . Following their example in

financial matters as well, he saved his pennies, nickels and dimes, and the broad sweep of the rapidly increasing acres he saw his father acquire developed in him, small though he was, an intense desire to become a landowner himself.

The chance came soon enough: as a boy still in knee-pants he bought a farm, and by the time he got to high-school he was already on his way to fortune. His career there was a brilliant one, and among other things he learned the subtle art of resisting temptation. Says Mr. Harlow:

He and a classmate, a girl whom he admired very much, became engaged in a heated contest for first honors of their class. Toward the close of the term the girl, counting on his generosity and chivalry, came to him and frankly asked that he let down enough in his work that she could win. A scholarship in some college or university went as a prize to the winner, and as she was a poor girl winning meant that she could get a chance to attend college, while loss would ring a death-knell to her hope for a higher education. "Everett, it means everything to me to win—an education, a broader life, greater happiness," she pleaded. "To you it means only the pleasure of being first in your class. You can go to college whether you win or lose. Please help me by letting me win."

St. Anthony himself never faced a more dreadful temptation. Here was a chance to reach, at one stroke, a dizzy and singular eminence: in brief, to go down into the history of mankind as the first (and perhaps only) gentleman ever born on Kansan soil. But young Everett's irresolution was only momentary. Almost at once his baser nature yielded to his higher. "There were certain principles that he must uphold in his life, regardless of how they affected other people." So he stepped on the gas of his intellect and got the prize, and the wicked temptress thereupon disappears from the chronicle.

His career at the Cascadilla prep-school at Ithaca need not detain us, nor his brilliant years at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce in Philadelphia. He is, to date, its most distinguished graduate, but his distinction does not rest upon his feats as an undergraduate, but upon his services to humanity in later years. From Wharton he proceeded to the post-graduate seminary of the Standard Oil Company, and was presently performing prodigies of salesmanship in Georgia, but his heart was in the Middle West, and after looking about a bit he decided to settle in Oklahoma and grow up with the country. How, with two young confederates, W. T. Leahy and John Bowman, he established the Western Ice and Cold Storage Company at Shawnee; how he met and conquered the wicked R. L. Witherspoon, manager of an ice-plant belonging to the Anheuser-Busch Brewery in the same town; how Leahy and Bowman gradually faded from the picture, and Hill reigned alone; and how, from Shawnee, he extended his operations from town to town, until now he is the undisputed Ice King of that whole rich empire—for this thrilling story you must turn to Mr. Harlow's narrative. There, too, you will find the romantic story of his three marriages—one of which came to such wreck that "the newspapers of the world carried streamer headlines" about it, and he himself was impelled to "cancel all speaking engagements" and forced to "call upon all the philosophy at his command to keep from sinking into cynicism and losing faith in friendship." And there, finally, you will find a detailed account of his services to Rotary, and hence to the Republic, to humanity, and to God.

The book has savor. It is a pity that there are not more like it. We have too many biographies of politicians and literati, and too few of really great men.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DUNCAN AIKMAN *is an old newspaper man, who has served papers from Massachusetts to Texas. He is now living in Los Angeles. He has written several books.*

LEWIS G. ARROWSMITH *is the* nom de plume *of a New York medical man, now retired from practice. For obvious reasons he desires to conceal his identity, but* THE AMERICAN MERCURY *has assurance of his* bona fides.

JAMES P. BURKE *lives in Detroit. He was in the liquor racket there until 1929.*

WILLIAM E. DODD, PH.D. (Leipzig), *has been professor of history at the University of Chicago since 1908. Among his books are "Statesmen of the Old South," "Expansion and Conflict," "Woodrow Wilson and His Work," and "Lincoln and Lee."*

LOUIS LE FEVRE *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

THEODORE MAYNARD, LITT.D. (Marquette), *is an English poet now resident in America. He is the author of a dozen books. Since 1928 he has been teaching at Georgetown University.*

GEORGE MILBURN'S *"Oklahoma Note Book" in this issue will form part of his book, "Oklahoma Town," to be published in January.*

RICHARD F. O'TOOLE *was born in Quincy, Mass., and educated there and in Boston. For a time he was chief of the Latin-American Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at Washington. He is now an officer in a financial organization in New York.*

WINTHROP PARKHURST *is the author of "The Anatomy of Music." He was born, and now lives, in New York City.*

THE REV. HERBERT PARRISH, D.D., *is a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has served churches in Baltimore, San Francisco, and New Brunswick, N. J. He is lecturer on philosophy and religion at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and is the author of a number of books, the latest of which is "A New God for America."*

JOEL SAYRE *is on the staff of the New York* Herald Tribune. *He was born in Indiana and received his B.A. at Oxford.*

TESS SLESINGER *was born in New York in 1905, and was graduated from Columbia in 1927. She has contributed fiction to the* Menorah Journal, *and book reviews to the New York* Evening Post.

JAMES STEVENS *is the author of "Paul Bunyan," "Mattock," "Brawnyman," and "Homer in the Sagebrush."*

F. R. WEBBER *is editor of* Lutheran Church Art *and a member of the Committee on Church Architecture of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other States. He is the author of "Church Symbolism."*

GEORGE G. WHITEHEAD *is a former Columbus, Ohio, newspaper man. He is now director of the National Speakers' Forum.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The following comes from Mr. George P. West, whose article, "The Success Boys at Stanford," appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for August:

> Mr. Glenn S. Warner, football coach at Stanford University, calls my attention to statements in my article on Stanford in which his salary is given as $15,000 a year and in which Herbert Fleishhacker, San Francisco banker, is mentioned as the "reputed provider" of another $5,000 for Mr. Warner through a not too onerous bank job at Palo Alto.
>
> Mr. Warner states, and of course his testimony is final, that he does not receive as much as $15,000 a year and that he gets no salary as one of the directors and a stockholder in the Fleishhacker branch bank at Palo Alto. Mr. Warner bought stock in this bank, paid for it in full, and profits in no way from Mr. Fleishhacker's favor. He feels that some readers would suspect that Mr. Fleishhacker's son was put on the football team because, as I wrongly stated, Mr. Warner was an employé of his father's bank. I had no such insinuation in mind, for I happened to know that young Fleishhacker had earned his place on the squad and that his status as a rich man's son was more of a handicap than a help to his football ambitions.
>
> GEO. P. WEST

THE AMERICAN MERCURY presents its apologies to Mr. Warner, and regrets any annoyance that Mr. West's misunderstanding of the facts may have brought to him.

LOUIS LE FEVRE, author of "Liberty and Democracy" in this issue, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

> Perhaps my name may arouse the suspicion of hundred-percenters that I am a recent immigrant, whose only duty is to accept in silence the glorious message of democracy and prosperity, as written by Calvin Coolidge. But to the best of my knowledge none of my ancestors arrived in America later than 1750.
>
> I was born in 1894 at Forest Glen, N. Y., which had then and still has a total population of about twenty-five. I am married, with one daughter. Since my father was a mining engineer, I spent my childhood in a varied succession of mining camps. In 1917 I was graduated from Harvard. Having eagerly swallowed the complete line of war propaganda, when I was rejected by the American army, I enlisted as an ambulance driver with the French, but when I arrived, I drove a munitions truck instead of an ambulance. Just before sailing, I read newspaper accounts of brilliant French victories in a great offensive which had broken the German lines. When I was assigned to this sector of the front along the Chemin des Dames, I found that the offensive had been a major disaster, which led to serious mutinies in the French army and to a strong movement for a separate peace. Thus my faith in several things, including American newspapers, was somewhat weakened.
>
> I came back from France in bad health. For a time I was a code clerk in the State Department, and later an accountant, but I was strongly advised to stick to outdoor work. So I returned to Forest Glen, and became a poultry farmer. For some years thereafter I was agent in the Forest Glen railroad station.
>
> Three articles of mine, beside the one in the current issue, have been published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY: "What Price Liberty?", September, 1926; "Philosophers as Kings", December, 1927; and "Statistics and Intelligence", September, 1929. Much of the material in these articles will be included in a book, tentatively named "Liberty and Restraint", which will be published some time next year. I am now working on another book.

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Continued from front advertising section, page xxx

NEW EDITIONS

THE SCULPTURE & SCULPTORS OF THE GREEKS.
By Gisela M. A. Richter. *The Yale University Press*
$12 9⅛ x 6⅝; 613 pp. *New Haven*

This useful work was first published in 1928 in a limited edition selling at $35 a copy. It covers the subject admirably. Miss Richter begins by sketching the historical background, and then, after describing the general characteristics of Greek sculpture and presenting a chronological table (tentative, but still reliable enough for all ordinary purposes) she deals with the methods and subjects of the salient sculptors in detail. There follows a chapter on Roman copies and modern forgeries, and then comes a section devoted to the lives of the sculptors. At the end there is a bibliography, with an index. The illustrations are very numerous—there are 767 of them altogether—and generally excellent. They are printed together at the back, numbered so that they may be referred to readily from the text. The author is a curator in the department of classical art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.
By Havelock Ellis. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 8⅛ x 5⅛; 488 pp. *New York*

This is a reprint, in one volume, of Mr. Ellis's three volumes of "Impressions and Comments." The work is in the form of a series of dated notes, ranging from July 24, 1912, to August 23, 1923, but it is in no sense a diary. The subjects discussed sweep the whole field of human affairs, but there is a noticeable accentuation of æsthetic matters. Mr. Ellis, in his preface, adverts to that fact, and admits that it seems to stand in opposition to his life-long preoccupation with scientific inquiries. As if in answer to possible critics, he quotes F. H. Bradley? "The stage of mere truth-seeking is transcended more or less in all our lives." The little essays reveal a colorful and charming style, and there is in them a great deal of unhackneyed thinking and unusual information. At the end of the collection there is a good index.

THE RAVEN TOGETHER WITH THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION.
By Edgar Allan Poe. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3.50 10½ x 7⅞; 22 pp. *New York*

The chief novelty in this book are the nineteen full-page illustrations in black and white by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath, the Hungarian artist. They are competent enough, but far from brilliant, and

Continued on page xxxviii

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Continued from page xxxvi

do not represent Mr. Horvath's best work. They are either too obvious or too confused. The book is set in Baskerville, and is beautifully printed and bound.

ANTHOLOGIES

MODERN WRITERS AT WORK.
By Josephine K. Piercy. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 7¾ x 5; 993 pp. *New York*

Miss Piercy began this book with an excellent idea. It was to write to a long list of accommodating and more or less well-known authors, asking them to pick out what they regarded as their best work and to describe their method of writing and their theories about the art, if they had any, and then to print their selections and their lucubrations in an anthology. The scheme ran aground on the fact that many authors think about their business almost as little as toe-dancers think about theirs, and that those who think are often disinclined to reveal their probably painful thoughts. Nevertheless, Miss Piercy collected a number of more or less satisfactory answers, and these she prints in the present fat volume, along with others that are very sketchy and yet others that are no answers at all. The book was planned originally for college students, but many of their elders will find it amusing and even instructive. The authors represented range from James Harvey Robinson to Don Marquis, and from Irving Babbitt to Ernest Poole. There is a pleasant lack of the idiotic quizzes with which anthology-making pedagogues usually bombard their poor pupils, and at the end there is a good index. Miss Piercy is an instructor in English in the University of Indiana.

BETWEEN DAWN & SUNRISE: *Selections from the Writings of James Branch Cabell.*
Edited by John Macy. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 291 pp. *New York*

Mr. Macy is not unaware of the difficulties of his undertaking. It is easy enough, he says, to compile an anthology of lyrics, but who is to make fair selections from an epic, especially from one filling a whole row of volumes? Nevertheless, he tackles the job boldly, and the result, it must be said, is far from unsatisfactory. Every Cabellian, to be sure, will search in vain for favorite passages, but on the whole the collection is completely representative. Some of these pieces, no doubt, will work their way into the school readers of half a century hence; as it is, though New Humanists and other such dunderheads reject them, they show the most lovely prose of our time. It is curious to reflect that an American wrote it, and not an Englishman—moreover, a Southerner, not a New Englander. Mr. Macy's long introduction

Continued on page xl

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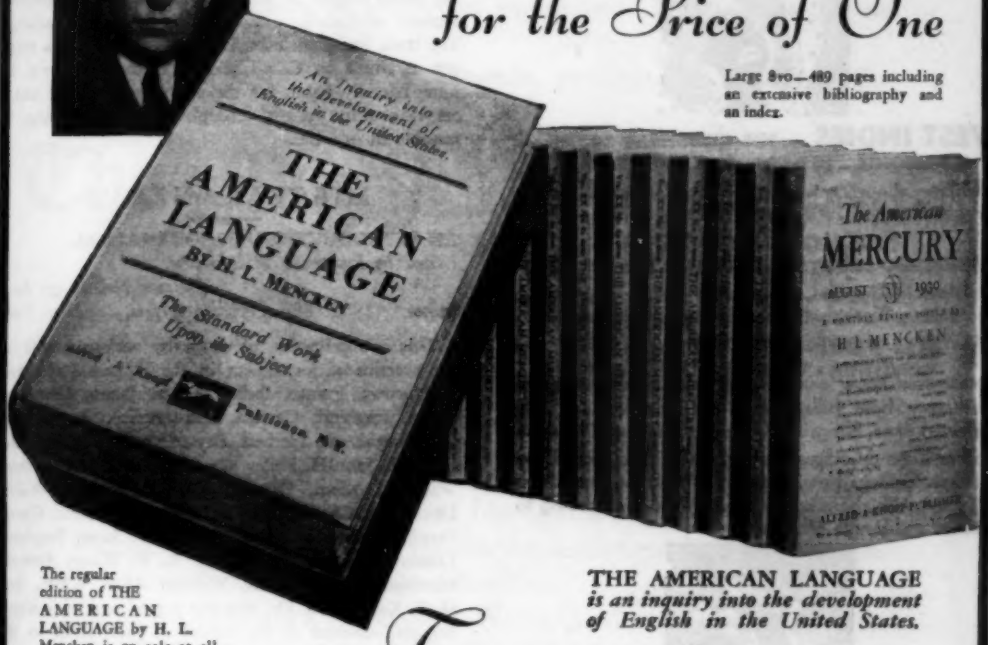

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Continued from page xxxviii

has many merits. It gives an accurate and judicious account of Cabell, and does not forget his failings. The book has plain uses. Every author who has written as much as Cabell should be boiled down by some friendly hand, for the accommodation of readers who want to get through as much reading as possible in one life.

MISCELLANEOUS

AN INTRODUCTION TO JOURNALISM.
Edited by Lawrence W. Murphy.
Thomas Nelson & Sons
$2.50 — 8¼ x 5⅝; 399 pp. — *New York*

This is a collection of essays by various hands on the practice of journalism in the United States and in Norway, France, India, Greece, Japan, Germany, China, England, Canada, and Mexico. Among the contributors are Herbert Bayard Swope, R. R. McCormick, John H. Finley, Casper S. Yost, Marlen Pew, Willis J. Abbot, Oswald Garrison Villard, Walter Lippmann, Calvin Coolidge, Walter Williams, Glenn Frank, Willard G. Bleyer, Frank W. Scott, Stephane Lauzanne, Albin E. Johnson, K. P. Wang, Oswald Mayrand, Allan Nevins, William Allen White, and H. V. Kaltenborn. Dr. Murphy is professor of journalism and director of the School of Journalism in the University of Illinois.

WAR LETTERS OF FALLEN ENGLISHMEN.
Edited by Laurence Housman.
E. P. Dutton & Company
$3 — 7½ x 5; 318 pp. — *New York*

All of the one hundred odd Englishmen whose last letters to friends or relatives are reprinted here died in the World War, on the battlefield or in military hospital. What they say in them is strangely matter-of-fact, dealing in a cold reportorial way with the common events of trench life. The grandeur of what was happening about them, if such it was, passed by most of them unnoticed. Only one of them was so moved as to say something at all memorable. He was Lieut. Denis Oliver Barnett, who was killed in action on August 15, 1915, at the age of twenty. He wrote to his father: "The love that grows quickly and perhaps artificially when men are together up against life and death has a peculiar quality. Death that cuts it off does not touch the emotions at all, but works right in the soul of you; this is so incomprehensible that you are only vaguely conscious of the change which you find there later, and shake hands with it. Regret is what you feel; but there is something rather better than that really, which I think is what makes men."

Continued on page xlii

INDIA

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JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU & HIS PHILOSOPHY.
By Harald Höffding. *The Yale University Press*
$2 8¼ x 5⅜; 165 pp. *New Haven*

Dr. Höffding is professor of philosophy in the University of Copenhagen, and the author of a history of philosophy that is very popular in the English-speaking world. His present study of Rousseau, one of the best introductory books about the man ever written, was first published in Denmark in 1896. Shortly thereafter it was translated into German and French, but the present translation by L. E. A. Saidla and William Richards is the first in English. It is a good job. There is an index.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN WILD.
Edited by R. N. Carew Hunt. *The Dial Press*
$3 8⅜ x 5½; 234 pp. *New York*

John Wild, the great grandfather of the editor, lived in Napoleon's time, and was in the habit of collecting autographs and letters of great men. He got together thirty-nine volumes of them, and the present book forms the first selection from them. It contains letters to or from Sir Henry Sidney, Andrew Marvell, Sir Christopher Wren, Pope, Isaac Watts, Sterne, John Wilkes, Burke, Byron, Shelley, Pufendorf, Malebranche, Voltaire, Linnæus, Condorcet, Goethe, and Herder. There is nothing startling in any of them, but the antiquarian and the specialist will be grateful for them.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1929-1930. *And the Year Book of the Drama in America.*
Edited by Burns Mantle. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅜; 584 pp. *New York*

The present edition of Mr. Mantle's well-known annual is as useful as his previous ones. It will be indispensable to every one interested in the history of the American drama. The plays he reprints this year are the following: "The Green Pastures," the Pulitzer Prize play, by Marc Connelly; "The Criminal Code," by Martin Flavin; "Berkeley Square," by John Balderston; "Strictly Dishonorable," by Preston Sturges; "The Last Mile," by John Wexley; "The First Mrs. Fraser," by St. John Ervine; "June Moon," by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman; "Michael and Mary," by A. A. Milne; "Death Takes a Holiday," by Walter Ferris; and "Rebound," by Donald Ogden Stewart. In his introduction Mr. Mantle says: "The commercial theatre has suffered a year of curtailed production and reduced profits. More theatres have gone dark and remained dark in New York than in any other one season that I can recall. Yet,

Continued on page xliv

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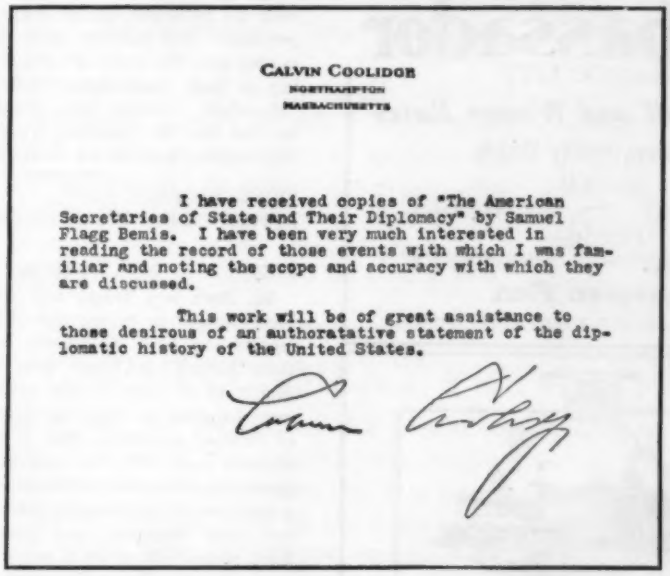

CALVIN COOLIDGE
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I have received copies of "The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy" by Samuel Flagg Bemis. I have been very much interested in reading the record of those events with which I was familiar and noting the scope and accuracy with which they are discussed.

This work will be of great assistance to those desirous of an authoratative statement of the diplomatic history of the United States.

Calvin Coolidge

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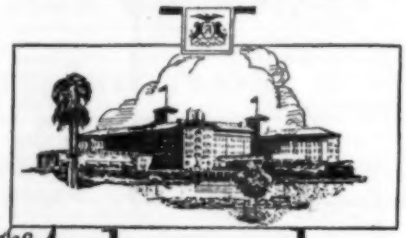

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Continued from page xlii

curiously, in both quality and character, the better plays have attained, I believe, a worthier and sounder average in intelligence than usual."

POTATO FACE.
By Carl Sandburg. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$1.50 7¾ x 4⅝; 96 pp. *New York*

As in Mr. Sandburg's three volumes of Rootabaga Stories, the scene here is that village of Rootabaga county in which "the Potato Face Blind Man sits with his accordion on the corner next nearest the postoffice," and palavers with the village children as they pass. His stories are as fantastic and as charming as their predecessors; indeed, the one called "Moonlight, Spiders, Rats, Elephants" is probably the best that Mr. Sandburg has ever written. It is a pity that the book is not illustrated.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE.
By Frank Buck & Edward Anthony.
Simon & Schuster
$3.50 9 x 5⅞; 291 pp. *New York*

Mr. Buck is a Texan, and since boyhood he has been engaged in buying and selling rare mammals, reptiles and birds. Ordinarily, he does not capture them himself, but buys them from trappers and dealers in all parts of the world; nevertheless, the mere handling of them has given him a sufficiency of thrilling adventure. One of his most interesting chapters deals with the purchase and delivery of a giant king cobra for the Bronx Zoo. He got it from a native on the northeastern border of Johore, a native state near Singapore, and transporting it to New York turned out to be a gaudy business indeed. It survived in the Bronx Zoo until 1929, and today its stuffed skin is one of the show pieces of the American Museum of Natural History. Mr. Buck has much that is instructive to tell about the habits of wild animals. Their virtues, he says, are largely imaginary; they are all more or less treacherous and hard to handle. He is a man of eminence among animal dealers, and has brought many "firsts" to the United States —including the Indian rhinoceros, the siamang gibbon, the Proboscis monkey of Borneo, and the anoa, or pigmy water buffalo. His narrative, set down by Mr. Anthony, is very interesting.

MAGAZINE ARTICLE WRITING.
By Ernest Brennecke, Jr., & Donald L. Clark.
The Macmillan Company
$3 8½ x 5⅝; 388 pp. *New York*

That such books as this are of any serious value is to be doubted. The young writer of actual talent does not need the counsel of pedagogues; he can learn all that is worth knowing about his trade by studying

Continued on page xlvi

2 — Nation Features — 2

of the type that characterize America's most famous intellectual weekly and explain the steady growth of its popularity among critical readers:

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of THE AMERICAN MERCURY
published monthly *at* Camden, N. J., *for* October, 1930
State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Samuel Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
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Editor, Henry L. Mencken 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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Business Manager

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My Commission expires March 30, 1931.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xliv

the work of his betters. But it must be said for Messrs. Brennecke and Clark that their teaching is far less absurd than that of most of their colleagues—those who teach short-story writing, for example. They give, in the main, good advice, and they present it clearly, simply, and without the usual aid of imbecile review questions. Their book has a good index.

POPULAR QUESTIONS ANSWERED.
By George W. Stimson. *George Sully & Company*
$2 8 x 5¼; 426 pp. *New York*

Books such as this were extremely popular a generation ago: their aim was to combine painless instruction with refined entertainment on what were then called "the long Winter evenings." Mr. Stimson's questions are shrewdly selected, and his answers all seem to be sound. Does the horned toad squirt blood from his eyes? When did tar-and-feathering originate? What was the message to Garcia? How many ribs do monkeys have? What animals have no gall bladder? What does O.N.T. on thread mean? How many Presidents have died in the White House? Who owns the Ohio river? Which is correct, Fort or Fortress Monroe? These are some of the problems discussed. The book is amusing, and makes a pleasant addition to the bedside library. At the end there is a good index.

TWO POEMS & "KIM" REVIEWED.
By Frank Norris. *Harvey Taylor*
8 x 5¼; 42 pp. *San Francisco*

From what source these poems and the review of "Kim" are recovered is not stated. The poems are entitled "Crespusculum" and "Brunhilde" (*sic*): both are banal. The review is not much better. Mr. Taylor, who is editor as well as publisher, adds a bibliography of Norris, quite devoid of bibliographical detail. The volume appears in a limited edition of 200 copies, each signed by the author. As frontispiece it has a woodcut portrait of Norris by Clairice Collins, signed by the artist. The price is not given.

DEATH VALLEY.
By Bourke Lee. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 9¼ x 6¼; 210 pp. *New York*

Death Valley has long been the theme of romantic legends, but this seems to be the first full-length book upon it. Mr. Lee describes the geological formation of which it is a part, deals with its almost unendurable climate and strange geographical features, and then discusses its flora and fauna. He also tells something of its history. It is still mainly uninhabited, but navigable roads now cross it, and every year there are more visitors. The surrounding scenery is of great beauty. Mr. Lee's book is well illustrated.

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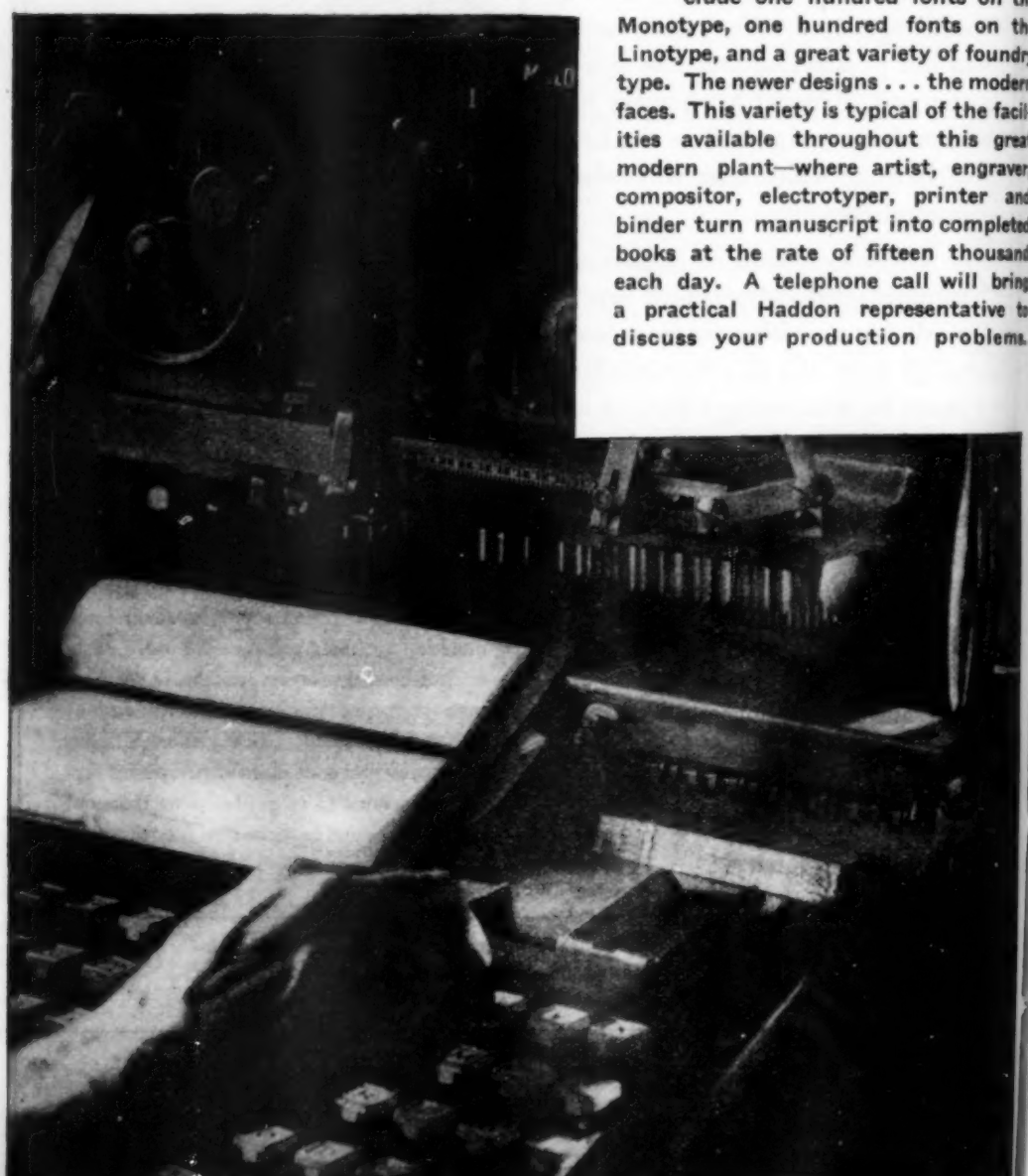

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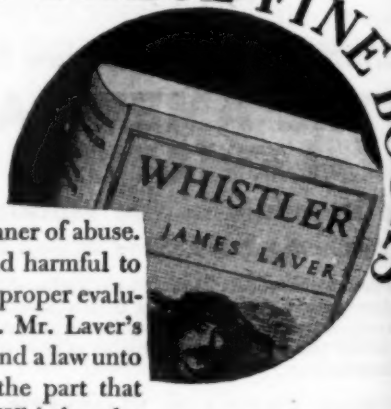

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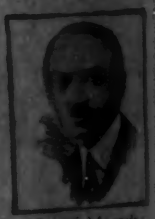
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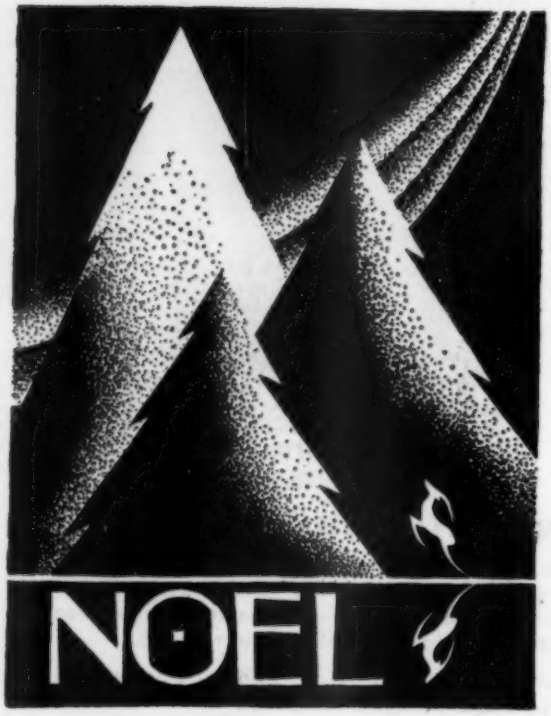

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